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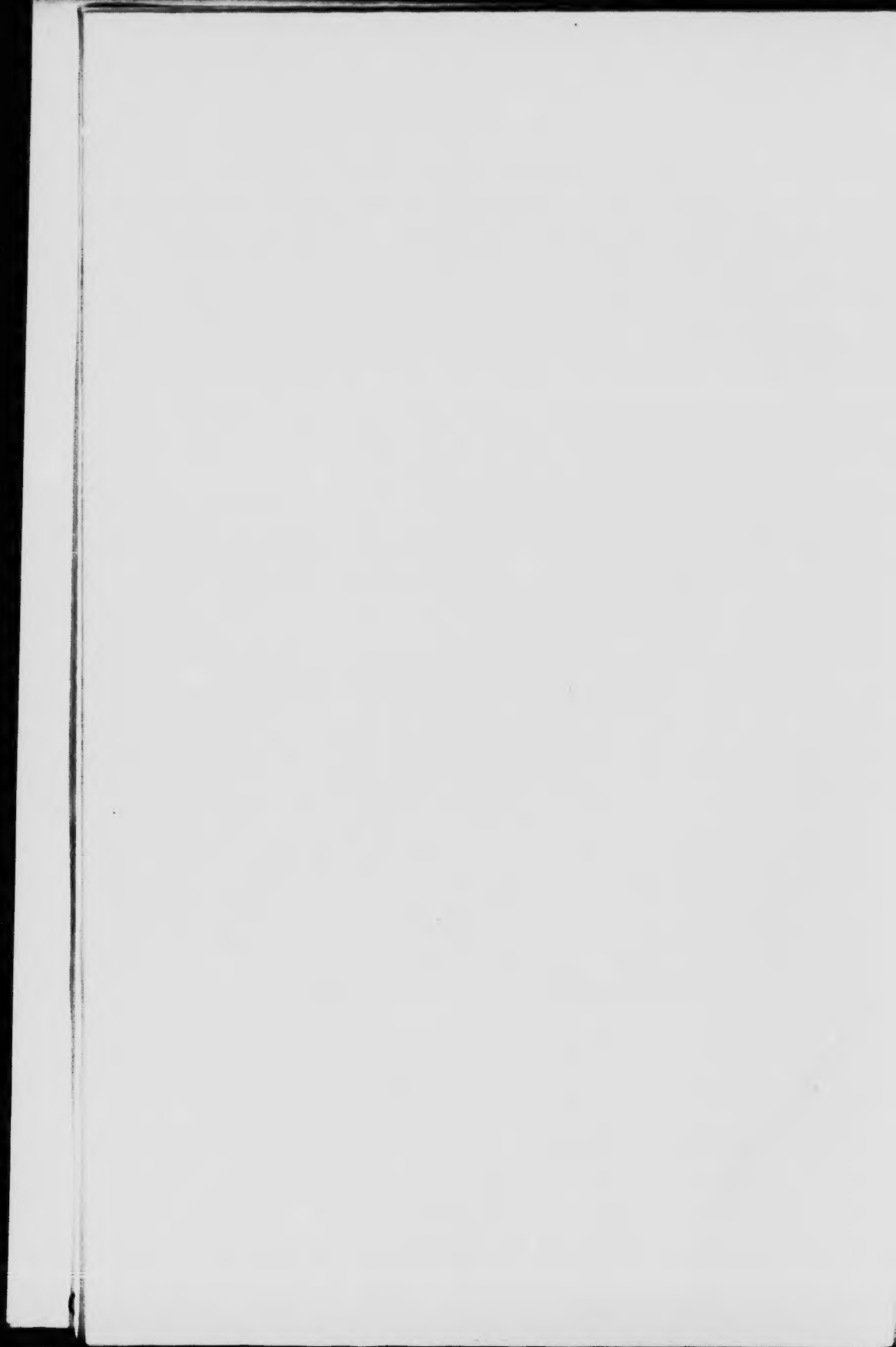
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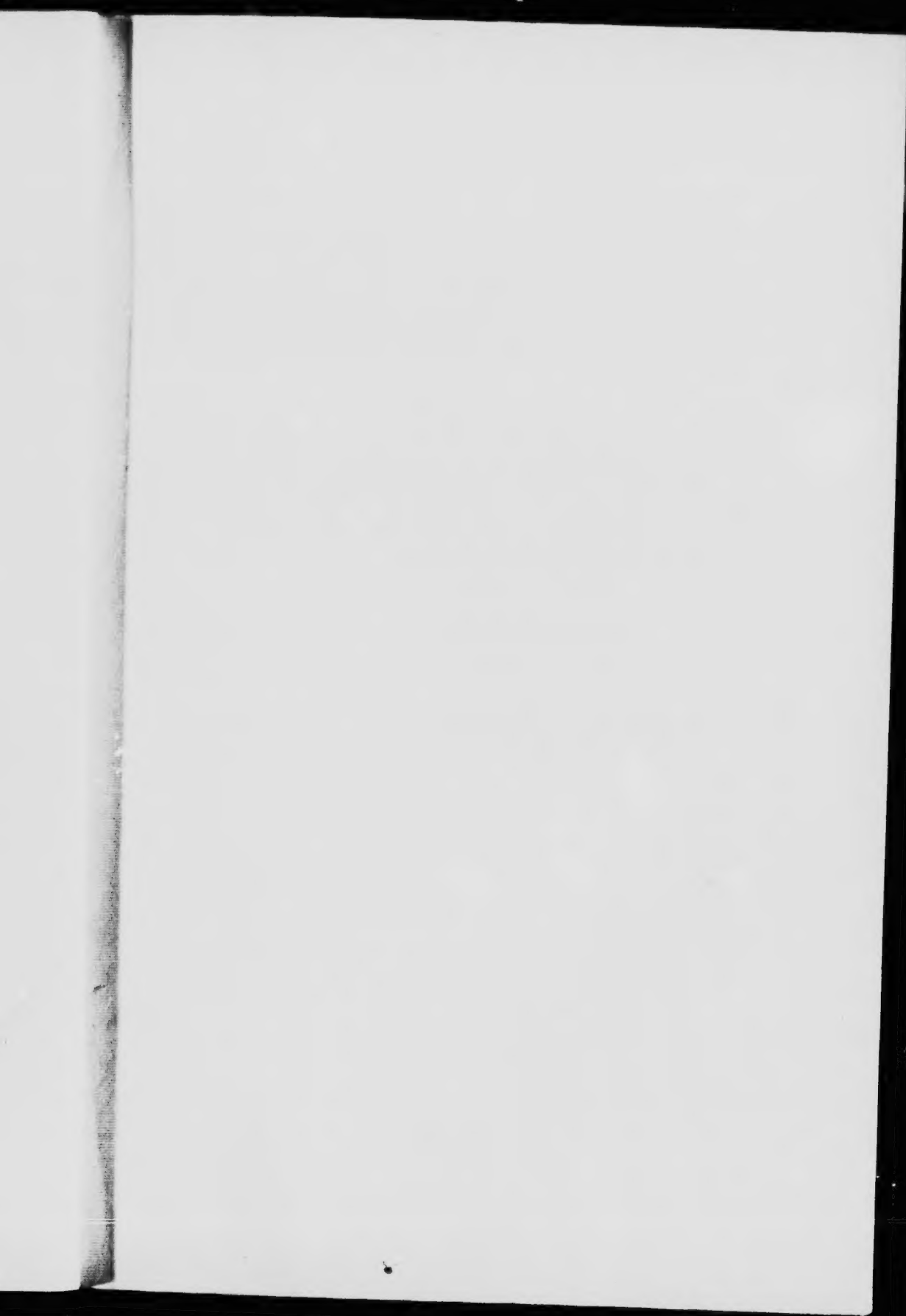
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CHRIS.
The Snow-shoe Races

See page 41

1410
The
Making of a Canadian

BY
JOSEPH ALLEN

Illustrated by
ELMER RACHE



1901
The Snow-shoe Races

See page 41

1410

The Making of a Canadian

BY
JOSEPH ALLEN

Illustrated by
ELMER RACHE

ALLEN PUBLISHING CO.
NEWARK, N. J.
1918

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PRINTED BY
BRADWORTH & CO.
BOOK MANUFACTURERS
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

PREFACE

A PREFACE is usually about as useful to a book as a fifth wheel to a coach. For few readers ever take time to read a preface. But in writing this book, entitled "The Making of a Canadian," I think it only fair to myself that I should make a few explanations, and I will make them in as brief and concise a manner as possible—as a slight balm to ease or relieve my own rather sensitive conscience. For many of my numerous friends have inferred that in writing this book of stories, that they are nothing more nor less than biographical episodes in my own experience. This is true to a certain extent, but not altogether. The stories, with one or two exceptions, describe incidents in which I took an active part. And the exceptions were related to me by the participants, with whom I was quite familiar. The characters portrayed in my book were all living, moving, animated beings, with whom I was personally acquainted. I have introduced them to my readers exactly as I knew them, and have described them just as I found them. But for fear of causing pain or offending their sensibilities, I have given them fictitious names. I also thought the book would read better if written in the first person, and therefore was compelled to have a narrator, and have given him the name of "Jack Arling" (who is alive

to-day), and can vouch for the absolute truthfulness of the stories; also, that the people, places, and incidents are faithfully described and that the conditions of life then existing in the different parts of Canada, as portrayed by me in the pages of this book, were absolutely true at the time. I have written "The Making of a Canadian" at the urgent request of many of my most respected and honored friends, consisting of ministers of the gospel, lawyers, doctors, business men, and a prominent author. I was traveling through Louisiana, Texas, and other Southern states some time ago, and this particular author was my traveling companion. He had traveled extensively in all parts of the world. As my wanderings had carried me over a good part of Europe, as well as the United States and Canada, naturally our conversation drifted into reminiscences of personal experiences in our travels, and of course we had a great many to relate. After an absence of several months we returned to New York, and as we were saying good-bye he said: "My dear boy, if I had at my disposal one-half of the interesting reminiscences of travel which you have related to me, I would most certainly group them together and make a book which would not only be interesting and instructive to young people, but highly entertaining to all who read it. Write it by all means." Many others have said the same thing, if not in the same words yet in substance the meaning was the same. Therefore I have written this book of stories, entitled "The Making of a Canadian," which is a truthful recital of the life and adventures of "Jack Arling," the hero of the book. I will feel myself well rewarded for writing the book if I suc-

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ceed in inducing my young readers to live more in God's great outdoors, and become seekers of health rather than seekers of wealth, living clean, manly and womanly lives; shunning all that is evil, and clinging steadfastly to the good, with the two great bulwarks sincerity and truthfulness dominating their lives.

JOSEPH ALLEN, Author.



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THE MAKING OF A CANADIAN

CHAPTER I

OUR FAMILY

AT the close of the Canadian Rebellion, in 1837, the majority of the British troops which had been sent out from England to suppress it were called home. Among the many regiments which returned was the Seventh Hussars. Several of the officers of this crack Dragoon Regiment had become enamored of Canada and decided to retire from the army and settle down in the City of Montreal. Among the number who arrived at this decision was a dashing young subaltern officer, named William Arling (who afterwards became my father). He had made many friends in the city, and some of them aided him financially, enabling him to launch out into commercial life as a builder and contractor.

As business was flourishing in all lines at this time, fortune favored him from the start, and before very long the business firm of William Arling & Company became well known and respected, not only in Montreal but all through Lower Canada, as it was then called.

For several years father devoted the whole of his time and attention to his business, and became very prosperous. But whenever he could spare an evening, he would usually wend his way up to the home of a family named Durand, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Durand, their two sons, Alfred and Charles, also two daughters, Tilly and Mary—Mary being the youngest.

Mary was a charming young lady of eighteen summers, a very light blonde of medium height, and, like all Canadian girls, the very picture of health. She was particularly noted for her beautiful complexion and rosy cheeks, which flushed into a deep carnation at the slightest provocation. She had light blue eyes, and a wealth of light brown hair, slightly tinged with gold, all of which made her very attractive, and her friends pronounced her "a very beautiful and charming young lady."

She and father had been engaged for over a year, and as soon as he realized that success had crowned his efforts, he built a neat and comfortable little home. He and Mary Durand were married at the Methodist chapel. Father was an honorable, sincere Christian gentleman; a man whose word was as good as his bond. He was revered by all for his sterling, upright, and Christian character, for all through his years of service in the army he received more requests to call and administer religious consolation to the sick and the dying soldiers than the chaplain of the regiment, for he had the confidence of both officers and men. And now, in private life, he carried his religion into his home and lived it out in his family and with his friends and neighbors. He was always kind, courteous and

generous, and was loved by his family and friends and respected by all he came in contact with.

Mother was a smart, active, energetic, quick-acting little woman, devoting all her time and thought to her family. She was scrupulously neat and tidy, a fine housekeeper, a great worker, and always busy. I never remember seeing her idle. She was very methodical, planning out the work of the household for each day, and then working out the programme to the smallest detail. She never joined a club or a society of any kind, considering that her duty was in the home and that all her time belonged to her family.

In the course of time, a little girl baby arrived to brighten the home. She was baptized at the same little Methodist chapel in which they were married, and given the name of "Laura," and Laura was certainly a little mother to all the children who followed her advent into our family. Laura was amiable, kind, and refined in her tastes, of medium height, reserved and dignified. She was very domesticated, and a great help to mother. At the age of nineteen she married the superintendent and manager of a large business enterprise, and later on her husband became one of the active partners.

Within the next four years two other children were born, but both died in infancy. Then came Chris, the oldest boy in the family. He was a strong, sturdy, aggressive lad, fond of outdoor sports, brim full of fun and good nature, a general favorite wherever he found himself, and all through my boyhood days my constant companion. When Chris was four years old I came into the world. Chris at once constituted

himself my personal bodyguard and protector. When I reached the age of two, my sister Sophie was born. She gradually developed into a healthy, vigorous girl. We became great chums, for she inclined to all kinds of outdoor sports and enjoyed skating, snowshoeing, tobogganing and sleigh driving much more than sitting in the house nursing a doll. At the age of twenty she married a captain in the Field Battery of Artillery, who afterwards retired from the service and became a wholesale merchant in the City of Montreal. Several other children were born into the family after Sophie's arrival, but were too young to take any active part in this story, so I have not mentioned them by name.

Both father and mother were good singers, and I firmly believe that many of the children of our family were taught to sing before they had learned to walk alone. We were also taught to perform on some musical instrument of our choice, so that before many of us had reached the age of twelve we not only had a good choir in our own family, but a small orchestra. The home life was made so attractive for us that we preferred to spend our evenings there than with our boy and girl playmates in the fields.

Every member of the family, with the exception of the baby, was expected to be at the breakfast table at seven-thirty each morning. We were always provided with an abundance of plain, wholesome food, but no luxuries, and as soon as the meal was over, father, usually holding the youngest tot on his lap, opened the family Bible, and after reading a chapter, made a few brief comments in very simple language so that

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the youngest could understand. Then all knelt down, and father made a short but fervent prayer, thanking God for his protection during the night and asking for his care and guidance during the day. At the close of the prayer, the family all joined in repeating the Lord's Prayer. This obtained morning and evening as long as I lived in the dear old home.

CHAPTER II

EARLY SCHOOL DAYS

My earliest recollection is of my eldest sister, Laura, taking me with her to a young ladies' academy, or finishing school. There were about thirty young ladies ranging in age from fifteen to twenty, completing their education at this academy.

I was a chubby little chap with very large eyes, and very fat legs, I am told, and if I remember correctly was dressed on my first visit in a Scotch plaid, or Highland kiltie suit. I was a great favorite with all the young ladies of the school and they used to take turns holding me on their laps, calling me a little "dear," and all kinds of pet names, and when I became drowsy they would lay me down on the sofa in the parlor, covering me up snugly with shawls, and I am told that I would always sleep soundly through each session.

Facing this school was a large open square. This was called at the time the "Hay Market." (It is now Victoria Square.)

The French-Canadian farmers, or "Habitants," would drive into this Hay Market from great distances with immense loads of hay piled up so high that it was a wonder to my young eyes how it was that they did not topple over. The Habitant women as well as the men made this a great rendezvous for peddling all

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kinds of small articles and especially (what I considered the finest article of sale on the market) sticks of molasses candy, or, as they called it, "La'tier," made in thick, round, short bars the color of old-fashioned brown sugar, with dark chocolate stripes and flavored with peppermint and sold for one cent a stick. This was the delight of all the boys and girls, and I used to like to go to school with Laura for I soon learned all the young ladies were fond of it, and always had a supply on hand.

The vendors of this candy carried it in wooden boxes that looked like Noah's ark. They had sloping covers at each end, with a piece of barrel hoop forming a handle, through which they put their arm, and carried it like a market-basket. The box was always covered with table oilcloth to keep the candy from being spoiled when it rained. This same oilcloth had likely done good service on the family table all through the former decade, and perhaps longer, for a Habitant is very frugal and makes every penny tell.

As time passed, I grew up to be a strong, husky lad and was twelve years old at this time, and with my sister Sophie (of whom I was very fond) attended the same school. She was two years younger than I, but we were always great chums. The school was a large building of brown granite with two wings. The eastern wing was occupied by the girls and the western by the boys. The central building was used as a concert hall, or music room. We lived a mile and a half from the school and had to walk each way every day, but frequently got a lift by climbing on the tail end of some wagon or sleigh. Sophie could run and climb as

well as a boy, so she was no hindrance in an enterprise of this kind.

A constant feud existed between the English-speaking boys and the French-Canadian boys, they calling us "Paddys" and we calling them "Canucks." Whenever a Canuck caught a Paddy alone (for they would always run if they met several Paddys), they would attack him at once, so that a fight on the way to school or return was a weekly occurrence, for we had to pass one of the Canadian suburbs both going and coming from school. We always carried our books bound together with straps and whenever we saw a couple of Canucks making for us, I would hand the books over to Sophie, and, as we expressed it, "wade right into them." I could usually handle one or two of them for I was considered a pretty good scrapper, but if they once got me down and it looked as if they were getting the best of it—this is where Sophie's fine work would come in, for she would belabor them over the head with the books until they were mighty glad to jump up and make a run for it. After she had beaten all the dust out of my clothes and helped smooth my hair, to make me a little more presentable on entering the school, we would then continue our journey, chatting as though nothing of an unusual nature had happened.

The motto in all schools at that time was: "Spare the rod and spoil the child," and the rod was not spared to any great extent—so that you could notice it—but was in evidence a good part of the time during school hours. For the most trivial offense the boys were beaten and sometimes in a most brutal manner,

always with a rawhide whip, and on the bare hands. The boys all prided themselves on being able to stand a good lickin', as they called it, without letting out a single whimper, and taking their medicine like men.

My chum, Herman Hager, who sat at the same desk with me, was a nice fellow and I was really fond of him. He was just twelve years old, but quite tall for his age and had jet black hair and eyes, was always nicely dressed and neat and clean, and was blessed with a very kindly disposition but was a very delicate boy and very nervous. He and I were fast friends; he was a good student and helped me frequently with my lessons and I reciprocated by sharing with him any fruit, candy, cake, or anything that I had which I thought he would like.

One morning I brought some very fine apples to school with me, and I might digress a little to say that in all my travels I have never tasted finer apples than are grown on the Island of Montreal—beautiful in appearance, luscious, filled with juice, and the flavor unsurpassed. As usual, I divided with Herman (it was against the rules to eat anything in school hours). Our mouths were full and our jaws were working overtime, when we thought Mr. McGinger was not looking in our direction. Mr. McGinger was the head master. Poor Herman, trying to get another apple out of his desk, pulled his slate out instead, and it fell with a crash to the floor just as McGinger was concluding the morning worship. He certainly brought that prayer to a very abrupt conclusion, hardly taking time to say "Amen," and jumping to his feet demanded that the boy who had made that terrible disturbance at prayer

time stand up at once. I really thought that poor Herman would die of fright; his face had a sickly, ashy appearance, and he was trembling all over as if he were going to faint. I did not know what to do—I was so sorry for him, and I could not utter a sound for my mouth was so full of apple I could not even swallow it, but at last succeeded in dropping it into my handkerchief. I usually received credit for being truthful, frank and sincere, and I was, for father had drilled that into me from my earliest recollection, but I could not bear to see the pain and anguish as expressed on my chum's face,—so I stood up.

McGinger was in a towering rage by this time, his face was beet-red, his lips were almost white and he was biting them to keep them from twitching. He had a scowl of wicked cruelty, which changed every feature of his face to one of demoniac ferocity, and, looking down at me, as soon as I stood up, roared out: "Arling! are you the boy that made that disturbance?" I did not reply, as I did not wish to tell a deliberate falsehood, but stood there looking him straight in the face, not from bravado, but his eyes were so piercing they held my gaze and cast a charm over my senses in the same way that a snake does before striking its victim with its fangs.

McGinger, absolutely beside himself with uncontrollable passion, said: "Come up here, sir, and I will make you answer me when I ask you a question!" So I walked up to the platform with all the Dutch courage I could muster, still looking at him in a sort of helpless way, but gritting my teeth and firmly resolving never to flinch.

The boys were very much excited and were watching the performers in this little tragedy with the most heartfelt sympathy for me, knowing I was in for a terrible "lickin'." As soon as I stood in front of him he took the long rawhide out of his desk and said, "Hold out your hand, sir!" which I did, and with all the wicked venom in his nature, and all the strength of his arm, he brought the rawhide down on my hand. I could just feel the flesh and skin swelling up into a great welt. There was perfect stillness all over the school, with the exception of a suppressed sob which came from one of the lady teachers, with whom I was quite a favorite. I looked at her and smiled, but her face expressed the most intense pain and indignation. "Now, sir," said McGinger, "hold out the other!" and he brought the rawhide down on my left hand with the same force he had used on the right. "Now, the other!" he said, and so on until he had struck me eight blows, four on each hand, and the most vicious blows I had ever witnessed, but I never allowed a whimper or a sob to escape my lips, nor a tear to even well up into my eyes, although suffering the most intense pain.

But the boys had worked themselves up to such a pitch of excitement by this time, they had to give vent to it, or explode. It started with a few stray hisses, which gradually increased in volume until it culminated in a wild cheer, when they realized that I had not cried but took my medicine, and was game.

This outburst acted on McGinger like a red rag to an infuriated bull, and he stumped up and down the platform like a caged tiger, beside himself with suppressed rage, when all at once a heavy fall was

heard at the rear end of the schoolroom and a rush was made by the boys and teachers to the place where Herman and I sat, and they picked up the limp form of my dear chum, Herman. He had fallen from his seat in a dead faint. They carried him out to the hallway and it was quite a long time before the doctor (who had been sent for) was enabled to restore him to consciousness.

McGinger tried every way in his power to bring the school to order, but failed. The boys had become uncontrollable. As he could not quiet them down, he had to dismiss them and allow them to go out to the playground until their indignation had subsided. McGinger was glad enough to have an excuse to retire himself, which he did at once, and just as soon as he had gone, Miss Southerland, who had expressed sympathy for me, came over at once, putting her arms around my neck, hugged and kissed me, saying it was "wicked! wicked!" This act of sympathy and kindness so affected me that I broke down and cried like a baby and said between my sobs, "Miss Southerland, please excuse me for crying, I can't help it. I am not crying because of the lickin', I wouldn't have cried if he had killed me, and I don't know what is making me cry now." She held me tight in her arms and said, "Don't cry, dear, I know, I know! He is a brute and should be locked up in jail; he is not fit to have charge of a school."

My sister Sophie and her companions heard of the beating McGinger had given me, for it was whispered around until it reached the girls' department. Poor Sophie was almost beside herself with grief. I found

her, and her little girl friends, waiting for me outside, when the school closed for the day. When they saw my swollen hands, cut in places where the end of the rawhide had penetrated, their indignation knew no bounds. They swarmed around me like a lot of little ministering angels, trying in every way to let me see how sorry they were and how deep was their sympathy, and if McGinger had only been near enough to hear their opinion of him, he would not have felt very much flattered. There were so many girls in the crowd that I felt a little bit embarrassed and tried to pass it off as something that could not be helped and not worth making a fuss about, but failed in impressing them.

Of course both father and mother were highly indignant, but did not like to express themselves in my presence, although they and my sister Laura talked the matter over and arrived at the conclusion that I had committed some boyish prank, or great breach of discipline, for I had not tried up to this time to excuse myself in any way, nor did I intend doing so; for by this time I really began to think that I had committed some great crime by baiting McGinger, refusing to answer his questions and acting so stoically during the time of punishment.

Father felt very keenly the disgrace that (as he thought) I had brought upon myself by my acts, and as soon as supper was over and family worship concluded, he said, "My son, come into the library; I wish to have a little talk with you!" My heart began to thump, for I thought I was certainly in for another punishment. As soon as we were seated (he in his big arm-chair, and I on a little stool by his side) he bent down,

and in his kind, fatherly way, drew me close to his side and said: "Now, Jack, my son, tell father all about it." I said, "Well, I was eating apples." "But surely," he said, "he did not give you such a severe punishment for eating apples? Now, my son, what else did you do?" "Well," I said, "Herman dropped his slate during prayers." "But son, what had that to do with it?" My eyes and throat were beginning to fill up by this time, and the "crime" I thought I had committed looked bigger than ever. "Well, you know, McGinger ordered the boy that had made the disturbance to stand up, and when I looked at Herman he was so white and trembling so hard, I thought he was going to die; and,—and,—I said,—McGinger looked so wicked, I,—I was afraid he'd kill poor Herman, for you know Herman couldn't stand a lickin', and,—and I just stood up, and then McGinger shouted, 'Are you the boy, Jack Arling, that made the disturbance during prayers?' But I never said a word, for you told me never to lie, and I didn't, but I just stood there, and then he called me up and licked me." Father looked at me for quite a while, and I saw two big tears in his eyes. After a while he said, "And so, my little son, you took the punishment that Herman should have had." But I said, "You know, father, he couldn't stand it!" Father did not reply. He was looking down at the floor, and the tears were running down his cheeks; but suddenly lifting me on his lap, folding me in his arms, and kissing me on both cheeks, said: "My dear, dear little son, you did a mighty brave thing, and I love a brave boy, and, under the circumstances, I think I would have done the same thing

myself! Yet you came pretty near telling a lie by standing up, but I know God will forgive you."

I felt tremendously relieved, for I really thought I was in for another punishment—not looking at in the light father had, but never for a moment thinking I was entitled to any praise, having a confused idea in my mind that I had only done what any other boy would have done under the same circumstances.

My hands were pretty sore, though mother and Laura had washed and bathed them in warm water, rubbing them with liniment and binding them up nicely in linen bandages as soon as I returned from school; but I scarcely felt the pain, I was so delighted that father was not angry with me, for I had such a desire never to do anything that would in the slightest degree cause him pain or sorrow, for the greatest ambition of my life was to show him by my acts the great love for him which dominated my heart and life.

Father, mother, and Laura had quite a long talk after our interview in the library, and as soon as I went back into the big living-room I was treated with every mark of affection by every one of the family.

When Sophie and I returned to school, she told her companions what I had told father, and it very soon spread all over the school. The boys tried in their crude way to let me see that they approved of what I had done by all kinds of little attentions and kindnesses, by giving me apples, candy, and cake, offering to loan me a new ball, cricket bat, lacrosse, or anything they possessed that they thought I would like; in fact, I was quite popular not only with the small boys of my own age, but with the big boys who did not usually

pay us youngsters much attention, but now, when I passed them, they would pat me on the back and call me a little "brick."

I could hardly understand the changed conditions, for my conscience had really been troubling me, thinking I had done something terribly wrong in being so obstinate, refusing to answer McGinger, and thought I deserved some punishment,—but not quite so severe as I had received. I did not think for a moment that by standing up and taking the punishment for a crime I had never committed was anything out of the way, reasoning in my boyish fashion that somebody had to do it,—that Herman was so delicate he could not stand it, and I knew I could, and being his chum it was up to me to do so.

Herman had not been to school since. Some of the boys told me he was very sick. There was nothing very unusual about this, for he was frequently laid up. So, after school one day, I called to see him. His mother met me at the door and as soon as she saw it was I, put her arms around my neck and hugged and kissed me, calling me all kinds of pet names, and saying I was the bravest little man she ever knew.

Then she told me that poor Herman had such an attack of nervousness and fright when it happened, that he was unable to speak, although he had tried hard, and had absolutely become tongue-tied and could not utter a sound. His nerves were so completely unstrung, as he realized the great injustice of it all, that he simply collapsed and fell from his chair in a dead faint, and had been so sick ever since, the doctor ordered that he was to be kept perfectly quiet, for-

bidding him to talk to any one, and on no account to allow me to see him for some time.

I went home, and told mother all about it. She kissed me and said I had better run out and have a play with the boys before supper, and, at the same time, telling me not to talk any more about it. She was beginning to be afraid that all the petting and praise which I was receiving would turn my head and make me vain; but it did not, for I really did not understand what it was all about.

But it did have this effect: Receiving so many expressions of sympathy and hearing of the abhorrence expressed by so many people at McGinger's act (many calling him a brute and tyrant), it fostered in my heart and mind a spirit of revenge, and I became so angered and infuriated at his brutal treatment, I firmly made up my mind that if I ever grew up to be as big a man as he was (for I thought at that time that he was a very large man), that I would thrash him until I made him feel as badly as he made me feel. When I had firmly resolved to do this, I dropped the whole matter by simply shelving it for the time, to wait until I grew up to manhood. So fully had I made up my mind to this course of action, that at times I would almost pity McGinger, knowing of the terrible Nemesis that was following on his tracks all through life.

My father called, asking for a private interview with him. I never heard what he said to McGinger, but I do know that for a long time he looked like a man who was suffering great mental trouble and was a very sad and subdued-looking man.

Twelve years afterwards, when I was a strong, well-

built, athletic young man of twenty-four, I had an opportunity of putting this resolve into practice. I was living at Chicago at the time, but on a visit to Montreal. Walking along St. James's Street, I met McGinger face to face. I stopped him and said, "So this is Mr. McGinger, is it? The biggest tyrant and most heartless coward I ever heard of."

The old expression of unutterable rage took possession of his highly flushed face; his lips were twitching, his hands clenched tight; he was simply shaking with nervousness. I looked straight into his eyes, watching every move that he made. "And who might you be, sir! that should accost me in this manner?" Said I, "Mr. McGinger, I was once a very small boy attending one of your schools, and, for a breach of discipline (which I was not responsible for) you thrashed me in such a brutal manner that even some of your own teachers pronounced you a brute, and said that you were unfit to have the charge of children, and the boys hissed you until you were compelled to desist. Perhaps you will recall the episode. It had the effect of producing in my mind such a feeling of loathing and hatred for the cowardly act which you were guilty of that I resolved that if ever I grew up to manhood and had the good fortune to meet you again, I would thrash you within an inch of your life, and will do it now if you make the slightest outcry (for the street was well filled with people)." He was so frightened he was absolutely speechless and I finished by saying, "When I was that little boy, I thought at the time that you were a very big man, but I find you such a little, pusillanimous, insignificant atom of humanity, I could

not think of disgracing my manhood by soiling my fingers by touching you. You can go your way, sir, but ponder on what I have said, for I am not alone in entertaining the opinion of you which I have expressed, for I have met in my extended travels many of my old schoolmates, and, without an exception, they pronounced you, sir (pointing my finger at him), a mean, contemptible, tyrannical coward, not worthy the notice of any manly man. Good day, sir!

With that I left him, but as I was turning the corner, I looked back and saw him still standing in the same place, seemingly rooted to the spot.

CHAPTER III

SWORDSMANSHIP

My father, as I mentioned at the beginning of this story, had been an officer in one of England's crack Light Dragoon regiments and was considered the best swordsman and cleverest performer with the single stick in his regiment. He frequently gave my brothers and myself instructions in sword exercise and fencing.

I remember on many occasions his handing one of my brothers and myself stout hickory rods, and taking a short piece of stick himself, perhaps only eighteen inches long, telling us to fall-to, with all our might, and try our very best to hit him on the head or any part of the body. We tried our very hardest, he parrying every blow aimed at him with the greatest ease, until we were both tired out. But we never once succeeded in touching him with our sticks, and, at the end of the bout, by a dexterous turn of the wrist would send them flying out of our hands.

About two years previous to this time, when I was a little chap about ten years of age, I witnessed a wonderful exhibition of his skill in defending himself against a murderous assault made on him by three of his own workmen, and, had they succeeded, I would not be here to record the episode, as both he and I would certainly have been murdered. Father's factory was located on the banks of the canal, about a

mile and a half from the part of the city where our church was located, and our home was only a short distance from the factory. The boys in the neighborhood, for some time back, had been in the habit of congregating in the evening on the canal bank opposite our factory, and when darkness came on, amusing themselves by firing stones through the windows and breaking the glass. Scores of panes had been broken, notices were posted on the fences and gates of the factory, threatening prosecution if the culprits were discovered; but this only seemed to make matters worse, for more glass was broken than ever. So father decided to hire two detectives—one concealed on the outside of the plant, and the other on the inside. They succeeded in capturing four of the boys the very first night. They were found guilty by the court, and sentenced to thirty days each in the common jail. These boys turned out to be sons of his own workmen.

Father always attended the Wednesday night prayer service at our church, and when the weather was fine I accompanied him. He never went out at night without carrying his walking stick. This was a heavy blackthorn, with a silver knob for a handle. We had to walk along the footpath on the bank of the canal for fully a mile before we reached the first house. It was a very dark, lonely road, with not a single house or light the whole way. It was a very dark night, with heavy masses of clouds overhead behind which the moon was hidden, for it was the time of the full moon. The atmosphere was sultry and humid; a typical July night.

We were returning from the prayer-meeting and

had just reached the culvert, the loneliest and most deserted part of the way home, when three men jumped out from the side of the culvert where they had been in hiding, just as the moon peeped out from behind a cloud.

They made a rush for us, each armed with a heavy club, and attacked us. Father parried off the blows with his blackthorn stick, seizing me at the same time with his left hand by the collar of my jacket and dropping me down the side of the bank to the horse road about six feet below, calling out to me to remain perfectly still.

As soon as he felt free to act, knowing I was safe, he stepped back and just as fast as one of the men aimed a savage blow at him with his club, father would meet it with that dexterous twist of his wrist and send the club flying through the air, and then the blackthorn would come down with a terrific crash on the man's head, and he would drop like a felled ox, completely stunned and senseless. This he did three times, and the three men were lying as if dead on the roadway.

I saw it all but was simply paralyzed with fright, thinking my dear father would be killed. The moon had now passed the big cloud that it had been hiding behind and was shining brightly, sailing along through a wide open space between two large clouds, brilliantly illuminating the canal bank, the canal, and the roadway below.

All through the fight father kept cheering me up, calling out, "Jack, my boy! don't be a bit alarmed, I am perfectly safe and could handle a half dozen scoundrels like these." This show of courage and skill so

terrified the men they were easily beaten and were soon lying at his feet, limp and helpless. As soon as he had subdued them, he called to me to climb up the bank, and taking my straw hat, filled it with water, and dashing it on the faces of the men, revived them, at the same time ordering them to remain perfectly still where they were, or he would finish the work by killing them. Needless to say, they did not attempt to move.

Then father addressed them, saying, "I know you, Wiggins" (he was one of the foremen in the factory); "I also recognize you, Meloy, and you, Hennessy! You can thank God that you are not murderers, and that I know how to handle a stick, for if I had not, you would have murdered me and my little son, and likely thrown our bodies into the canal, and you would have had the brand of Cain on you as long as you lived, but most likely you would have been hanged. Now, lie there where you are, perfectly quiet, until I ask God to forgive you (as I do), and at the same time pray for your own forgiveness," and with that, father prayed for them, portraying their wicked acts and intentions and asking God to forgive them, as Satan had blinded their eyes to the heinousness of the crime they had contemplated, to change their hearts, and instead of hearts of hate and revenge, to give them hearts of love and pity. "And now, men," he said, "get up and walk in front of us, for I cannot trust you yet." Wiggins burst out crying, and fell down at father's feet and with heartbroken sobs of repentance thanked father for sparing his life, promising that, by God's help, he would from that moment live a better life. The other two men, having made the same promise, father

walked them in front of us until we reached our home. Then father faced them and said, "Men! I believe God has forgiven you (as I have), you can come to work in the morning, and we will all try to forget this wicked night's business."

Father told me afterwards that in all his business experience he never had more faithful men work for him than they were; and they remained in his employ for many years after that hideous night's experience. They never tired trying to show by their every act that their lives and hearts were changed, and that their repentance was sincere.

I always loved my father, and thought him the greatest man that ever lived; but from this time on, I almost worshiped him.



He walked beside me, holding my arm in his strong grip to keep me
from falling

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CHAPTER IV

THE BIG BLIZZARD

THE winters were very severe in Canada, especially in the suburbs of the larger cities and towns where there were large open spaces, or fields, without shelter of any kind. Squalls of wind would sweep over these unsheltered localities with great fury, gathering the snow as they proceeded in their mad flight, until the very atmosphere became darkened with dense clouds of not only snow, but sleet and hail; the particles freezing together as they hurled through space like buckshot, would strike with almost the same force as if fired from a gun.

During a storm of this kind (and sometimes for days afterwards) the roads in and around Montreal were blocked, and impassable either for man or beast. The snow would drift until it frequently reached the second story windows of our house, especially on the storm side.

Many a time Chris, my elder brother, and myself would put on our snowshoes, and taking a couple of snow shovels with us would jump out of the second-story window and dig a channel through the big drifts which had sealed up every means of egress, burying the lower part of the house to a depth of from eight to ten feet, preventing anyone from either entering or leaving. We did not consider this a hardship, but

thought it good fun, for we were well clad in light gray suits and overcoats of heavy Irish frieze, or Canadian homespun lined with red flannel and seamed with the same material; with a pointed hood, toque, or "capuchon," fastened to the coat by buttons, sewed on under the collar. The hood was lined with red flannel. It was a very warm contrivance of "Habitant" invention. By pulling it up over our caps and drawing it close around our faces by the means of draw-strings, shielding our faces as much as possible and preventing the wind and sleet from blowing in at the sides, and by winding a heavy knitted woolen muffler around our necks, on the outside of the capuchon, nothing was exposed but our eyes. The coat was bound tightly to our bodies by a sash in bright colors, from three to five inches in width and from ten to twelve feet long, with a heavy fringe at each end. The sash was wound round and round our waists, from three to six times, allowing the long fringe or tassels to hang down the left side. We wore knickerbockers and two or three pairs of heavy knitted stockings reaching above the knees, held up by straps of the knickerbockers buckled tightly around the leg just below the knee, and last, but not least, instead of boots or shoes, soft buckskin moccasins, with fancy designs worked on the tops, or vamps, with colored porcupine quills. The moccasins, of course, were made by the Indians. This was a picturesque costume, purely Canadian, and just suitable to the climate. Being so well protected from the cold, we spent most of our time outdoors, and having to dig the snow away from the front and back of the house to liberate the inmates we considered nothing strange or unusual, for we were

strong, husky lads, thoroughly inured to the rigors of the climate.

An immense plain stretched for over a mile on each side of our house, and extended for fully two miles in the rear, perfectly level, not a single tree standing until you reached the woods, which hedged in the plain on three sides, with the factories and canal forming its northern boundary. This was called the "Priests' Farm," and had been occupied by some priestly order for many years, during the time the French were in possession, but when the English conquered Canada, it reverted to the Crown.

On one very stormy Sunday, a blizzard had been raging for the previous twenty-four hours but had moderated a little by the time we usually started for the morning Sunday-School session. Father thought it would not be wise for any of us to venture out and take the risk across the open plain, but my elder brother, Chris, four years older than I, said he would go if father would agree, and I induced father to allow me to go with him, so we bundled up, put on our snowshoes, and started.

Of course it would have been impossible for horses to travel, as the snow had piled up in great drifts ten to twelve feet high in some places. The road, or trail, was completely blotted out and buried under an avalanche of snow. The snow was dry and feathery, and even with snowshoes we sank down quite deep at times, and it was hard traveling.

There was what we called the "Half Way House," midway between our home and the fringe of the woods at the edge of the plain, a tramp of about three-quarters

of a mile. It was an old abandoned log hut of one story, with a door and one window. We made straight for this hut. The snow was so deep that it made the tramping very heavy, but fortunately the storm was at our backs. For all this, we were pretty well tired out and mighty glad to reach this crude shelter and take a much-needed rest. After resting for a while, Chris asked me if I thought I could stand it until we reached the church. Although a little bit exhausted, I assured him I could pull through, so we made another start and plodded on, tumbling at times into big crevices in the snow, which we were unable to see, as our eyes were almost blinded by the snow and ice clinging to our eyelashes, but as soon as we reached the first house it was easier going, for the road had been cut through with a primitive snowplow and we soon reached the church.

When we arrived I was pretty well used up, and felt more like lying down on the floor and having a good sleep than taking part in the services. The teachers of the Sunday School, also the boys and girls, helped us remove our snowshoes and outer clothing, beating and shaking them until all the snow and ice had been removed and hanging them up in the outer hall. All were unstinted in their praises at the plucky tramp we had accomplished in the teeth of the worst storm we had had that winter.

It made me feel a little bit proud upon overhearing a remark which the Superintendent made, when one of the teachers remarked that she thought father and mother made a mistake in allowing us to come across the plains on such a terrible day. He said, "Why, those Arling boys were made out of the right kind of

stuff and a bit of a storm could not phase two such boys as Chris and Jack." He said that Major Arling knew what he was about and was making men out of us.

By the time church service was over I was feeling better, although I must say I had not heard much of the sermon. When the time arrived for the return trip, some of the ladies suggested we had better not make the attempt, as the storm was not over and they thought it a little heavier; but we overruled all their kind objections.

I shall never forget the look of anxiety on Chris's face; he was looking at me very intently and I knew he was greatly perplexed, wondering in his own mind whether I could pull through. You know I was only twelve years old at this time. Chris was sixteen and had been training all winter for the annual Snow-shoe Races which were to come off on the fifteenth of the following month and was in fine condition.

I was tremendously fond of Chris, and looked up to him with all the proud admiration that a small boy usually has for a big brother. I did not want to drop in his estimation, so brushed all objections aside and assured him that I could make it if he could, and also said that if we did not go home father and mother would be very anxious. This settled it, and we made the start.

We reached the plain safely, but the storm was increasing in intensity all the time; great masses of heavy black clouds were piling up in the west; the wind, or gale, driving the snow and sleet straight into our faces, almost blinding us and piercing the exposed parts as if with needles. The snow was swirling through

the air, twisting into great columns like water-spouts, but we breasted it, Chris walking in the front beating a trail for me and keeping up an incessant volume of encouraging talk, calling me all kinds of a "brick," urging me to stick to it, for we would soon reach the hut and then would have a good rest. Whenever I fell down, he would pick me up and with the greatest show of affection, which he tried hard to suppress, would give me a good shaking, as he said, "to rid my clothes of all the snow which seemed to envelop me like a shroud." But his real object was to shake new life into me by assisting circulation, for he saw that I was losing my grip (as the boys expressed it) and tried to put new life into my drooping spirits. I was simply walking in a daze, and each snowshoe felt as though it weighed a ton, and I had an overpowering desire to lie down in the snow and go to sleep. Chris was acquainted with all the symptoms of death by freezing, and was greatly alarmed and kept urging me on by every word at his command. He walked beside me, holding my arm in his strong grip to keep me from falling; almost carrying me until we reached the hut, and we reached it just in time, for as soon as I got inside the door I collapsed, falling on the floor completely exhausted.

Chris gave me a very careful examination and discovered that one of my hands and part of my face and nose were frozen; but after rubbing the affected parts for some time vigorously with snow, gradually restored circulation. As soon as this was done he lifted me up and forced me to walk up and down the floor of the hut, shaking and pounding me all the time to keep off the drowsiness which I seemed to have no power to

shake off. At last he succeeded in bringing me around, so that I could speak, and from that time on he kept up an incessant flow of talk, especially on the snowshoe races, for that was the most interesting subject of conversation to me at that time.

It was now four o'clock, three hours from the time we had left the church, and almost dark. Poor Chris was almost bereft of his senses, not knowing what to do; he had taken off his blanket coat, putting it on me, over my own, binding it tight to my body with his sash, as well as mine, but just as he had almost given up hope he heard the shouts of a party of men and the barking of a dog—my great Dane dog, "Y-nkee." Yankee came bounding into the hut a little ahead of the searching party, headed by my dear father.

Father and the men wore the wide snowshoes used for walking, and even with these, sank deep at every step, for the snow was light, but very deep. They brought along two large toboggans loaded with blankets, buffalo robes, provisions, and tea, which they brewed over a small alcohol stove which they brought with them.

The food and tea soon revived me, for I was almost famished with hunger. Father, on his arrival with the men, said but little, but, used up as I was, I could see that his heart was very full of love for us, and thankfulness to God for our providential escape. He folded me in his arms and kissed me several times, and did the same with Chris. But if the others kept quiet, Yankee did not, for he and I were great chums. He was simply bubbling over with joy, for he had taken in the situation at once, and I think his barks of delight as he jumped around that little hut, did as much

to put new life into me as all the efforts of father and the men. He would lick my hands and shove his big snout in my face, jumping around and barking, trying to give expression in his own dog fashion at his delight and happiness in finding me safe,—for it was really he that found me. He piloted the searching party through the blinding storm and the drifts, keeping up an incessant barking for fear they would lose their way, and brought them safe to the hut, and I really believe he knew it. Well, they arrived just in the nick of time. I was pretty nearly gone, and all agreed that if they had been a few minutes later in arriving, they would have been too late.

Up to this time, all the attention of father and the men had been paid to me, but now they thought that perhaps Chris might need a little help. The poor fellow had been laboring under such a terrible nervous strain that he was nearly all in. He was sitting on the floor in the corner of the hut, with his head between his hands and his heart filled to the point of bursting. They told him that I was coming through all right, to cheer up, and put on his coat and they would all make a break for home; but the tension had been too great; the reaction had set in, and he burst into tears and cried like a child.

It was very cold in the hut, fully twenty degrees below zero, so father bundled me up in the blankets, took me up in his arms and carried me out, laying me down flat on one of the toboggans, covering me with the buffalo robes, and after strapping me in safely, all started on the back trail for home,—Yankee leading the procession.

CHAPTER V

THE SNOW-SHOE RACES

OUR thoughts now were all on the coming Snow-Shoe Races which were to be pulled off in two weeks. The event was called, "The Montreal Annual Snow-Shoe Meet."

Of all outdoor sports, this was the most popular. Every man, woman and child was interested, for this great event had been the topic of conversation for months. Father had always encouraged us to go in for all kinds of athletic exercises, especially where they took us outdoors, for he believed that of all places Canada needed strong men and women.

Snow-shoeing was his hobby, and although a very consistent member of the Methodist Church, which to a certain extent tried to frown down public races, yet I could see, as the time approached for the races to come off, he was getting a little more excited each day; especially so as Chris was to be one of the performers.

At last the long-expected day arrived, and at one o'clock sharp on time, John Baptist, our driver, drove up to the door with our spanking pair of gray horses, hauling behind them a very large box-sleigh. It took all the muscle he could bring into play to hold them still, as they were champing their bits, bobbing their heads up and down to make the bells on their heads and

harness jingle, and pawing the snow up with their hoofs until they covered us with a feathery white blanket.

The bottom of the sleigh was covered with a deep bed of straw. Father, mother, Chris, the girls and myself all piled in and nestled down in it and covered ourselves well with the buffalo robes.

When John Baptist loosened his grip on the reins and gave a shrill whistle, the horses just bounded off with the greatest glee.

"Yaw Bateece" (as that is the way he pronounced his name) said, "By Gar, dese horse 'e e'ees fly for dem race for sure, e'ees youst ron, ron all de tam, youst lak de diable, an' nevare stop. By Gar, e'ees ron vara fas' for sure," and we were off to the music of the sleigh bells, and a happier family party never went for a sleigh drive. Yankee, as usual, headed the procession, bounding through the snow and barking with delight, jumping up at the noses of the horses as if trying to kiss them. The horses were very fond of him and he of them, for he always slept under the manger of one or the other, preferring it to his own house.

The race course was out at Point St. Charles, about three miles away. The track was laid out on a piece of level prairie, part of the Priests' Farm,—a dense woods ran along one side of the track, which made a fine shelter when storming.

The committee had marked out a circular course of a half mile, and a number of snow-shoe clubs had tramped over and over the course, until the snow was bedded down as flat and as level as the top of a billiard table. A small stand had been erected at one end of the course for the judges. The day was fine, the glass

standing at about eight to ten below zero, with no wind; a more perfect day could not be had; the sun was shining brightly, and not a cloud was to be seen.

Sleighs were arriving on the grounds from all parts of the city and from all the suburban towns and villages; a more cosmopolitan crowd could not be found anywhere. Bankers, merchants, manufacturers, professional men with their families, coming from all parts of Montreal. Habitants from long distances and dressed in their homespun suits, with their wives and children, arrived in their box-sleighs, deeply bedded down with straw and buffalo robes, looking comfortable and happy. Then there were Indians, squaws, with their children, and the papooses were held in the arms of their squaw mothers, sheltering them under their blankets, making a very picturesque part of the assemblage, wearing their varied-colored blankets, beaded leggings and moccasins.

Everyone that could get an afternoon off was there, for each one in this big crowd had some favorite runner going to take part in the great Annual Snow-Shoe Races. Sleighs of every description; in fact, everything that ran on runners was pressed into service and was in evidence, all loaded down with happy, healthy-looking occupants intent on having a good time. The sleighs were lined up all around the circular half-mile track and in places two and three deep, while those on foot filled in all the intervening spaces.

Everyone was welcome to come and look on, free of charge, and it looked as though all that could come had come. It was a great crowd of happy, good-natured looking people of both sexes and of all ages, from the

gray-haired grandfathers and grandmothers to the little babies in their mothers' arms. All had come for a good time, and were going to have it.

Chris had been training faithfully for some weeks, coached by an old snow-shoe racer who was so sure he would win that he was ready to risk his last dollar on him. Chris never boasted of what he expected to accomplish, but he had an expression of fixed determination on his face that boded no good for his opponents, for he was a mighty speedy runner in a hundred-yard dash.

The opening event was the two-mile race, or four times around the track, for amateurs over eighteen. The bugle sounded "The Assemble," and as they lined up along the tape the band played "Rule Britannia."

About fifty young men got into line for this event. All the runners were dressed alike, with the exception of the colors which represented their different clubs. Their knickerbockers were made of white blanket, the blue, red, or colored borders of the blanket forming a stripe around the leg just above the knee, and around the skirts of the coat, when worn. Their stockings, knitted caps and silk sashes were of the same color as the stripes, indicating the colors of the respective clubs. They usually wore undershirts, either in white or club colors. They of course used the long taper racing snow-shoe, made by the best Indian experts at Cognawaga, the Indian village opposite Lachine and the Lachine Rapids.

At last they got them all lined up and at the sound of the pistol the crowd yelled "They are off!" Pandemonium seemed to be loose. Shouting, cheering,

yelling, the women and children screaming at the tops of their voices and waving their handkerchiefs, the small boys putting their fingers to their mouths sending out ear-splitting whistles and even the dogs barking and yelping, everyone doing his level best to encourage and cheer some favorite runner, and if they had no favorite, and were not acquainted with any of the contestants, they thought it their duty and the correct thing to make a noise anyhow, on general principles.

I recall very vividly one of the runners in that race, and as young as I was, picked him out as a winner, and all the party did the same. He appeared to be about twenty; straight as an arrow, with the muscles on his arms standing out like whipcords, well developed chest showing great lung power, jet black hair and clear complexion. I thought he was surely going to win, but I did not understand all the tricks of the game as I did afterwards, when I became a four-mile snow-shoe runner myself.

I was more than surprised to see the whole field get ahead of him right from the very start, leaving him almost in the rear for the first half mile; but on the second time around the course, he had gradually forged his way up to about the middle of the bunch of runners, and on the third lap was still making headway; but on the fourth and last lap he gradually crept up inch by inch until he was abreast of the Indian who was leading, and they ran neck and neck for the first half of the last lap, then the pace began to increase, running so evenly side by side, you would think there was only one man running.

The crowd was almost breathless with excitement

thinking it was going to be a tie, but just about one hundred yards from the tape, "Milloy" (for that was his name) began to forge ahead, inch by inch, and passed under the tape a winner by two feet.

The crowds were swept off their feet with excitement and cheered and yelled until the sound must have been heard in Montreal.

Milloy's friends broke through the ropes, and rolling him up in blankets, hoisted him upon their shoulders and carried him to his quarters headed by the band, playing "Here the Conquering Hero Comes."

Again the bugle sounded and the second event was on the programme. The one-mile snow-shoe race for men over twenty-five was announced, and the same excitement prevailed as on the previous race.

"Yaw Bateece" was getting more excited and nervous every moment as the time for the race which our Chris had entered for approached, and he asked father to take the reins as he wanted to go as far as Chris's quarters to see if they were handling him right. Father let him off, and that was the last we saw of him until the races were over.

The bugle sounded again, and the announcer yelled out through the megaphone: "Race for boys; one hundred-yard dash; three heats; best two out of three." "No boy under sixteen or over eighteen allowed to run," he announced.

And this was where our family got excited, as this was the race our Chris was entered for.

Twenty-five as fine looking lads as one could wish to look at lined up for this event. I could hardly get my breath as I was keyed up to such a pitch of ner-

vous excitement. I could feel the blood coursing through my veins and my heart playing a tattoo on my ribs, for Chris was my beau ideal of all that a boy should be; but I kept perfectly still, watching every move of the boys as they lined up, and I really think that I prayed to God that Chris might win. The pistol cracked and the crowd shouted "They're off!" Chris did not get the lead but was only half a breast behind the leader. The shouting and cheering was almost deafening, but above all the noise and racket we heard the shrill piercing scream of a falsetto voice, yelling until you would think his throat would give out: "Ron, Chrees, ron lak de diable. Sacre! dat Injun White Fedder e'ees ron too vara fas', bot no lak Chrees, Chrees e'ees win, sure ting!"

But the boys paid no attention to the racket, but were straining every muscle to make an inch or two, for every inch counts in a short dash. At the fifty-yard post, Chris had caught up and was running neck and neck with the Indian "White Feather"; at the sixty post he was just a little ahead; when father saw this, he forgot his dignity for the moment, and yelled at the top of his voice: "Good boy, Chris! stick to it, son!" This seemed to put new life into Chris, for he recognized father's voice and fairly flew over the balance of the course, and jumped through the tape just one neck ahead.

Then the crowd let themselves loose, for this was always a favorite race. Men, women, boys and girls alike yelling, screaming, shouting, waving their handkerchiefs, flags, hats, or anything that came to hand that would show their pleasure, and their exuberance of spirits.

The crowd again broke through the ropes, and after rolling Chris up in a large buffalo robe so that nothing could be seen of him but his head, they hoisted him up on their shoulders and carried him to his tent, the band blaring out, "Here the Conquering Hero Comes."

I had jumped the ropes with the crowd and arrived at the tent the same time that he did. I was so proud of him I could not keep my hands off him and kept patting him on the head all the time the trainers were rubbing him down, and remained with him during the interval between the heats, which the runners were allowed, for rest; and, as they said, "time to get their second wind."

An Obstacle Race was run off between heats, but I did not go out to see it run for I had lost all interest in any race but the Hundred-yard Dash, in which my brother Chris was a performer, so just sat by him and listened to the praises heaped upon him by his admirers, and he certainly had many, for old experienced snow-shoe runners were giving him all kinds of pointers and tips which he listened to very intently, but taking his honors modestly, being aware that the race was not yet over.

The bugle sounded again and the announcer shouted through the megaphone: "One-hundred yard dash, second heat!" Chris was up with a jump, making a bee-line for the judge's stand. The snow-shoes were examined to see that they were in good condition, and properly fastened on. All eyes were now on Chris and his Indian opponent "White Feather," for everyone knew that one or the other would win the race.

They lined up as before—Chris was away off to the right—and the Indian to the left, or inside, giving him a slight advantage.

At the crack of the pistol they were off, getting a fine, even start. The Indian had a very determined look on his face, his nostrils were distended like the nostrils of a blooded horse, and from almost flashing from his eyes he was a mighty fine specimen of a full-blooded Indian.

Chris and the Indian soon led the procession, amidst the cheer and claudits of the most excited and enthusiastic crowd I ever saw. At the six-yard post they were running neck and neck as in the first heat, using up every ounce of force in their bodies, and going at a flying pace; at the six-yard post, Chris stubbed the toe of his snow-shoe, which gave the Indian a slight advantage and he crossed the tape a few inches ahead of Chris.

The crowd in the stands shouted themselves hoarse, knowing that the next heat would eclipse all other races for the excitement, as it would decide whether Chris or the Indian was to be the champion for the year. Both were both carried to their tents as usual, the Indian doing the honors for White Feather, who was well cared for by his trainers, who insist he should be kept perfectly quiet for the half hour between heats; so everyone was put out of the tent but the trainers and myself. Chris asked that I might remain.

The bugle sounded at the end of the allotted time. Chris sprang up from his mattress with fire in his eyes, saying to me in a whisper, "Don't get scared, Jack, for

"I'll win sure." Chris had the inside of the line for this heat, and at the crack of the pistol was off like a deer, taking the lead from the very start, the Indian dogging his steps every inch of the way. The strain was a heavy one, for they were well matched, and full of grit. Do what he could, the Indian could not gain a single inch, but as they advanced Chris was making the gap between them a little wider all the time. Every atom of energy in both of their bodies was brought into play, they were both wet with perspiration and it was dropping from their faces in beads; but Chris never lost the lead from the start and dashed under the tape a winner by three yards.

Oh! how that crowd did roar, shout and hurrah, following Chris in hundreds, as they carried him to his tent mounted on the shoulders of a few of his most enthusiastic admirers, the band blaring out as usual, "Here the Conquering Hero Comes."

I think I was the proudest boy in the crowd that day, for my big brother was the champion fast runner for that year; and my! but how they did praise Chris, slapping him on the back and telling him over and over again he was the finest boy in the land, and his father ought to be proud of him. Chris was tremendously elated at winning the race but quiet and modest under all the praise that was heaped upon him.

Ladies and gentlemen coming from all parts of the field to shake him by the hand, congratulating him on his success. Father and mother also came in for their share of attention; and I can assure you they were very proud of Chris as we all were.

As soon as Chris was dressed, one gentleman came

forward and insisted that he should wear his Persian lamb coat, as he was afraid Chris would take cold; but Chris had to decline the honor as the coat was miles too big for him. Chris asked to be taken to the tent of his opponent, White Feather, the Indian; and still surrounded by a big crowd of his admirers, they conducted him to the other side of the field, where the Indians had formed a little colony by themselves.

When Chris entered the tent, he grasped White Feather by the hand, and said: "White Feather, I am glad to know you. Although I won the race, you are every bit as good a runner as I am, and I only hope we will be able to have another race before long." All the Indians, squaws, and papooses flocked around Chris and thought this a very gracious act on his part; and he became very popular with the whole tribe, from the old Chief down.

At the close of the races, Chris was presented with a very handsome, large silver tankard, suitably inscribed, as the "Champion Runner in the Hundred-yard Snow-shoe Race" for that year, and the Indian with a silver goblet, for second prize.

CHAPTER VI

SPORTS ON THE ICE

THE winters in Lower Canada, at the time of which I write, were so severe that by January of each year the St. Lawrence River, in spite of its swift current, would freeze to a depth of from four to eight feet, forming a natural ice bridge from the city to the opposite shore. To test the ice and its safety for traffic, an old Habitant had been employed for many years to break the trail for the first road across to St. Lamberts, when the ice took, as he expressed it, and the way he accomplished the feat was to procure an old worn-out horse and putting a bridle on him with very large blinders, and long light ropes attached to the bit, to be used as reins, so that the horse would be about twenty feet ahead of him, and with the aid of a whip with a very long lash, which by dextrous manipulation he could keep whirling through the air in great coils circling around his head like an immense snake. At the right moment, he could force it forward with great velocity and make a straight bee-line for that poor old horse, and could make it strike him on any part of his anatomy, and at the same time frightening the poor brute out of its wits by the loud report or crack which it produced, and for the moment infuse a little more life into him.

Of course this was very slow traveling, but the old

Habitant knew his job thoroughly, and "slow but sure" was his motto. He kept his eyes fixed at the point on the St. Lamberts shore, which was his objective, urging the poor old beast forward both by whip and voice, but making headway all the time. Hundreds of people were gathered on each shore watching his progress and expecting every moment to see the old horse drop through some air-hole or thin spot in the ice and carried down by the current to certain death. This nearly always happened on the first attempt in crossing; when it did, the Habitant would immediately let go the ropes for fear of being dragged down himself, and allow him to go, but carefully marking the place so that he would know it the next trip and then retrace his steps to the Montreal shore and give the weak spot a chance to freeze solid during the night.

The next day he would repeat the same performance, and if he was successful in making the crossing, would repeat, but this time with a heavy sleigh harnessed to the horse, and drive him ahead of him as before. If he succeeded in reaching the opposite shore without any mishap, would then load the sleigh with stones and if he accomplished the journey safely, would rest for a day or two to make sure the frost had made the bridge firmer. A number of sleigh loads of cedar trees would then start across the trail under his supervision and the men would plant them into sockets in the ice, filled with snow broth, and hold them in an upright position until the stems were frozen in solid. They were placed on each side of the road at intervals of ten to twenty feet apart, from Montreal to St. Lamberts. When this was all done and he had made a

great many tests by boring through the ice and measuring its thickness at different places all the way across, a few men were allowed to cross with their teams, gradually increasing the number until perfectly assured that the road was safe; then it was declared open to the public for travel.

Freight trains are used every winter in crossing the river, and the same care is used in opening up the road for railroad travel as is exercised in opening up the road for horses, vehicles, and pedestrians, with this exception: The tracks are never laid until they are absolutely assured that there is a great depth of ice, and it is some time after they are laid before they will risk testing the carrying power of the ice with platform cars. The ties are laid down on the ice at the same intervals as they lay them down for an ordinary ballasted road, but instead of filling them in with gravel, they fill in with snow, pouring on water and packing it down tight as they fill it in, until it becomes almost flush with the surface of the ties, and frozen into solid ice. No railroad track has as solid a bed as this. As soon as the ties are laid down and frozen in, they lay the rails, fastening them on with spikes in the usual way. Next, they test its carrying power by dragging across a flat-car by the aid of long ropes; next, a box-car, then a loaded box-car, and gradually increase the weight and pressure on the ice, until they send an old, obsolete engine across,—of course not under its own steam, but hauled over by men with long ropes and a good distance intervening between them and the engine. Finding the ice strong enough to carry this weight, they then allow trains to pass over; a few empty

cars first, increasing the weight until the road is declared strong enough to carry ordinary freight trains.

As soon as the ice is thick enough, the river becomes the great mecca for all the young people who are fond of outdoor sports, to resort to; certain enterprising French-Canadians lay out skating rinks close to the shore or wharves, by shoveling the snow from the surface of the ice and forming it into banks or walls inclosing a space of about three hundred by two hundred feet, and pumping water on these walls until they become solid walls of ice; they then decorate the tops of the walls or banks with cedar trees and flags, giving the rink an attractive appearance, both from the outside as well as on the inside. At one end would be built a good-sized shack, the walls hemming it in on both sides so that no one could enter the rink without passing through the shack. This was heated by a good-sized wood-burning box stove which threw out a great heat, keeping the place warm and comfortable. The ice on the rink was always in fine condition and kept so by constant sweeping, and when a little bit rough, all they needed to do was to pump on a little more water and in a short half-hour the ice would be like glass, and for the small sum of five cents you could enter the shack, put on your skates in the warm reception-room, and pass through the back door directly onto the ice, where you would always find throngs of young men, women, boys and girls skating round and round in an endless procession on the outskirts of the rink, the fancy skaters doing all kinds of stunts in the middle.

On certain occasions they would have a small brass

band to enliven the proceedings with music; when a waltz was played, the skaters would soon find partners and in a moment would be whirling them round, as you can only do on skates, gracefully, to the lively strains of the musicians.

A little further up the river you would find a Curling Rink, belonging to some one of the many curling clubs of the city; for it is a very popular winter sport, especially with the Scotch citizens. This is laid out in a similar manner to the skating rink, minus the flags and entrance fee. Everyone is allowed to stand around the edge of the rink and look on, free of charge. Here you will find, on a fine day, all the leading Scotchmen of the city, with a sprinkling of English and Irish; the French-Canadian somehow does not care for curling. The players all wear Tam o' Shanter caps and heavy woollen sweaters, each one armed with a broom and are usually in a great state of excitement, souping her up—to their hearts' content.

This rink is always surrounded by crowds of on-lookers, as there are no walls. Farther along the river's bank is a fine circular race-track for snow-shoers,—a half-mile track,—always in use for practicing, although races take place on this river track frequently. It was always a fine level track and well patronized by both ladies and gentlemen, and sometimes a scratch match was gotten up, and you would see as fine a bit of snow-shoe racing as anyone could wish. Races for ladies were frequently run on this track, and many of them were fine runners. They were a fine, healthy, robust, rosy-cheeked, wholesome-looking lot of girls, dressed in the usual snow-shoer's conventional costume,

which consisted of white blanket coats and bloomers, with toques, sashes, and stockings of various colors. Every girl was an ardent devotee to snow-shoeing and enthusiastically doing her level best to succeed at this magnificent Indian sport. Good-natured repartee, laughter, fun, and innocent frolic was in evidence all the time at this particular race-course, making it the most popular place for sleigh-driving parties to resort to when in search of entertainment and amusement.

The ice bridge has no sooner formed on the river than a race-track for trotting horses is laid out; this is usually a two-mile straight-away course, and always has the patronage of all lovers of horses. French-Canadians are all ardent sportsmen, and it would be hard to find any one who loves a horse more than he does, and no one of any nationality is kinder to his beast. But he does not look upon his horse as a beast, for the Habitant's horse, like the Irishman's pig, is part and parcel of the family and beloved by all.

The great ambition of every French-Canadian is to own a trotting horse, and to accomplish his desire will deprive himself of many of the luxuries and sometimes some of the necessities of life to attain this end, and when he has accomplished it, you will see him, especially in winter, with his horse, always well groomed, and a light but strong cutter; with his cap well pulled down over his ears, and a warm fur coat of buffalo or coonskin with the collar turned up and a bear-skin robe over his legs, well tucked in at the sides, and last, but not least, the inevitable pipe in his mouth, filled with home-grown tobacco so strong that it would peel the skin from off the tongue of any other man but

a French-Canadian who tried to smoke it. This is the picture of the ordinary French-Canadian when he has succeeded in owning a horse; a picture of happy contentment, holding the reins in his hands, allowing the horse to jog along with the little mincing, dancing gait peculiar to the racehorse going to a meet, the Frenchman apparently holding a very tight grip on the reins as though he could hardly hold him back from flying over the road; at the same time, the horse had no particular desire to fly, but if left to himself would be more than pleased to jog along at a quiet gait. But the French-Canadian is very fond of attracting the attention of everyone to his horse, and if he notices the slightest sign of drawing a look of admiration to his outfit from any of the passers-by, he becomes greatly elated and proud as a barnyard rooster. The only time he ceases to smoke (for they are all incessant smokers) is when he has his horse lined up with a score of others at the starting point for the big race on the river. Then he is all excitement; he examines his horse's legs, hoofs, and shoes, the long calks of which have been sharpened to a point to prevent slipping, and to get a firm grip on the ice or snow. Finding everything in good shape, he takes his place in his cutter, tucking the robe well in around his legs, and with legs extended, his feet pressed tightly against the foot plates, braces himself firmly against the back of the cutter, with a firm grip on the reins, and at the word "go!" or at the crack of the pistol, they are off! every one of them shouting, yelling, urging their horses on by cracking their whips, aided by the vociferous cheering of the crowds who line the track from end to end,

they fly over the course in a whirlwind of blinding snow cast up by the hoofs of the horses. The expression on the faces of the drivers with their eyes sparkling with furious glistening intensity of desire, makes up a picture of overpowering human excitement impossible to be duplicated outside of a French-Canadian race-track.

Language can hardly describe the one who succeeds in winning the race and express the feelings of pride which almost consume him and completely renders him speechless with an overpowering sense of his own importance. The successes of Napoleon, Wellington, Nelson, and all other victorious commanders in history sink into utter insignificance, in his mind, compared with the wonderful victory he and his horse have accomplished. He jumps out of his racing cutter and covers his horse from head to tail with one, two, and sometimes three blankets, puts his arms around his neck, hugging and kissing him in his exuberance of joy and delight, and then stands back with his arms folded like a conquering hero to receive the congratulations of his friends, and listen to the acclamations of the crowd, for this is the happiest day of his life. But when he returns to his home and tells his wife and children of his wonderful victory, they simply stand and look at him in speechless awe and treat him for some time to come with a degree of respect and reverence which they usually accord only to the priest or bishop.

At the time of which I write, long before the great improvements had been made on the Montreal harbor front, some miles below the city were several small

islands, and on account of the strong current, the water rushes with great velocity through the spaces between these islands, and in winter causes serious ice jams, blocking up the channel. When this occurs, the water backs up and causes the whole body of ice, covering the river facing Montreal, to rise, lifting this plain of ice several feet higher than usual, overflowing the wharves and piers to a depth of several feet. If freezing hard at the time, and no snow falls during the night, the water covering the wharves and piers would freeze over, making ice as clear as a mirror, and extending for miles. Thousands of skaters of both sexes, and all ages, would then flock to the river to enjoy skating on this long stretch of ice.

On one such occasion, my sister Sophie and I, with crowds of boys, girls, men and women, were skating over one of the long piers which had been submerged by the rise in the river the day before. The ice was like glass and Sophie and I were enjoying ourselves to our hearts' content, skating hand in hand and performing all kinds of evolutions on the ice.

The ice was so fine that hundreds of skaters had congregated and were skating over this particular pier, when all at once the ice began to bend, and without the slightest warning, sank beneath our feet. It did not break, but simply sank like a great sheet of rubber, sinking lower and lower, the water rising as it sank. The sensation was simply indescribable, the crowds were paralyzed with fright and for a moment speechless, and then arose the most horrible shrieks and screams from the throats of the panic-stricken women and children, coupled with the hoarser shouts of the

men, as if pandemonium were let loose. I grasped Sophie by the arms and made her climb onto my back. The ice was still sinking, but it stopped suddenly when the water had reached up to my waist, and I found that we had settled quietly down on the pier about three feet below the surface, and realized at once that we could sink no further, for I knew the locality very well. My limbs were so cold it was almost impossible to move them, but by superhuman exertion, brought on by excitement, I managed to slowly move through the water, carrying Sophie on my back until we reached the wharf which had not been submerged, a few hundred feet away.

Thousands of people had rushed to the waterfront from all parts of the city as soon as the news spread abroad that the ice had broken through over one of the piers. The crowd was so great they interfered with those who were systematically helping to save the struggling people in the water to reach dry land, but every assistance was given us, and we were safely pulled out of the water; but the moment we were lifted out, and came in contact with the dry frosty air, our clothing was frozen stiff and solid, and it was impossible for us to bend our legs. We were as helpless as marble statues. Standing perfectly erect, and still with our skates on, some of the boys with ready wit soon solved the problem by taking off their sashes, knotting them together and forming a couple of long ropes. They fastened one around Sophie's waist and another around mine, and with a boy on each side to hold us up and keep us from falling over, the boys taking hold of the ropes, towed us over the ice at a

great pace, the ice reaching to within a few hundred yards of our home. When we reached the end of the ice field, they tumbled us on to a toboggan and landed us at the house. It was the fastest tow either Sophie or I had ever had, over snow and ice. The boys carried us into the big kitchen, and supported us on each side, standing in front of the open fireplace until the ice melted and mother and Laura were able to remove our clothes. Then they rubbed us thoroughly, bringing the warmth back into our bodies by restoring circulation; but strange to say, neither of us were frozen and we were all right in the morning.

The newspapers that evening, and the next morning, had their columns well supplied with exciting news, describing the disaster and the marvelous escape of so many hundreds of people from drowning, but not a single case of the death of any of the skaters was mentioned, for all were accounted for. But a great deal of sickness followed among the hundreds who were so suddenly precipitated into the icy cold water, and it is possible that many of them never recovered from the shock and fright they received on the fatal day of the disaster. It is needless to say that the excursions which Sophie and I were in the habit of taking together, were subsequently confined to safer localities than piers in the St. Lawrence river covered with new-formed ice.



But when we jumped the stone wall we just skimmed through the air
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CHAPTER VII

MONTREAL IN WINTER

FIFTH Avenue, New York, has earned a reputation the world over, for its marvelous display of fashionably dressed people, who on certain occasions promenade on both sides of the street on the sidewalks of this noted thoroughfare, notably on Easter Sunday when the weather is fine, and in fact every Saturday afternoon, taking part in what has now become one of the fixed customs, or established institutions of the city, and called by the masses, "Dress Parade." It has well earned its reputation, for neither the Champs Elysée, of Paris, nor Regent Street, London, can produce a more wonderful kaleidoscopic, panoramic display of magnificently gowned women and well-dressed men, than can be seen at one of these dress parades in New York City, when the air is balmy and the atmosphere clear.

Dress parade in Montreal is of a different character, but to my mind much more impressive and imposing. To see it to advantage, you require to be there on a Saturday afternoon in winter, when the atmosphere is bright, clear, and bracing, with an azure blue, cloudless sky overhead, the sun shining brightly and a good bed of snow, well beaten down on the streets and roads of the city.

Years ago, before the advent of the street cars in Montreal, it was the custom after the first heavy fall of snow had formed a good solid bed for the roads, for the mayor of the city to issue his usual proclamation, "No More Wheels," and this proclamation would be posted up on all the streets and roads in and about the city, which prohibited the use of carriages, carts, or wagons during the winter, to protect the roads from being cut up. Nothing was allowed to be used on the street as a vehicle of conveyance but sleighs; as a consequence, the roads were as flat and smooth as the proverbial pancake, and the sleighing superb.

In these days, Montreal was the largest military depot in Canada, with one exception, and that was the fortified City of Quebec. Regiments of all branches of the British Service were stationed here, and the officers, a fine lot of fellows, were always ready to enter heartily into all kinds of outdoor sports. But the one that appealed to them most was sleigh driving—especially with a tandem team of horses, harnessed to a handsome sleigh, or cutter, with a very high front seat for the driver, where he could look over the heads of his team and keep a sharp lookout for the leader. Perched up on their high seats, holding the four reins and the long tandem whip in their hands, they were adepts at skillfully navigating and maneuvering mettlesome steeds through the scores of carryalls, cutters, bob-sleighs, and everything that could be propelled on runners, and sometimes at a very high speed, but invariably without an accident, for they were mighty fine horsemen. Every day they were in evidence and it made but little difference to them

whether the day was fine or not, driving their fancy turn-outs and enjoying themselves to the full.

But Saturday afternoon was the time set apart (weather permitting) for the "Montreal Dress Parade." Then you would witness a procession of the handsomest caparisoned horses (thoroughbreds), harnessed to the most beautiful sleighs of every description, from the comfortable carryall, to the large and luxurious turn-out with coachman and footman, dressed in capacious fur coats, capes and caps to match, perched up on high front seats, handling the reins with most dexterous skill, when the owner did not do the driving himself.

The sleighs were furnished with the most costly and exquisite fur robes, lined with military broadcloth in varied colors and trimmed with the same. White and black bear-skins were usually the favorite furs used for robes. It would be impossible to describe the beauty, varied styles, and splendor of the sleighs, for no city in the world, not even St. Petersburg, Russia, can compare, or compete, with Montreal in the luxurious comfort and costly magnificence of her winter equipages. The trappings of the horses alone always drew out the admiration and encomiums of the crowds who congregated along the sides of the leading thoroughfares to see the lordly pageant pass. Gold and silver-mounted harness, manufactured out of all kinds of the most costly leather, principally black patent, white enamel, or natural tan color, were the favorite leathers used for harness. Long ropes of small jingling bells round the necks of the horses, and extending down over their breasts and fastened to one of the bellybands; arches of tingling silvery-toned bells erected on the top

of the saddle, with high plumes of long horsehair dyed into bright, fancy colors, surmounting the arch; smaller arches with bells and plumes on the tops of their heads, also long plumes fastened to the rosettes on the sides of the bridle, and the tinkling and jingling of thousands of bells making sweet music from one end of the procession to the other.

The horses taking part in this parade were of fine-bred stock, the owners, principally of the wealthier classes, took the greatest pride in them, and vied with each other as to who could turn out the finest exhibit and receive the greatest plaudits from the crowds, who were not at all bashful in shouting out their preferences in clear, audible, distinct tones, so that none could mistake their preferences. From the high-stepping military charger, to the chunky well-bred French-Canadian pony, were in evidence, and all doing their level best to win out. But the great majority were high-mettled, thoroughbred carriage horses, with heads erect, beautifully arched necks, their small, shapely ears pointing straight forward taking in every sound, high-steppers, bushy manes and tails, when not cropped, sleek, well-groomed hides shining in the sun and showing every vein pulsating with excitement, and thin shapely, high-stepping legs with small hoofs on which they pranced up and down with the pride of the "equine aristocrat," champing their bits and scattering the foam from their mouths, bobbing their heads up and down to make the bells jingle, and the plumes wave, as they pranced along the streets, but kept well in hand by the pressure brought to bear on their bits by their watchful and skillful

drivers, they made a marvelous and stunning exhibit. Both drivers and horses alike were proud of the part they occupied in the display, and at the admiration expressed by the crowds. But the eyes of all were centered upon the occupants of the sleighs, consisting of the youth and beauty of the city, and beyond my humble powers of description. The languid, fragile, delicate, drawing-room beauty was conspicuous by her absence; but instead, the charming young women of Montreal, bubbling over with good nature, with rosy cheeks, sparkling eyes, and muffled up in their fur coats, caps and gauntlets, sitting in their sleighs well tucked in with heavy lined bear-skin robes, were in evidence all along the line, drinking in the pure ozone of this crisp, sharp northern atmosphere, as they did every day of their lives, for all their leisure hours were spent in invigorating exercise and outdoor sports, the results of which were seen in their bright, cheerful, happy faces, strong, well-developed figures, and the very pictures of health, happiness and contentment.

The young men could be described in the same way, if not in the exact language, but their characteristics were the same. Determination and character written on every face, strong, well-knit frames, well-muscled arms and limbs, clear, sparkling eyes, well-developed chests, and fresh, healthy complexions, inherited by both the young men and women, from good, hardy ancestral stock, which made them wholesome in appearance and good to look at.

The older men and women were a strong and sturdy-looking lot, their years sitting lightly on their shoulders, and they exhibited just as keen an appetite

for all outdoor pastimes and sports as the younger folks did. And this is the class of men and women, with their magnificent horses and sleighs, which made possible the "Dress Parade" which was to be seen every Saturday afternoon in Montreal,—weather permitting and the sleighing good.

They usually assembled on the "Champs de Mars," a very large military parade ground at the rear of the courthouse, and at the sound of the bugle the handsomest equipage drawn by a well-matched, double team of four horses, driven by some well-known whip, perched up on a high front driver's seat, similar in design to the driver's seat of a four-in-hand coach, was selected to lead the cortège. The sleigh, or equipage, drawn by these four mettlesome equine thoroughbreds, was large and capacious, sometimes carrying as many as sixteen to twenty ladies and gentlemen. The moment the bugle sounded the start, the driver would swing the lash of his long tandem whip, making it cut circles through the air and crack like the sound of a pistol; the horses were off in a moment, rearing and dancing up and down, held in and guided by the driver as they made their way toward the exit to the street, making the bells jingle and the plumes wave, acting as though they were conscious of the honor of being selected to lead the procession, one team after another followed and passed through the gate to the street, and there were so many of them, one would think that the end would never be reached. When the long parade of beautiful sleighs, with their charming occupants, drawn by such a vast number of thoroughbred horses had gotten fairly under way, and looking

at it from an elevation so as to take in the whole scene, it became a perfect dream of animated splendor and color, as it moved through the streets receiving the well-merited applause of the thousands who lined the sidewalks and filled the windows of all the buildings along the line of march. But there was one exhibit, not down on the programme, that must not be omitted. On one occasion, the officers of the different clubs, who superintended the Dress Parade, decided to have a Saturday afternoon display that would far outdo and surpass in splendor anything that had ever been accomplished up to that date. And I with a number of boy and girl friends met one evening, about twenty or twenty-five of us in all, and decided that we would like to take part in the wonderful display contemplated by the management. I received permission from father to use our large delivery sleigh; it was a handsome sleigh, the body, or box, of which was very long and painted a bright vermilion, trimmed with gold stripes, and furnished with a fine pair of bobs underneath, of the same color, and with our splendid pair of mottled iron-gray horses, described in a previous chapter, and driven by that incomparable whip, "Yon Bateece," it made an ideal turnout for boys and girls to celebrate with.

We started in by borrowing every sleigh bell, horse plume, and colored ribbon that we could induce any of our friends to loan us, and we trimmed the harness of the horses from the bridles to the cruppers with bows of varied-colored ribbons, rosettes, and plumes, so that the harness could hardly be seen for the mass of color under which it was hidden; in fact, the horses

were loaded down with bells, waving plumes, and wherever there was room for a rosette or bow of ribbon the girls saw that it was not neglected, for both the boys and girls were enthusiastic over the job. Even the reins had colored ribbons decorating them, at equal distances apart, from the bits of the horses to Yon Bateece's hands where he held them.

The next thing we did was to rig up Yon Bateece like a father Santa Claus, and all the boys and girls dressed in fancy masquerade suits. The girls' costumes were very fancy, only they made them look a little bit plumper than usual, for they had to put their fancy costumes on outside, or over their regular winter garments, for the weather was quite cold. But a little thing like that did not phase them; we were all going out for a good rollicking time (and we were going to have it), and to make the outfit a little bit more impressive and relieve the minds of the crowds by a change of scene, every last one of the girls and boys had provided themselves with long tin horns painted in all the colors of the rainbow, and as every one of them was blessed with a good strong pair of lungs, the noise we contemplated making would at least reach the ears of the onlookers and attract a little bit of attention to ourselves.

Of course an outfit like ours was not allowed to go through the gates and onto the parade ground, so we had coached Yon Bateece to get a position as near the exit gate as possible, and at the very first interval he discovered when the parade was passing out on to the the street, to drive our outfit right in and fill up the gap. When the day of the parade arrived, the pro-

gramme was carried out to the letter, and we struck a position right in the middle of the procession. We fully expected that after a while, the master of ceremonies would be informed of our presence in the parade and instruct the police to have us removed and then we would be relegated to the rear. We were certainly having the time of our lives and getting more applause than any exhibit in the parade, when, sure enough, the master of ceremonies came charging down on us astride of his beautiful horse, but when he saw us and our wonderful outfit, and the fun we were having ourselves, and the entertainment we were furnishing the crowds who seemed to be enjoying themselves by their hilarious laughter and cheers which accosted him at every turn, marking their approval and appreciation of some sally of wit, or some grotesque performance by one of the girls or boys of our party, he burst out laughing, and, at the intercession of the occupants of the sleighs who were members of the parade, he allowed us to remain where we were. The boys and girls in our party were all good singers, and accustomed to sing in chorus on our long snow-shoe tramps and to vary the performance, at stated intervals we would discard the horns for a while and entertain the crowds, and ourselves at the same time, by singing in chorus one of the popular songs of the day. This would always meet with the most enthusiastic approval and we would receive thunders of applause—not only from the crowds, but from those taking part in the parade.

The kindly acknowledgments of our efforts to please so filled us all with such happy pride, that we redoubled our efforts and allowed no interval to lapse

between the fun and the songs which we saw were giving such pleasure to our large and enthusiastic audience. So we kept it up without intermission, from the start to the finish of that "never-to-be-forgotten" Dress Parade, which was booked to disband at the Tally-ho club house, just outside the city limits. As Yon Bateece was in the act of turning his horses' heads homeward, we were greatly surprised by a number of gentlemen and ladies, members of the club, surrounding our sleigh and thanking us for the very unique and novel entertainment we had furnished them with, and gave us a very cordial invitation, including Yon Bateece, to come right into the clubhouse and get warmed up and have supper with them. As it was now six o'clock, and having been out in that beautiful, bracing atmosphere all the afternoon, shouting, blowing horns, yelling, and singing at the tops of our voices, without intermission for nearly six hours, it goes without saying that we were quite ready to accept their kind hospitality, for we were all as hungry as a lot of young bears. They had prepared a long table for us at one end of the big dining-room, and it was loaded down with the finest viands that the Montreal markets could furnish, and the French cooks in charge of the kitchen had surpassed themselves in their efforts to make every dish as attractive and palatable as their great skill could accomplish, and your imagination can picture what twenty or twenty-five strong, healthy, ravenously hungry girls and boys from fourteen to sixteen years of age, who had not had a bite to eat since noon, could do to a layout of that kind, and you can further imagine that after we had partaken of that sumptuous repast, there were no

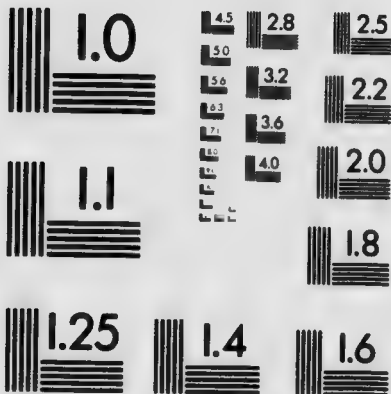
"twelve baskets full of fragments" to be taken up. When we thought that justice had been done to that exquisite supper, and to our digestive faculties, at the suggestion of our hosts we entertained them with a few songs and rousing choruses, and after thanking them for their kind hospitality, were about to leave; but they would not part with us until we promised to repeat the performance at some future Dress Parade, and assured us that our outfit would be admitted to the parade grounds and assigned to a prominent location in the procession. When we had tumbled into our sleigh and had started for home, it was the unanimous opinion of both girls and boys that we had not only "done ourselves proud," but that we had had the time of our lives, and were the happiest bunch of young people in the city, for the whole "show" had been a rousing success.

Two very beautiful mountains, adjoining each other, form an imposing and picturesque background for the City of Montreal; the city proper, stretching from the foothills in a gradual descent or slope until it reaches the banks of the St. Lawrence river, before the face of the mountain had been encroached upon and utilized as choice building sites for the many sumptuous homes surrounded by their lovely gardens and hedges; and the stately mansions overlooking their park lands of many acres, owned by the wealthy magnates of the city. These hills extending all along the face of the mountain when covered with snow in winter were the rendezvous for all the young people of the city, dressed in blanket suits, sashes, woolen toques and moccasins, and on every fine, clear winter day, could be seen in



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droves hauling their toboggans up the beaten path to the right of the slides, and on reaching the top of the hill, would pile onto the toboggan, four to six persons on each sleigh. The one in front would have his or her feet in the hood of the toboggan, the next behind, with feet resting on the lap of the one in front and holding him or her round the waist to prevent falling off, and so to the last one, who did the steering, and guided the toboggan with sharp-pointed hickory sticks one in each hand, and by digging the sticks into the snow on either side, could steer the toboggan in a straight course down the hill with such velocity that it would carry them for a long distance after reaching the level surface.

Toboggan after toboggan, at short intervals, would start from the top of the hill with its happy, cheerful load of boys and girls, young men and women, swishing down the slide at a terrific pace. A more happy, joyous, cheerful lot of people could not be found anywhere than on one of these toboggan slides. The officers of the army became extremely fond of this sport, particularly the younger set. Almost every day you could see them driving their tandems, with toboggan dragging behind, on their way from the barracks to one of the hills. On arriving at the foot of the hill selected for the day's sport, they would leave their teams in care of the footman, and dragging their toboggans after them, would soon be among the happy crowds. The younger officers were a dare-devil lot, but a nice lot of fellows and very popular, especially with the ladies. Sliding down the regular channel, or slide, was a little too tame for them, and they liked to take chances, or

risks, that the ordinary tobogganer did not see the necessity of taking.

At the top of the hill was a stretch of level ground, or platform, covered with snow, well beaten down by the thousands of feet that were tramping it all the time, and was about sixty or seventy feet in extent each way. This was the starting-point for the regular slide; this was backed up in the rear by a stone wall or fence about three or four feet high, made of rough stones and very thick and solid. On the other side of this fence was the foot of the mountain, and the ascent from here was very steep and hard to climb, so these officers evolved the idea that by packing up the stone wall, on the mountain side, with snow, tramping it well down, sprinkling it with water and letting it freeze over night, and then covering it again with snow in the morning, to make the surface soft, they could climb up the face of the mountain for one or two hundred feet, and come down this declivity on their toboggans, and, mounting the snow-banked side of the stone fence with such velocity, would make the toboggan leap through the air from the top of the wall for a long distance before alighting on the level space or starting-point of the regular slide, and in this way get a flying start and out-distance all the others.

Of course all the people on the hill stopped sliding, and gave them the right of way, and they successfully accomplished the feat several times and then to make it a little more interesting made small bets among themselves as to who could negotiate the longest jump from the top of the wall, or clear the greatest distance over the platform. I and several of my companions were

very much interested in this sport, and were a little bit inclined to try it ourselves. I had what they called "the ironclad toboggan," having had the bottom surface sheeted with tin, and by constant use it had become smooth as glass. One of the officers standing by said to me, "Why don't you try the jump?" I replied that my toboggan had been sheeted with tin, and it went so fast that I was afraid I could not steer it safely; he laughed and said, "When I was your age I was not afraid of anything, but you seem to be afraid to take a chance." This started all my fighting blood surging through my veins, and I told him "I was not afraid to do anything he would do, and I'd do it if it killed me." And with that I climbed up the side of the mountain to the place he had started from. I got my toboggan into position and seeing that the hill was clear, as all the tobogganers had lined the sides of the slide to see me make the trip, and just as I was getting on board a young fellow from Western Canada, named Bob Williams, whom I was acquainted with, said, "Hold on, Jack! I am going with you." He had never ridden on a toboggan, and I was a little bit afraid to let him take this trip for it was a hazardous undertaking, but he insisted, and got on to the front of the toboggan, and put his feet into the hood as he had seen the others do. I called out to him to hold on tight, and for all he was worth. I jumped on and shoved her off. I really thought we were being fired through the air from the mouth of some gigantic gun. We went at such a terrific gait I could hardly feel the toboggan touch the track, but when we jumped the stone wall we just skimmed through the air, nego-

tiating pretty nearly the whole of the intervening space between the top of the wall and the apex of the hill, fully fifty feet, before we lit again on the track, and with a swish of blinding snow hurtled into our faces we were off down the hill with lightning speed, when a boy standing on the side of the track threw a cedar bough right in front of us, which twisted the toboggan around to the right and sent it flying down a steep bank at the opposite side into a lot of trees, and we smashed right into a big elm tree. The force of the concussion lifted me up bodily and fired me up among its branches. I had just enough presence of mind left to seize one of the large branches and hold on. I felt sore all over, but was so anxious about Bob, I managed to climb down and found the toboggan smashed into splinters and the tin sheeting rolled up into a big lump; but I just took this in at a glance, as I found poor Bob almost buried in a large snow bank and fully forty feet away from the tree where he had been hurled. The crowds came tearing down the hill and from all quarters to find out whether we were killed or not, and among them the army surgeon. Bob was stunned and unconscious, but the doctor soon brought him around, and on examination found that his right leg was broken, and that it was a pretty bad break; he ordered him to be taken to the hospital at once. I was very badly scratched by taking that header into the tree, and as stiff as an old man, and had to sit down in the snow for a while to get my bearings. Bob was a plucky chap. Although I knew he was suffering a great deal of pain, he said he did not think it would amount to much, and he thought he would be all right

in a day or two. The doctor and others rolled him up in blankets and hauled him off to the general hospital on one of the toboggans, where he was laid up for three months.

The officer who dared me to take the trip was not a bad sort of a fellow after all. He sat down beside me in the snow and called me all kinds of a brick, and said I was the makings of a good soldier some day, and at the same time called himself a cad for daring me to take the chance, and invited me to get into his handsome sleigh, driven by his tandem, and he would drive me home. He also said he would buy me a fine toboggan, which he did, subsequently. He frequently called on Bob at the hospital during his three months' sojourn at that institution, and cheered him up by bringing him little delicacies of all kinds; in fact, he was a real good fellow, and a typical specimen of a young British officer.

Boguet was a typical French-Canadian country Inn-keeper, and was the proprietor of a large, straggling, clap-boarded roadhouse situated on the back river road, about four to five miles north of Montreal. Wild ducks and pigeons were plentiful in these days, and he and his boys were great hunters. In the fall of the year they used to drive up the river a few miles where the ducks were in the habit of feeding, and "bag" hundreds of them, and, I have been told, thousands, during the duck season. He had large outhouses, strung with long poles, and after cleaning the birds and stripping them of their feathers, would hang them up by the legs and freeze them down for the winter. They were fit for use at any time when needed, by simply thawing

them out, and they would be as fresh as the day they were frozen.

Attached to the Inn, and connected by a door from the bar, was a large square barn with a polished hard-wood floor, decorated with a profusion of cheap pictures, evergreens and flags. Around the sides of the barn were benches fastened to the walls and extending all the way around, so that it had a very attractive interior, and was heated with four good-sized wood burning stoves, and, to keep in the heat, the outside walls were banked up to the eaves of the roof with snow.

One of the great pastimes, or sports, was snow-shoe tramping, and the young people of both sexes were adepts at the game. When the moon was full we would select a fine, clear, crisp winter's night, and make up a party of boys and girls ageing from fourteen years and up, and sometimes the age limit would not stop at fifty; for no one ever thought he was too old for a snow-shoe tramp. But when we decided to go to Boguet's, the older people would draw the line and excuse themselves by saying "they had an engagement for that evening, but the next time they would be most happy, etc." They did not like to acknowledge that a ten-mile tramp was just a little beyond their limit, so the tramps to Boguet's were nearly always confined to the younger set. The party would usually number from twenty to fifty, and even more than that at times. The day before we intended taking the tramp, we would telegraph Boguet to prepare a duck supper, informing him of the number in the party, and he always provided enough and to spare. We would all meet at the ren-

devious agreed upon, at seven o'clock sharp in the evening, and make the start sharp on time.

Walking in Indian fashion, or single file, and led by one who knew the route even in the dark, and was a good walker, who would forge ahead and make the pace for the long string of trampers behind, and by leaving at seven o'clock we would usually arrive at Boguet's by half-past eight. When the moon was shining rightly, the long file of snow-shoers passing through the woods in their white blanket suits, fancy toques, sashes and moccasins, made a very beautiful picture of the sturdy young manhood and womanhood for which Lower Canada was famed. If the night turned dark, every second man would light a torch in the front of his toq. This made it look a little weird, but very picturesque, and away we would go, singing as we tramped;—and the "Snow-Shoers' Song," of course, having the preference:

"Tramp, tramp, on snow-shoes tramping,
All the day we marching go;
'Til at night, by fires encamping
We make couches on the snow."

What exhilarating sport and fun we had on those tramps, singing, laughing and joking all the way along the line of march. Occasionally some of the boys or girls would stub the toe of their snow-shoes into some little elevation of snow or ice which could not be seen, and over they would go, and have to be helped and placed in an upright position on their snow-shoes, to the great amusement of the others. Lots of headers were made into snow banks in trying to climb over a

snake fence, or jump over a small chasm, but no one was hurt, the incidents only adding to the fun. Finally we would arrive at Boguet's, having negotiated the five-mile tramp, all looking happy with the frost sparkling like diamonds on our eyelashes and on the borders of our toques, and the girls with beaming faces bubbling over with good humor, we would enter the Inn, and after removing our snow-shoes and wraps, flock into the big barn, and with appetites sharpened to a point, like a lot of young bears at feeding time, could hardly wait for the call to supper. Long tables were laid down the center of the floor in two rows, and without any ceremony we would take our seats at the tables, everything having been prepared before our arrival. Boguet and his assistants, both men and women, would bring in and serve the wild duck supper (a whole duck for each plate), with onion dressing, baked potatoes, hot rolls and coffee. After doing full justice to the first course, we would have for dessert all kinds of pies, crullers, or doughnuts, as we called them. Boguet never had reason to feel that what he served us was not appreciated, for everything was eaten that was served, and we always had enough.

After supper the tables would be cleared away, and a couple of French-Canadian fiddlers would start the music, and as all the feet in the room were shod with buckskin moccasins the dancers made but little noise on the floor with their feet, but not otherwise, for the fun was kept up until about ten o'clock by as noisy, but good-natured, happy, healthy, and jovial a crowd of young people as could possibly be found anywhere. When the clock pointed to ten the leader of the party

would shout out, so that all could hear him, "Ten o'clock!" and the dance would come to an end at once. Then we would all put on our blanket coats, toques, sashes and caps, and after fastening on our snow-shoes, start on the back trail for home, arriving there not later than half-past eleven, pretty well tired out, but feeling fine and quite ready to go to bed without any urging, as insomnia was a thing quite unknown to young people who lived as we did.

CHAPTER VIII

ENTER SPRING!

THE cold, sharp, frosty air of winter usually began to disappear and the early spring thaw would set in toward the middle of March; the snow would begin to melt on the sloped roofs of the houses and the water drop down from the eaves, but woe betide the unfortunate pedestrian walking underneath on the sidewalks when one of the great avalanches of snow would break loose from its anchorage on one of those high-gabled French roofs, and slide down with a swish and a roar, gaining momentum every moment, burying everything underneath and piling up in great mounds on the sidewalk. As long as there was nothing but snow in the slide, no one would be very much hurt, but their feelings would receive a shock at receiving the ice-water bath, and a good plastering of wet snow; but if, as sometimes happened, the slide carried with it a lot of ice which had formed along the eaves of the roof, any passer-by caught under a downfall of this kind was apt to get very badly hurt.

St. Patrick's Day (March the seventeenth) was the day that all the Irishmen in the city turned out to take part in their great annual parade, and was invariably a sunshiny, balmy day overhead, but bad under foot. A warm sun was melting the snow and ice, water was dripping from the roofs of the houses and pouring down

through the spouts, filling up the gutters on the sides of the streets, so that men had to line the trenches and keep the passages clear to the gratings of the sewers on the street corners, and allow the water to escape and avoid a flood. But overhead, a bright sun and a clear atmosphere, permitting the participants in the parade to wear their silk hats, black frock coats with shamrocks for boutonniers, also shamrocks stuck into the hatbands of their hats. Everyone in the parade wore green sashes, or wide collars, and deep cuffs trimmed with gold braid and fringe. The marshals of the parade rode on horseback and had their horses' bridles trimmed with green ribbons and green plumes; the saddle cloths of the horses also of green military cloth and trimmed with gold braid and fringe. The finest brass band was selected to lead the procession. Then would follow the officers of the different societies in handsome sleighs, driving in great state, and after these, the long procession. Each organization was headed by its own band, with green and gold satin banner and long streamers. They would march through all the principal streets of the city, and make a very respectable showing and imposing display; but the walking was bad, the roads were heavy, even in the middle of the streets; for the sun was doing its deadly work on the snow, and was sure to conquer, for in two or three weeks at most it would disappear. So we always dated the advent of spring from St. Patrick's Day, the seventeenth of March.

When the big thaw set in, the corporation would hire all the old box-sleighs, horses, and laboring men, who would offer their services, to dig out the streets.

The snow, accumulating, and being beaten down by the constant traffic through the winter, had become very solid and had raised the surface of the roads so high, that in walking or driving along the middle of the streets, especially the narrow ones, one was able to look into the second-story windows of the houses on each side of the road. The Habitants would drive in from all parts of the surrounding country, arriving in the city with their chunky teams of Canadian ponies and deep box-sleighs, and, as the farmers with pick-axes and shovels would fill up their box-sleighs with snow and ice, they would haul their loads onto the river and deposit them on the ice, and in a short time the ice on the river would break up and carry it all away. Just as soon as the snow and ice had disappeared from the streets, the sleighs and carryalls were stored away in the barns until the next winter, and the carts, wagons, trucks and carriages appeared again on the streets. The boys and girls put away their toboggans, sleds, snow-shoes and skates, and brought out their marbles, tops and skipping ropes; and, a little later on, lacrosse and cricket bats. Gradually the grass began to sprout, the buds to burst on the twigs and branches of the trees, and the birds arriving daily in great flocks from the South, bringing with them the soft, balmy air from their southern homes, and all nature seemed to take on a new lease of life, typical of the resurrection from the dead.

Everything in nature had been buried under a blanket, or shroud, of deep snow, and now, at a word from the great Creator of all things, the shroud is removed, the graves are opened, and nature asserts

herself, and, like Lazurus, comes forth, her veins pulsating with new life. The cold, penetrating frost and the biting chill of winter give place to the soft, fragrant atmosphere of spring, and the daisies, violets, daffodils, the yellow dandelions and hedge roses, permeate the air with their sweet perfume, and the odor of the cedar trees, the pines, birch, and the tamaracks of the woods, fill the forest with sweet fragrance.

As the spring advanced, the ice on the river broke up and silently floated down the river, carried away by the swift current, and finally reaching the Gulf of St. Lawrence, was disgorged into the Ocean. Then the waters in the river receded and fell to their normal level. All is now busy life on the wharves, the warehouses and freight sheds are again erected on the piers, and everything made ready for the arrival of the first ship from England.

Captains of sailing vessels plying between the Mother Country and the Port of Montreal, vied with each other to secure the prize that was awarded to the captain of the first ship reaching the Montreal harbor, each spring, and some of them beat around the Gulf of St. Lawrence for days, waiting for an opening in the ice so as to sail through and secure the prize. Crowds of people could be seen on the revetment walls and docks, with spy and marine glasses, gazing through them, trying to catch a glimpse of the first vessel which hove in sight, and the vessel that succeeded was always sure of a hearty welcome by the waiting crowds who would make the welkin ring with their cheers, from the time she arrived opposite the city and was tied up snugly at her dock. When the captain walked down

the gangplank he was the recipient of congratulations and applause from every one present, and every man, woman and child would rush forward to shake him by the hand, and many an old salt said that the proudest day of his life was the day he brought his ship into port at Montreal and found out that he was the first to arrive.

One of the most popular holidays in Canada is the Queen's Birthday, which falls on the twenty-fourth of May. All the British soldiers stationed at Montreal, and the volunteer forces as well, joined in a great military parade and sham battle on this day, every year. Every branch of the service was represented,—artillery, cavalry, infantry, military train, rifle brigade, commissary staff corps, hospital train, and supply wagons, and, with their magnificent bands of music, Highland pipes, bugle bands, and fife and drum bands, would march to Logan's Farm, about a three-mile march from the city. This farm was in a long narrow valley, with high hills on both sides, and good-sized clumps of woods at both ends and on some of the hills, making it an ideal spot for a review and sham battle.

The Irish and French-Canadians always assembled here in great numbers every Queen's Birthday, both boys and young men, to have their annual fight after the parade. The Irish crowd would assemble on the eastern hill and the French crowd on the western, and the leaders would line their men up on the crest of each hill, with a fringe of woods at their backs. The Irish wore red caps, and the French, blue caps, and were named after the color of their caps. The Irish were called "Red Caps," and the French, "Blue

Caps." They were not allowed to use firearms of any kind, but every man on each side was armed with a good-sized club. Just as soon as the sham battle and parade concluded with the Royal salute of twenty-one guns, exactly at twelve o'clock, the French Canadians would come out of the woods and take possession of the top of their hill, and the captain would line his men up and give them their final instructions; the Irish captain doing the same on the opposite hill, the two mobs facing each other with the valley between, separating them one from the other. Then the captains of the two mobs would shout across the intervening space to their opponents, threatening to exterminate them as soon as they clashed, and in language more forcible than polite; and at a given signal, both mobs would rush down the slopes of their respective hills, shouting and yelling at the tops of their voices, and clashed together on the level ground in the valley below, and the fight was on, both sides doing their level best to put the other to flight. One could hear the thuds of the sticks as they brought them down on the heads of their opponents, something like Donnybrook Fair, "whenever a man found a head, he hit it." The battle waged fast and furious; thousands of people finding positions on elevated ground where they could get a good view of the fight, keeping up an incessant racket, cheering the side they favored. All kinds of military tactics were resorted to by the captains of both teams, to secure the advantage over their opponents; men were assigned to carry the wounded, or knocked out, to the rear, and when any section of either side was getting the worst of it, the bugle sounded and rein-

forcements were furnished at once. At times, you could see dozens of men who had lost their sticks fighting it out with their fists, or wrestling with each other for all they were worth, and when two well-matched men came to grips, you could sometimes see as fine a bit of boxing or wrestling as you want to look at. The fight would usually last for an hour, and if neither side was beaten, they would run up a white flag, a truce was called, and it would then be called a draw until the next year. But it was always a hard job to stop the fighting, as the men on both sides had their fighting blood up, and wanted to see it through to a finish. At other times one of the belligerents would succeed in a charge and drive their opponents right out of the valley; when this was done they were declared the winners. Of course it goes without saying that many of the combatants on both sides were very severely hurt and wounded at this annual scrap, but I never heard of any fatalities, but such bitter feelings were engendered that the authorities at last took the matter up and put a stop to it for all time.

The atmosphere got warmer as the season advanced, and the water lost its icy coldness as we entered the month of June, so that all the boys and young men were enabled to indulge in their favorite sport of swimming, and the Lachine Canal was largely patronized for this purpose. Any hour of the day you could see scores of youngsters and young men having a fine time diving, swimming, and floating in the placid waters of this canal, as it was wide, and deep enough to allow the large passenger steamers to steam through on their way to Upper Canada. The canal was nine miles in

length, and the steamers had to pass through several locks before they reached Lachine and entered Lake St. Peter on their way to the upper lakes. The swimmers would be on lookout for them as they passed through the locks, and as soon as the great paddles churned up the water into billowy foam-crested waves, we thought it great sport to dive into the water near the stern of the steamer as she passed, and swim out into her wake and rise up and down with the big waves until they subsided. I was very fond of diving, and had the reputation of being able to stay under the water for a longer period of time than any of the boys of my own age. One day I was swimming with a lot of boys, and we were vying with each other as to who could stay down the longest, and one of them suggested I should dive from one of the stringpieces of the bridge into the water about sixteen feet below, and at the same time dared me to do it; so I accepted the challenge, and took a header straight down, thinking I had fully eighteen or twenty feet of water below me; instead, there was a submerged log not more than eight feet below the surface, and my head came in contact with this log with such great force that I lost consciousness and did not rise as expected. My eldest brother Chris, sitting on the side of the bridge chatting with some of his friends and allowing their feet to dangle over the water, heard the shouts of the boys and became alarmed at once. He was a fine swimmer and diver, and plunged in head first and found me clinging on to the log below, and brought me to the surface more dead than alive.

With the assistance of some men who were looking

on, they laid me out on the bridge, and kept moving my arms up and down, until some boys arrived with a barrel from one of the factories, and they rolled me on this barrel, face downward, for a long time before they succeeded in getting all the water out of my lungs, but, after strenuous work on their part, they gradually brought me around. The doctor had arrived by this time, and with the aid of others kept working over me, and under his scientific instructions my life was saved; but, as the boys said, I had a close call. A Mr. Clark, superintendent of the Rope Walk, who was a fine swimmer himself, and had saved many lives, brought some blankets from his factory, and they rolled me up in these and placed me in a factory wagon bedded down with straw and drove me home, where I was laid up for some time, and it was a good many days before I was able to again indulge in my favorite sport.

CHAPTER IX

PUNISHING A BULLY

ALL this time we had been living on the outskirts of the City of Montreal, just outside the city limits in the vicinity of father's factory. Father had opened a large warehouse, with salesrooms and offices on one of the principal streets in the heart of the city, and decided it would be more convenient for him to be nearer his office, and therefore we moved down town.

One of Montreal's leading and wealthy citizens had erected a very large college building at the eastern end of the city; it was a very large, imposing edifice, or three buildings adjoining each other; the center was a handsome structure three stories high, with a two-storied tower, and above this a tall spire tapering to a point supporting a flagstaff with the Union Jack always flying at the masthead; the two stories of the tower formed two very large rooms, one of which was used for band or orchestra practice, and the other for dancing. The ground floor of the main building was fitted up more like the auditorium of a church, containing a very fine organ, large platform, place for orchestra, with comfortable seats semicircular in form, and was used every morning by the teachers and scholars of the school for divine worship, and was also utilized for concerts and public examinations. The two upper floors were used as classrooms and offices.

The buildings on either side, or the wings of the main building, were the main school buildings, one for the boys, and the other for the girls. There were just three hundred pupils admitted to this school; one hundred and fifty boys, and the same number of girls.

Every morning the great doors were thrown back and the boys would march in from the western wing and take their places on the west side of the organ, and the girls would take their places to the east of the organ; the orchestra was seated in front of the platform with the organ at the rear. The head master would read a chapter from the Bible, and, after prayer, all would join in singing, led by the orchestra. After morning worship, the scholars were marched back to their respective schoolrooms. The playgrounds at the rear of the school buildings almost reached to the water's edge on the banks of the St. Lawrence river, but were inclosed with high fences (twelve feet high), and a fence of the same height separating the playgrounds of the girls' department from that of the boys, the boys not being allowed to have any communication with the girls during school hours. Father decided to send Chris, my eldest brother, to this school, or college, and I asked father to allow me to go too, as I was just thirteen, and that was the age-limit for the younger pupils; and Chris, adding his request to mine, father and mother decided to let us go together, as we were very fond of each other. Chris was just seventeen at this time, and I looked up to him as all small boys do to their big brothers.

It had always been the height of my ambition to go to the same school as Chris; and now that I was

really going with him, my heart was filled with pride at the thought I was at last one of the big boys and would no longer be classed as a "kid."

I was up bright and early the morning we started together to school for the first time, and all the way to school, for it was a mile and a half walk from our house, Chris kept posting me up as to how I should act, and among other things, told me that the monitor of my division, the intermediate, was a boy named Metcalf, and he pronounced him a bully and a cad, and said that the boys of the division simply hated him for the way he treated them, and for making their lives miserable by his overbearing conduct; but, at the same time he thought him a coward, and if a boy could be found who had the nerve and pluck to stand up for his rights and show that he was not afraid of him, and at the same time be able to stand a little punishment for a while—for he knew that Metcalf would fight to save his face, Chris said he was satisfied that he could lick him, and said he thought that I was the boy to do the trick, and that one of the reasons he had for training me to box was for the purpose of meeting a condition of this kind, and be able to take care of myself and not have to knuckle to a bully like Metcalf.

Chris had been giving me boxing lessons for a long time. Chris said, "Now, Jack, this bully will likely pick a quarrel with you the very first opportunity that presents itself, and the very first time he interferes with you, let him have a swift right-hander, and let it land right between the two eyes. I will be on the watch to prevent him from taking any mean advantage, for he is capable of resorting to anything, and I will make

him play the game fair." Metcalf was bigger than I, and much heavier, for he was fourteen, and I only thirteen years of age.

Chris said: "Now, Jack, my boy, here we are at the school; don't mistake me: I never want to see you a scrapper, but at the same time I don't want to see you shrink from standing up for your rights. Now, be a little man; don't show the white feather, and if you can only lick him, you will be the most popular boy in the division, and will do a great service to the whole school, for even the seniors have had their eyes on this cad for a long time, but can't do anything, for it is the rule that every division must settle its own disputes."

With this parting advice I went into school, and after a short examination by two of the teachers, was assigned to the sixth class in the intermediate division. The big gong sounded and we all stood up; when the second gong sounded, we all stepped out into the aisles, and at the sound of the third gong, we marched in military fashion to the music room. I marched along side of Fred Paylor, as he was my desk mate and a friend of mine. After morning prayers, we marched back in the same way, and divided up into our several classes. Fred Paylor and I sat at the same desk; the desks were made to seat two boys at each, with swivel chairs, both desk and chairs fastened securely to the floor. Paylor was about my own age, but not very strong, and quite short for his age. We had hardly gotten seated, when he warned me against Metcalf. He said he was a great tyrant and had abused some of the boys most shamefully, especially the smaller ones, himself in particular, and warned me to be very care-

ful how I treated Metcalf or he would make my life a misery. He was a nice boy, but seemed to feel the indignities that Metcalf had heaped upon him very keenly. I was very sorry for him, especially when he told me in a very confidential way that his many sicknesses had made him quite weak and nervous, and said, "You know, Arling, I am not very strong, and am small for my age, and I have to put up with it or he certainly would kill me; but I feel it right in my bones, and it keeps me awake at night thinking about it. Sometimes I can't eat, and instead of getting stronger, as I should, I am afraid I am getting weaker every day." I could see the tears standing in his eyes, which he was trying so hard to keep back, as he related the many contemptible schemes which Metcalf had adopted to humiliate him. And I made up my mind that I would lick Metcalf even if it half killed me in doing it.

I was a good strong, husky lad, very active on my feet, and with lots of good solid muscle, for all my spare time was spent outdoors engaged in athletic sports and games, and even when the weather was bad, my companions and myself would repair to our big barn, which we had fitted up as a gymnasium, and swing on the trapeze bars, box, wrestle and perform all kinds of stunts, all of which helped to make us strong and robust. But I was never quarrelsome, and everything we did was done in the best of good-nature; and, as my father had brought me up to despise anything that was mean or underhanded, the recital of the wrongs that had been perpetrated on the boys of the intermediate division by Metcalf, as told to me by Paylor, just made my blood boil, and I thought that perhaps I had been

selected by some unseen power as the protector of the weak, and the champion of those wickedly oppressed boys, to rescue them from the tortures they were enduring at the hands of this tyrant, Metcalf, whom Paylor pointed out to me. I looked him all over, and saw that he had a bad face, for it had a bad scowl; his eyes were small and very close together and were beady and shifty; he had a low forehead, and his head was covered with a thatch of coarse, jet-black hair. I did not like his looks, and was a little bit afraid I was in for the lickin' of my life—he looked to me so brutal and wicked; he was sitting at the right of the front row of desks, and his shifty, beadlike eyes were roving all over the class and taking in everything that was going on—except the lessons.

Paylor also told me that the assistant head master was a very fine fellow; his name was Goodwin; he was a strapping big Englishman, fond of all kinds of sports, and was always glad to join the boys in any of their games, but studiously avoiding interfering in any of the scraps the boys got into among themselves when in the playground, and if a scrap was on, he would usually turn his back so as not to see, or walk off pretending he had something to do in the office, and let them settle it among themselves; and this was the action taken by all the teachers; they thought it made the boys self-reliant, and would teach them to take care of themselves. But it was well known that he was aware of the contemptible character of Metcalf, but never by word or act did he allow it to be seen; he had no favorites, and treated all the boys alike, showing no partiality.

The teachers were all brought out from England; they had been selected with great care, and were a fine lot of manly men. No boy was favored over another, and a tale-bearer was treated with scorn. They certainly set a magnificent example of independent manliness to every boy in that school, and had won the confidence of all under them; the boys were loyal from the largest to the smallest, and showed it by their obedience to commands, which were instantly obeyed.

Paylor gave me all this information in an undertone, and, adding this to what Chris had told me, I made up my mind I was going to get a good thrashing as soon as I met Metcalf, for he was so much bigger than I,—but that I intended taking my medicine like a man, so that Chris and the boys would not be ashamed of me.

The boys, especially in school hours, were all treated like soldiers, and taught to act instantly on the word of command, or at the sound of the gong; so when the time arrived for recess, the big gong was sounded, and every boy jumped and stood to attention; at the second sound of the gong they stepped out to the right or left into the aisles, and at the third sound from the gong, marched out in single file into the playground.

Paylor and I were standing together, chatting, and watching a lot of the boys playing football, and Metcalf was in the crowd. I was watching him all the time kicking and cuffing the boys, especially the smaller ones, when they did not do just as he wanted them, and I could see that they were all afraid of him, for he acted exactly like a snapping, ugly cur, so they kept as far

away from him as possible; but as the game proceeded, the ball was kicked into the air over the heads of all the players, and just as it was landing in front of Paylor and myself, I gave it a kick and sent it hurtling over the fence and out of bounds. Metcalf saw that it was I who did it, and recognized me as the new boy who had just entered the division that morning, and that it was up to him to put me where I belonged and let me see that he was the boss right on the start; he at once made a rush at me as though he would annihilate me on the spot; his face was a fiery red, and his little bead-like eyes were almost closed and looked like two little specks of fire; his fists were clenched and he was in a most uncontrollable fury of anger, dashing at me like an infuriated mad bull. I never moved from where I was standing but watched him closely as he came at a headlong gait until he reached the place where I was standing; yelling and shouting what he was going to do to me; but I could not understand a word he uttered, for he was frothing at the mouth with furious anger, but just as he drew back his fist, aiming a savage blow at my face, I side-stepped and guarded off the blow with my left arm, and gave him such a smash under the jaw with my right fist that it lifted him clean off his feet and landed him on his back; he did not stay there for a moment, but jumped up and made a rush at me with his head down as if he were going to gore me like an angry bull; I waited until he was only an arm's length away, then stepped one side and met him with an upper cut that damaged his eye considerably and toppled him over again. By this time the whole playground was in an uproar of excitement, the boys

yelling at the tops of their voices: "A fight! A fight!" Seniors as well as juniors were running pell mell from every quarter to see the fight; but two of the older seniors, Johnson and Belcher, pulled us apart and said: "Boys, this is no place for a fight! Just hold in and bottle it all up until school is dismissed at four o'clock, and we will all go down to the lumber yard where we will not be interfered with, and you can have it out to your hearts' content,—and we will see fair play." So the fight was stopped for the time being.

The intermediate boys were beside themselves with delight that a boy had arrived who was going to champion their cause; but no demonstration was allowed by the seniors. I came out of the scrap with some bad scratches on my face, and the skin on my knuckles was cracked where they came in contact with Metcalf's teeth.

But Metcalf certainly looked a bit groggy, for one of his eyes was changing color very rapidly and his face so badly swelled that two of the seniors had to take him into the basement washroom, where they washed and bathed his face and rubbed it with some liniment to make him a bit more presentable as he entered school.

Chris whispered into my ear, "Good boy, you did fine, and I am proud of you, only keep cool; don't get excited and you'll win out sure."

When the gong sounded we all went back to our places in school and everything went on as usual, with the exception of a little suppressed excitement, until the noon hour for lunch. The boys could hardly take time to eat their lunches, they were so excited at the pros-

pect of a fight; they knew mighty well that Metcalf would fight like a bulldog rather than to have to own up he was whipped, and they flocked round me, telling me to be mighty careful, that he would resort to every kind of a mean trick to whip me. This did not frighten me, for I knew that Chris and some of the seniors would watch every move and not allow him to take any mean advantage.

When we got back to our desks, Paylor said to me, "Arling, I can't tell you how much obliged I am, and in fact all the boys in the division, for what you did to-day, but I am mighty nervous, for that cad is as crafty as a fox, and I am afraid he'll try to do you some great bodily injury, so that you'll be knocked out. But a dozen of us boys have had a big talk and we'll be there, and if he tries on anything of that kind we'll just jump in and—and kill him." I told him not to be nervous about it; that I had fully made up my mind that I was in for a good thrashing but that I could take a good punishment without flinching, and he could depend on me seeing it through to a finish. The masters and teachers all knew that something was on the carpet for that afternoon that was not down on the regular programme, but did not make the slightest sign that they were aware of it, but in watching Mr. Goodwin's face, I thought I could see that he knew a good deal more about it than he cared to let on, and whenever I caught his eye I thought I could detect a half smile or twinkle in it, and I knew by this I had his sympathy and best wishes that I would win out, for subsequently I learned that he simply despised Metcalf in his heart, for he had been watching him for a

long time and knew of his mean, bullying, tyrannical conduct towards the other boys, and would be mighty glad to hear of his getting a good thrashing from some one of the boys.

Well, at last the four o'clock gong sounded and we were dismissed for the day. When we passed through the gates into the street, we made at once for the lumber yard, or, as the boys called it, the fighting grounds. The word was passed round by the seniors that every boy must keep perfectly quiet; no shouting or any loud talking, for fear it would excite the suspicions of the police, with whom we were always scrapping, so went very quietly to the fighting grounds. These were in the center of a very large lumber yard, filled with high piles of lumber, but the boys had found a way into the very center of the yard, which for some reason had been left vacant, leaving an empty space of fully a hundred feet square, and as the ground was covered with a deep bed of sawdust well trampled down, it made an ideal place to hold a meeting of this kind, for it was surrounded on every side with piles of lumber twenty to twenty-five feet high, and perfectly secluded.

A large ring was marked out, by placing boards, or scantlings, around the inclosure, and no boy was allowed to pass inside this ring; then Johnson, the biggest boy in the school, was selected as referee, and two others as seconds: Morgan as Metcalf's second, and Belcher as mine. They first of all took a pair of scissors and clipped our nails down almost to the quick, to prevent scratching, took our shoes off and replaced them with buckskin moccasins, and then stripped us to the waist, fastening on our trousers with belts which they

buckled up mighty tight. The referee placed us in our separate positions and before giving the word to fight, asked us how many rounds we wanted to fight. I replied I wanted the fight to go to a finish no matter how many rounds we fought. This seemed to please Metcalf, and it was agreed to. Then the referee told us to advance from our separate corners to the center of the ring and shake hands, but Metcalf refused to shake hands, saying I had struck him that morning before he had had a chance to defend himself, and would not shake hands with me; he said this with a look of intense hatred showing on his ugly face, and I was satisfied he had made up his mind to half kill me before he had got through with me.

Chris whispered to me, "Look out, Jack! don't get excited; keep perfectly cool and tire him out before you lead out strong." The referee gave the word, and the moment it was uttered Metcalf made a spring at me as though he had intended to knock me out with the first blow, but being pretty nimble on my feet, I stepped aside, and as he passed me I let him have a straight right-hander full in the neck, which nearly staggered him; he turned and rushed at me like a mad dog, but I evaded him and kept him on the rush all around the ring, for he was so much bigger than I that I was afraid to let him get to close quarters, and kept sparring and dodging round, making him waste a lot of wind chasing me round the ring, and whenever I got a chance, landed a blow wherever I thought it would do the most good. He got in a few decent cracks at me, but nothing to hurt much, for I very soon found out he did not know much about handling his fists, so I

kept up the sparring and dodging game; but at last he made a sudden rush, not minding the blow I gave him, and grabbed me round the neck to get my head under his arm, but I gave him the foot, and he went sprawling onto the sawdust. He then grabbed me round the legs, trying to upset me and get me on the ground, but the referee soon stopped that, and we were pulled apart, and were allowed a few moments to get our wind.

I was none the worse, save for a few bad scratches on the face and arms. Chris gave me a most encouraging smile and this helped me a lot, for he looked as though he was proud of what I had done.

The second round was called, and as usual he made a sudden rush at me, perfectly blind with anger, and I had to do a lot of side-stepping to save myself from his terrific lunges, but in doing so my foot slipped, and he was on me like a panther and gave me two pretty bad punches; but before he got in the third, I gave him such a crack under the left jaw that it shook him from head to foot, and before he recovered I let him have another in the same spot, and over he went. It is a strange thing to say, but, recalling the experience, I was not angry with him up to this time, but if anything I was sorry for him, knowing that it had to be done, and that I was the one appointed to do it, and that I was righting a great wrong, and was only used as the instrument to accomplish this purpose.

He got up again and made for me straight, with his mouth wide open, and grabbed me round the waist and just as a mad dog would do, he sank his teeth into my arm and the blood spurted out in a stream. The boys,

seeing what he had done, hissed him to the echo. Now I was mad for the first time; I tore him off my arm and getting his head into chancery under my left arm, I played a regular tattoo on his face until he simply yelled for mercy.

We were then pulled apart. His face looked pretty bad and my arm was bleeding a perfect stream, but I did not mind it for a moment; I was only anxious to hear the referee call time, so as to get at him again, and as soon as we did, I did all the rushing this time, and I pounded him all around the ring, for my blood was up and I believe I would have finished him up right there so that he would never fight again, when the seconds had to forcibly pull me off; but I struggled even then to get at him, when one of the seconds said: "You infernal little fighting cock, if you don't keep quiet when you are told, I'll have to punch your head myself."

When we faced each other again, it looked to me as though Metcalf had had about all he could stand, and had the look of fear in his eyes, for now I could see he was afraid of me, but acted as though he was going to do something desperate; I could see it in his eye. I was getting pretty tired myself by this time, and simply kept feinting at him, and also I was afraid to get another dose of his teeth, but, as a last effort he made a savage lunge at me and seized me by the throat, and before they could tear him off had almost choked me, leaving the marks of his fingers on each side of my neck. This made me so mad I mustered all my remaining strength and landed a blow right under his chin, and he dropped as if struck by a hammer, for I had knocked

him clean out, and he could not rise; then pandemonium was let loose, and the way those boys did yell and shout, you would think they had gone crazy. Belcher, my second, and Chris, took hold then as soon as I was declared the winner, bathed my face, neck, and badly lacerated arm, for I was covered with scratches and blood, but only had the marks of a couple of blows on my face and body. I felt mighty proud at having the honor of knocking all the fight out of this tyrannical bully and paying him with interest for all his past cruelty to the boys of the school.

CHAPTER X

ADVENTURE OF CAMPING

My uncle Charles (Durand) was a government contractor and lived at Quebec, which was the capital city of Lower Canada and the seat of government. He had the contract for all the government bookbinding, and employed a large number of men, and was supposed to be very well off. He was very popular with all the politicians at the capital, and in fact popular with all public men who made that city their headquarters. He was a very stout, jovial, good-natured man, "hail fellow, well met," with everybody, and was called "a good fellow." He was my mother's brother. His sister, my Aunt Tilly, also lived at Quebec. She was the wife of an officer of the Royal Artillery, and the oldest member of my mother's family. She lived at the officers' quarters with the garrison at the barracks, and was a jolly, buxom woman of forty-five and very popular with the people of the army, especially with the officers and their wives.

Mother received a letter from Uncle Charles, giving me an invitation to spend my two months' vacation with him at Quebec, and father and mother decided to let me go. Of course I was greatly delighted at the prospect, so they got me ready for the trip, and put me on board the steamer "Montreal," and I started on my first journey alone, on this night-boat for Quebec, a

sail of one hundred and eighty-five miles from Montreal, and arrived at Quebec the next morning at seven-thirty. Uncle was waiting for me at the dock, and as soon as I landed, engaged a "calash," a two-wheeled vehicle drawn by one horse, and we started up the mountain hill—the steepest hill I ever saw a horse climb, and I expected every moment to see that small Canadian pony lifted bodily into the air and hurled backwards over our heads, for my uncle was so heavy and stout I thought surely his great weight would lift that pony off his feet as he climbed that almost perpendicular hill, but by skillfully tacking from one side of the road to the other, back and forth all the way to the top, we at last reached the street in what they called Upper Town, and had easier going. Uncle amused me all the way by laughing, joking and directing my attention to all the different points of interest on the way to his office, where he had a suite of rooms which he occupied alone, for his family lived at a distance from the city, and I soon found out that they were not very congenial.

He had a nice little room fitted up for me in his suite; I lived with him, and we took our meals at the hotel near by. After breakfast at the hotel, Uncle took me down to visit my Aunt. She had no children, and was very fond of me, and insisted that I should remain with her at the barracks, for at least that day.

She took me for a walk on the parade grounds, and all over the fortifications, which were situated at the very top of the immense rock from which we could look straight down into lower town, gave me a peep into the subterranean tunnels which honeycombed the under-

ground of the Plains of Abraham, then through the barracks, and saw where the soldiers lived, and the soldiers were all very kind explaining everything to me. We then visited the officers' quarters, and Auntie introduced me to a number of the Officers and their wives, so that I became acquainted in a very short time with a great many of the members of this fine Royal Artillery regiment.

Well, I had a great day with the soldiers, the Officers and their wives; they were a good-natured, hearty, jolly crowd of people, and gave me a royal time. When the time came to return to Uncle's rooms, one of the Officers told his orderly to take me back, for fear I would lose my way in the winding streets of Quebec.

Uncle took me with him to the hotel for dinner, and as we sat at the table said: "Jack, how would you like to go on a hunting and fishing expedition?" I did not need to reply, for he said my face lit up, expressing so much pleasure, he could not restrain himself from having a hearty laugh; but I did find my breath and said, "Fine!" It had been the ambition of my life to go on a big hunt. "Well, Jack," he said, "a party of us are going to Lake Lavaltrie in two or three days—it is forty miles from here; we are going to 'camp out' and if you think you can stand it, we will take you along, and I think we will have a fine time. To-morrow I will take you down to a friend's store—he has a sportsmen's outfitting establishment, and I will tell him to supply you with a complete outfit." The next morning he took me down with him, and the proprietor fitted me out with a knickerbocker suit made of brown canvas, and perfectly waterproof, strong boots laced up to

the middle of the calf of my leg, and heavy woolen stockings reaching above the knees, and a canvas hat made of the same material as the suit. He then supplied me with a small, double-barreled shotgun, fishing rod and tackle, fitting me out completely for a two weeks' stay in the woods.

The next morning sharp at six o'clock we started for Lavaltrie. There were just six persons in the party—Uncle and three of his friends, the driver of the team, "Jacque Cartier," who was also a fine cook and all-round man about a camp, and myself. Uncle rode in the canvas-covered wagon with Jacque Cartier; his three friends rode on horses, and I was supplied with a chunky little Canadian pony. The wagon contained two good-sized tents, a fine cooking outfit, and provisions of all kinds; our guns, fishing tackle, and changes of clothing. I was as happy as a lark, and could hardly contain myself, making the very woods ring with my songs. Uncle and his chums said I was the life of the party, and the very best thing they ever did was to bring me along. I enjoyed every minute of the trip, but they made me sing so much I became so hoarse that I could hardly speak; then Uncle ordered me not to sing another song until I got better, for his chums were urging me to sing all the time. The roads were very heavy with sand in some places, and very rough in others; we had to follow the trail over mountains, ford small rivers and streams, but it was all a delight and pleasure to me.

Toward evening, we arrived at the first camping ground, half way to Lavaltrie, and Jacque Cartier's team of horses were mighty glad of it, for the day had

been very hot and sultry. As soon as we arrived, Jacques Cartier unhitched the horses and tethered them with long ropes to a tree, and took the saddles and bridles off our horses, hobbled them and secured them in the same way with long ropes to trees, giving them a chance to have a good feed of grass—for there was plenty of it in the vicinity, but just as soon as they were left alone, every last one of them laid down on the grass and rolled over and over again until they were tired, then got up and shook themselves and began grazing. Jacques Cartier was a never-ending wonder to me, he was so proficient and handy at everything; in a very short time after we had arrived he had the two tents up, a fine camp fire burning, water boiling in the kettle, and slices of bacon on the end of a sharp stick sizzling over the fire, and the odor smiting our nostrils in a most gratifying way, for we were all as hungry as a lot of bears. Of course Jacques Cartier did all the cooking himself, and he was a good cook, and very soon had the supper ready; it was spread out on a very white canvas fastened to the ground with four pegs, one at each corner; the dishes were all made of enamel metal, and the drinking cups of the same material; the knives and forks were all steel with horn handles. I never saw a meal prepared more quickly and never ate one I enjoyed more. The supper he provided consisted of ginger ale, English Breakfast tea, fresh bread, toast, bacon, boiled eggs, fresh lobster, sardines, and crackers and cheese,—and plenty of everything.

Our camp was pitched in a cedar grove, and just to the right of our camp was a beautiful waterfall, which fell into a good-sized pool, or small lake, flowing

into a wide stream. After supper, Jacque, as we called him for short, took the dishes down to the stream and washed them thoroughly and put them all back carefully into their own boxes, covering all the boxes with a waterproof, in case of rain during the night. Then we all sat around the camp fire, the men smoking their pipes and cigars, and I occasionally entertaining them with a song, for I had memorized a great many, both comic and sentimental, as well as sacred, so I supplied them with a good assortment of all kinds. The moon was at its full, shining brightly, and lighting up the waterfalls, the lake, and rapids in the distance, and forcing its way through the thick foliage of the forest trees, it illuminated the landscape for quite a distance. The silence and stillness of the forest became almost oppressive at times, and was only broken by the croaking of the frogs, the crickets, the hoot of an owl, or the barking of an occasional fox, which our two hunting dogs always responded to, and as the night advanced the forest noises increased. I did not go into the tent, but lay down outside on a spare mattress covered over with a thick blanket; I could not go to sleep for a long time, but just laid flat on my back looking at the bright moon and the myriads of stars which spangled the whole of the great vault of heaven, and let my imagination run loose. I thought it the most romantic spot in the universe. The picture was so beautiful it has never faded from my memory, and I can see it all now; the burning logs on the camp fire, shooting up their millions of sparks like an army of fireflies, the men sitting around the fire in a circle, smoking their pipes, telling stories or talking politics,

the horses quietly grazing, or standing perfectly still, and the dogs lying down flat on the ground with their heads resting on their paws. I looked at it all and was perfectly entranced, but as I was only a thirteen-year-old boy and had been riding in the fresh air of that wonderfully picturesque country since six-thirty that morning, and much as I admired it, I could not keep up the strain of wonder and admiration for any great length of time, for in spite of my best efforts, my eyes soon closed and I went fast asleep. I awoke early the next morning, and found that uncle had kindly covered me up with an extra pair of stout blankets, for the night was cold, but I felt greatly refreshed and without waking the others of the party, walked down to the edge of the big pool, or small lake, stripped off and took a header right into it. Oh, but that was a great swim; the water was as clear as a sheet of glass, and so transparent you could see every pebble on the bottom, though it was fully ten feet deep. After the swim I came out and dressed, and as it was only half-past four o'clock, took a little walk to the foot of the falls, and sat down on the bank gazing down into the water, and, as my eyes became accustomed to it, I discovered swarms of fish of all sizes swimming around lazily at the foot of the falls. I was a most enthusiastic fisherman and my! how excited I got when I saw these beauties, and in such numbers.

I ran back to the wagon and told Jacques Cartier to get me my fishing rod and a good fly, which he did at once, and I was back at the foot of the falls in a few moments, and had hardly made a cast when I got a fine bite, and then the fun began. I played my finny

friend for a little while, and gradually reeled him up, and landed the finest and largest speckled trout I had ever caught. He weighed fully a pound, and at the end of a half hour I had as fine a mess of speckled beauties as I ever saw. Jacques Cartier and I cleaned them, and he cooked them, and we surprised uncle and his friends with as fine a breakfast of speckled trout as they ever sat down to.

My! but how we did all enjoy that breakfast. Uncle and his chums said I was the finest boy in the land, and when on any subsequent occasion they went on a hunt or a fish, if I was five hundred miles away, they would send for me. They told Jacques Cartier his wages were raised from that minute.

Everyone was in good humor after filling his stomach with these delicious speckled trout, and I made uncle promise that if we did not find good fishing at Lavaltrie, that on our return we should camp here for at least one or two days, for I was most anxious to catch a good string of these speckled trout for aunty and the officers' wives at the garrison.

It did not take Jacque long to get everything packed up, and in a short time we were again on the trail for Lavaltrie. It certainly was hard going, for the trail wound along through long stretches of deep sand, and the wheels of the wagon had to churn through it, sometimes up to the hubs; at other times we had to climb up the sides of mountains where the roads were composed of rocks and loose stones, for the rains had washed all the sand away, and left the rocks perfectly clean, which made mighty hard pulling for the team.

Well, we surmounted the difficulties all right—thanks to Jacques's splendid abilities as a driver to ford many a small river and stream, forge our way through the deep sand roads and climb many a mountain without even an upset, or an accident of any kind.

At last, as we were creeping down the side of a mountain, Jacques Cartier pointed out Lavaltre in the distance on the plains below, and we arrived at our destination in the evening. It was named after Lake Lavaltre and situated on the banks of this lake, but there was no village or settlement, nothing but one rambling shack and a few outbuildings, owned and occupied by a man named Moore, his two grown-up sons and two daughters; all strong, healthy, husky looking people, with very little of the appearance of civilization about them, uncouth in speech, and very roughly clad. The two women were fairly good-looking, and had they been neatly dressed and their hair arranged more becomingly, they certainly would have made a more attractive appearance than what they did on our arrival. They both took a great fancy to me and began to mother me at once, and they did so much mothering it bothered me, but still they were kind in their own rough way, and did everything they could think of to please and amuse me.

Uncle had a tent erected for himself and me, on a small island about twenty feet from the mainland. A very large tree had been blown down by a hurricane some years previous, and it had formed a natural bridge between the island and the mainland. The Moore boys had leveled off the surface of the tree with an adze, and it made a very solid bridge to walk on,

without having to balance yourself to keep from falling into the turbulent waters below.

The second night that uncle and I slept in our tent for some reason I laid awake for quite a while, watching the smoke curling up from the camp fire, which was between us and the log bridge, and only a few feet away. The fire was burning low and gradually dying down, and I must have dropped off into a light doze, when I was awakened and startled by a strange noise that sounded much like the cry or wail of a baby. I jumped up immediately without disturbing uncle and looked out just as the cry was repeated, and a little distance away, about the center of the log bridge, I thought I saw a moving object, but very indistinct, as the moon was hidden behind a cloud; then I saw two small bright lights—like two balls of red fire, and then that dismal wail came again. I certainly was startled, and just a little bit frightened, for I was now sure that it was a wild animal of some kind, and very quietly woke uncle up, and whispered to him telling him what I had discovered. He was a good hunter and a crack shot, and was on the alert in a moment, warning me to keep quite still. He picked up his repeating rifle and laid down flat on the ground—on his stomach—and I laid down in the same way a little behind him. He caught sight of the two eyes glaring at him, and pointed his rifle directly at them, when the animal gave out that dismal wail, or cry, once more, and just at the very moment that it did, uncle fired, and of all the unearthly yells or screeches I ever heard, that animal surpassed, as uncle fired; then a deathly stillness followed.

Of course this woke up the whole camp, and every one, women and all, came running to our island. Uncle shouted to them not to come too close until we had light, as he was not sure whether the animal was dead; so they kept at a respectable distance until the moon came out from behind the cloud, and we all saw the animal lying right across the big log and stone dead, and it turned out to be the largest wolverine that had ever been shot in that locality. The ball had hit the wolverine right between the two eyes and had penetrated the brain and killed it at once.

Every one in the party pronounced it the finest piece of marksmanship they had ever witnessed, and were unstinted in their praise of uncle's wonderful skill with the rifle. Next morning, Jacques Cartier and the Moroccan boys skinned the wolverine very carefully, and dressed it, and on our return to Quebec, uncle had it stuffed and mounted by the best taxidermist in Quebec, and presented it to the Natural History Museum. It certainly looked very ferocious and lifelike when mounted, and the museum was crowded with visitors for many days, who came to see it. I did not do much hunting, but kept the whole party supplied with fish, and we had fresh fish for our meals all the time we were at the camp. The women never tired looking after my comfort, and they certainly made my stay at the camp a very pleasant one. It was a glorious outing and the first real hunting trip I ever had. It gave me something to talk about all the time I was at Quebec, and for a long time after I reached home.

CHAPTER XI

FIRST BUSINESS EXPERIENCES

As all things have an ending, so the vacation season, with all its wonderful experiences of travel, sight-seeing, making new friends, hunting, fishing, living in camp in the open, and everything combined, making that two months' holiday the most enjoyable and long to be remembered that I had ever experienced up to that time, at last came to a close and, on the first day of September, I went back to school alone, for Chris was not with me this time.

My uncle, Mr. Alfred Durand, one of Toronto's prominent merchants and manufacturers, had visited Montreal in my absence and induced father and mother to allow Chris, of whom he was very fond, to return with him to Toronto and make his home in the future with him and aunty. They had no children of their own, and it was his great desire and ambition to perpetuate the large business which he had built up. Uncle's idea was to take Chris into the business and make him acquainted with it in all its details so that in time he could manage it, and eventually give him a partnership, and, when he was satisfied that Chris was capable of conducting it successfully, would retire and leave it in his hands. I had a very lonely feeling on the way to school the first day after the holidays. I certainly missed Chris very much, but made up my

mind to work all the harder and apply myself to my studies as I had never done before.

The first day at school, I was promoted to a higher division, and though only thirteen years of age, I had to hold my own with boys who were all much older than I, none of them less than fourteen, and some of them sixteen years of age; but by hard work I succeeded, and at the age of fourteen was promoted again into the next division higher, where the boys were from two to three years older than myself.

I was forging ahead and doing splendidly but just as I was approaching my fifteenth birthday I received word from father to come home at once. When I arrived, father, mother and the girls were all in the large living-room. The older ones looked as though they had been weeping; I did not know what to make of it all, for every member of the family, except father, seemed to be very sad and distressed. But father soon satisfied my curiosity by saying, "Jack, my son, it was with much sorrow of heart I was compelled to ask you to return from college; but the fact is, my dear boy, I was forced to do so, for I have had a succession of financial reverses in business; I was unable to meet the expense of your tuition. Everything has been swept away and I have been forced into bankruptcy and will have to begin life all over again, and in a very small way."

This information, coming direct from father's lips, for I knew it to be absolutely true, left me speechless, not knowing what to say, and my heart was filled with unutterable sorrow,—not for myself,—that thought never once entered my mind; but for my dear father

and mother, who had always been so kind, loving, and generous to me and to every member of the family.

A short time later, I met Mr. Yardly, a prominent member of our church, and the manager of one of the largest wholesale dry-goods houses in the city. I told him of father's misfortunes, and he expressed his deep sympathy and heartfelt sorrow; for every one respected and loved father. He said he was deeply impressed with what I had told him and wanted to know if he could be of any use in any way, either to father or myself. I told him I was anxious to find employment so that I could be of some service to the family, and, knowing that he had a great deal of influence in business circles, I thought that perhaps he would speak a good word for me and help me find employment. He said: "Jack, I will do anything in my power to help you; and also, I should like you to call at my office tomorrow morning at nine o'clock and by that time I think I will have some news for you." Of course I was on hand, sharp on time, the next morning. He was waiting for me in the office, and as soon as I entered, he took out his watch and remarked, "Jack, this is a good start; you are here right on the tick of the watch; keep this up—always be on time, for time is money." He told me he had talked, since seeing me, with Mr. Clayton, the head of the firm, and they had decided to offer me a position in their establishment; but to bear in mind that it meant hard work from the very start. I assured him I was not looking for a sinecure, but for a position where I could show by my efforts that I was willing and able to work, and work hard, and had fully made up my mind to do my very

best, no matter how hard I had to work, and make good on anything I undertook to do. He said he liked to hear me talk that way, and if I had that determination I was sure to succeed, and if at any time I wanted advice how to act, to be sure and come to him and he would give it to me gladly. So I was engaged at once, but only at a small salary to start on; but Mr. Yardly assured me if I proved by my efforts to be worthy, they would advance me as fast as possible. I was on hand the next morning, sharp on time at eight o'clock, and went to work on my first job.

There were a number of young men, or lads, like myself, working in this establishment, ranging in age from fifteen to twenty, but very few of them seemed to take much interest in their work, and only did what they really had to do, and did this in a perfunctory way.

I was put into the packing department under the head packer, a brawny Scotchman, but who thoroughly understood his business. He told me, right at the start, that if I wished to learn how to pack cases and make up bales, he would teach me all he knew, but he could not force me to learn. I told him I was very anxious to learn, and if he would be good enough to take a little pains to teach me, I would do all I could to please him and would try to lighten his burdens as much as possible, and he soon found out I was as good as my word and that I was an apt pupil. The first thing he started me at was to learn how to mark cases and bales for shipment; he gave me a pot of marking-ink and a brush, and then showed me how to form the skeletons of all letters, and handing me a large, smoothly planed board, and with some addresses to copy, told

me to go ahead. I worked at this for two days and I became very much interested in the work, and the following day he allowed me to mark some cases and bales which were ready for shipment, but insisted they had to be lettered almost equal to a signboard. I finished them to his satisfaction, and from that time on I marked all the cases and bales that were shipped.

One morning, Mr. Clayton, the head of the firm, walked into the packing-room. He visited every department in the warehouse each day; he stood behind me and watched me closely as I marked a case which was ready for shipping, and when I had finished marking it, he said: "Arling, this is a nice, clean piece of work; always do your work in that way; take time and do it well, and remember this obtains in everything you do." He then walked away. In a few weeks' time, I had not only learned how to mark cases, but how to pack them; also how to make up bales, parcels, make out the bills of lading, and ship the goods as well as the head packer himself.

I was then put into the entry department and taught how to make the entries in the day book and make out invoices. As soon as I had become proficient at this work, I was advanced a step further by being assigned to the ribbon department, and in time I was made the manager of it and then advanced to the shawl-room, and from that on until I had completed the rounds of the establishment and was thoroughly grounded in the details, qualities, and values of every article of goods in the warehouse and made rapid progress, worked hard early and late, and before I was eighteen years old, was in the receipt of the largest

salary they had ever paid to a young fellow of my age, and was made stock-manager of the establishment.

The firm employed a good many traveling salesmen; one of them was a man of about fifty years of age; he had been extremely kind to me, and I must say I was very fond of him. His name was Mr. Harvey. The firm had been missing goods for some time back, and they were stolen principally from the cloth department. Our cloths were all imported from Europe, and we kept the finest assortment in Canada. Some of the cloth was worth from two to six dollars a yard, and measured from thirty to sixty yards to the piece.

Mr. Clayton had been in England at the time of the London Exhibition and had purchased a large part of the Cloth Exhibit. As many valuable pieces from the exhibit were missing, the shortage was soon noticed. As I was the stock manager, Mr. Clayton asked me if I was suspicious of any one in the house; for he was satisfied that one of our own people was dishonest. I told him that I had no reason to suspect any one in particular, but the very thought that there was a thief in the house made me so nervous that I was unable to sleep at night, and I was beginning to be suspicious of every one. In fact, an air of suspicion pervaded all over the warehouse: every one suspected every one else, so that every man and boy in the house was gloomy and unhappy, and every one of them would have gladly resigned, but were kept from doing so for fear that suspicion would rest upon themselves.

During lunch hour I was left in charge of the warehouse. One day a stranger walked in at about twelve-thirty. I asked him what I could do for him. He said

he wanted to pay a bill, and handed me a small piece of white paper, the kind we used for covering cloth tables. It read: "Pay to the order of Peter Harvey the sum of three hundred and sixty-five dollars, for goods delivered." My suspicions were aroused immediately, but without for a moment letting the man see that I thought there was anything unusual about the bill, as he called it, I explained that the bookkeeper was expected in at any moment, and to kindly take a seat in the office until his arrival, and he would give him a receipt; so he sat down in the outer office and I handed him a paper to read while waiting. I could see by his actions that he did not know that anything unusual had happened.

I went outside the office and rang a bell, and when the porter answered it, I took him to the front of the warehouse and told him to run quickly to the Merchants' Club and tell Mr. Clayton to come to the office at once, and to bring Detective Latch along with him; I was aware they were dining together at the club. They both arrived in a short time in a cab. I took them behind some big piles of woolen goods, where we could not be seen, or heard, and in a few words told them what had transpired in their absence, showing them the paper the man had given me. Mr. Clayton took the man into his private office and kept him in conversation while Mr. Latch, the detective, instructed me what to do when Mr. Harvey arrived. He told me to remain near the front door until Mr. Harvey came in, and to walk down the aisle with him until opposite the office, and then tell him that Mr. Clayton wanted to see him inside.

Then the detective walked into the office, and I followed him in. Mr. Latch, addressing the man, said: "Pardon us for keeping you waiting so long, but no one is allowed to take in money and receipt for it but myself or my assistant. You want to pay this bill, eh?" "Yes," said the man, "but it seems to be a hard job to do it," and then handed Mr. Latch the currency, thinking, of course, that he was the book-keeper. Mr. Latch, the detective, counted the money in the presence of Mr. Clayton and myself, and gave the man a receipt for it, but retained the original memo., or bill. Mr. Latch then said to the man, "I am sorry to detain you but you have to remain here until Mr. Harvey arrives. The fact is, this firm has been robbed; and this paper which you call a bill is in Mr. Harvey's handwriting, and we want him to explain." "Why!" said the man, "I didn't steal any of your goods! I was coming to the city from Prescott, and Mr. Shortly asked me to be good enough to drop in and pay the money to Mr. Harvey. I had not even looked at the bill, and as I had forgotten the name of the man I was to pay it to, I offered to pay the money to this young man here" (pointing to me), "and that is all I know about it; but I have other business to attend to, and as I must be in Prescott to-night, I will have to make a start, for I have wasted too much time already." "No," said the detective, "though I believe your story, you will have to remain here."

With that, he gave a slight whistle and a policeman walked in from the street. Mr. Latch said to the policeman, "Keep that man here until further orders." Mr. Latch barely had time to get to the front of the

store and step behind a large pile of woolens, and I had just taken the position assigned me, when Mr. Harvey walked in; as he was passing me in the aisle, I said: "Mr. Harvey, you are wanted in the office." In a moment his color changed to a sickly white, and his lips began to twitch with extreme nervousness; his whole demeanor underwent a marvelous transformation; his face was usually wreathed in a kindly, amiable smile, but now it expressed uncontrollable rage and anger. He almost hissed the words out from between his teeth as he said, "What's that!" "Mr. Clayton wants to see you," I replied. "What does he want to see me about?" I told him he had better go into the office and see Mr. Clayton himself, for I was simply told to send him in as soon as he arrived. He thought for a moment, then growled out: "I won't go in!" and started hurriedly for the door. "Oh, yes you will, Mr. Harvey!" said Mr. Latch as he stepped out into the aisle. Harvey clenched his fists and in a frenzy of rage struck out at Mr. Latch, trying at the same time with his left hand to get something out of his hip pocket. But Mr. Latch was too quick for him; he guarded off the blow, seized him by the wrist, and twisting it backwards, had Harvey on his back on the floor in a moment, and had the handcuffs on him. Now a perfectly subdued man, Latch made him get up and then searched him, finding two large Colt revolvers in his hip pockets and a big dirk knife inside his vest. As soon as Harvey was taken into the office and saw Mr. Clayton, the man from Prescott, and the policeman, he realized the game was up. Mr. Clayton said, "Mr. Harvey, what is the meaning of this paper?"

showing him what the man called the bill. Harvey never replied, but sat down on a chair and buried his face in his manacled hands, and cried like a child; after a short time he pulled himself together, and made a complete breast of it all, and begged for mercy. He admitted, in his confession, that he had been robbing the firm for some time, and had worked absolutely alone, having had no confederates in the business. He said that as Mr. Clayton had appointed him shipping clerk during the busy season, he had the power to order goods from any of the departments, and when they were received in the shipping room, he ordered them packed and sent them to his own home where he disposed of them to business friends in different parts of the country, and they remitted him personally for them.

He also gave the names and addresses of the parties he had supplied with goods, mentioning "Shortly" (the Prescott merchant who had sent the man to pay the money) in particular, stating that he was his largest customer, but assured Mr. Clayton that the man whom Shortly used as messenger was perfectly innocent, which was proved afterwards.

Mr. Latch at once took out warrants for Harvey, the man who brought the money, and all connected with the robbery, and kept the wires busy until all were under lock and key,—Shortly in particular. Then Latch got out a search-warrant, and he, two policemen, and myself, accompanied by two double wagons, started for Harvey's home, where we recovered over twenty thousand dollars worth of goods; and when the merchants who had been in collusion with Harvey

were brought to trial, goods and money of fully an equal amount were recovered and turned over to the firm. Of course the man who had acted as Shortly's agent was discharged when brought to trial; but Harvey and his confederates were kept in jail for over three months. It took all this time, in the trials of the merchants, and forcing them to make restitution. On account of the great help Harvey gave the detectives in recovering the property of the firm, he was let off with a light sentence, and when his time was up, he promised Mr. Clayton he would lead an honest life in the future, started off for the West, and disappeared for good.

After the matter was all wound up and an inventory of stock taken the firm discovered that their losses did not exceed five thousand dollars, but it was worth more than five thousand dollars to the employees of the establishment to have the thief discovered and have the embargo of suspicion raised.

When the excitement died down, and we had gotten back to normal conditions, Mr. Clayton sent word desiring my presence in the office; I went down at once, and as I entered the door I saw Mr. Clayton, Mr. Yardly and the other members of the firm in consultation, and was about to retire when Mr. Clayton said, "Come in, Arling," and came forward and shook me by the hand very cordially and said they desired to thank me for the part I had taken in discovering the perpetrators of the robbery, and presented me with a very handsome check, saying that it was to show their appreciation of my fidelity to the interests of the firm.

I had worked hard since father's failure, for I could not help noticing that the severest economy was being practiced in our home, and by every member of the family. We were seeing hard times, but not a single complaint escaped the lips of anyone, from father or mother down to the youngest child who could understand. There were no secrets in our home; father, mother, and the older members of the family would gather together in the sitting-room every evening, and consult with each other as to our plans and prospects, and as soon as we arrived at what we considered the right conclusion, would then let the matter drop, and spend the balance of the evening in playing and singing.

Every one was an optimist, all were cheerful and happy, as gloom was banished from our family circle after we had recovered from the first shock produced by father's failure, and our altered circumstances. But still, when alone, I used to ponder and meditate, trying to evolve some plan by which I could make a little more money than I was then making, to help mother and lift some of the anxiety from her mind which I knew was crushing her, in spite of her outward cheerfulness. Therefore, when this unexpected wind-fall, in the shape of a hundred dollar check, came into my hands, my heart was simply filled with gratitude to Mr. Clayton and the members of the firm for their kindness, and to God for having put it into their hearts to do so.

CHAPTER XII

A RAILROAD ACCIDENT

I ALWAYS had an overwhelming desire to travel and see a bit of the world, but had never been away from home with the exception of the trip I made to Quebec. Mother was well aware of this desire on my part, for she was my confidant in everything. As the summer holiday season approached, mother said to me one day, "Jack, you have always had a desire to visit Boston and Toronto, for you have told me so many times, and as you are going to have the first two weeks in July for your vacation, I think you ought to go and visit those two cities which you have talked so much about. Your expenses can easily be covered by taking fifty dollars out of the one hundred you so generously gave me, for I think the trip will do you a great deal of good both physically, as well as mentally. You have been closely confined to the warehouse for the past three years, and you certainly ought to have a change.

Father also urged me to take mother's advice and get ready at once, and spend my vacation in the way suggested; so I decided to do so, purchased my ticket, and secured a berth in the sleeping-car for Boston, for July the first, and when the day arrived, started on what I considered a wonderful journey. I was making the first start to see the world, which I had read so much about, for I was a voracious reader of



When I had finished the recital, she walked over to me and held out
her hand

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books, reading everything that came into my hands from a dime novel to the Bible. Another thing which made this trip interesting to me was that I was just turning eighteen, and I had always had it in mind to launch out and see the world when I was eighteen years old.

The cars were pretty well crowded, but I managed to get a seat with a young girl of about sixteen, who was returning to Roxbury, Massachusetts, to spend her vacation at home with her father and mother. We very soon became acquainted, and after giving her my card, she told me her name was "Ruth Almy," that she lived at Roxbury, a suburb of Boston, that her father was a Boston merchant and that she was the only child. She had been attending school at the La Salle Convent in Montreal, and was now on her way home to spend her two months' vacation with her father and mother. When she had gotten this far, the trainman put his head into the car, and shouted out: "St. Albans! Twenty minutes for lunch!" So I invited Miss Almy to take lunch with me; she accepted my invitation at once, and we started for the lunch-room in the station. As it was two o'clock, we were both mighty hungry, and as the lunch was good, we did ample justice to it. Both Miss Almy and myself were well provided with reading matter, and had intended doing a lot of reading on the way to Boston, but we were enjoying each other's conversation so much, we never looked at a book or paper, and spent the whole day chatting and exchanging experiences. I told her all about my life in Montreal, especially my business life for the past three years, and of the big robbery which resulted in,

the arrest of Harvey; and, after it was all over, how handsomely the firm had treated me.

We chatted away, not thinking of time, until we noticed it had become quite dark and we were both getting very hungry. I asked the brakeman, when passing, when we might expect to reach Manchester. "Why," he said, "we are now three hours late, and it will take us fully another hour before we arrive there,—at the rate we are traveling."

We were due at Manchester at seven o'clock for supper, and it was now ten. As there did not appear much chance for supper, Miss Almy said she had some crullers in her satchel, and if I would like some she would get them out. We soon made short work of the crullers and when we had finished the last one, I suggested, as it was nearly eleven o'clock, and knowing that she must be very tired, that she should retire to the sleeping-car and have a good rest. She said, "I am very sorry I cannot do so, but all the berths had been sold when I called at the office, and of course I could not get one." "My dear Miss Almy," I said, "I am so sorry I did not know this before, for I have a ticket for a berth in the sleeper, and you are more than welcome to it." "You are very kind, Mr. Arling, but I could not think of depriving you of your berth, for you need sleep as much as I do; I will just remain here, roll up in my rug, and you go and occupy your berth." But at last I succeeded in prevailing upon her to accept my ticket, and called the porter to carry her things into the sleeper. It was an upper berth, just inside the door. I helped her across the platforms, bid her good night, and returned to my seat in the coach.

It was now after eleven o'clock so I curled up on the seat, and with my bag for a pillow was soon fast asleep. I imagined I had just dozed off, when there was a terrific crash. I was thrown half way up to the ceiling of the coach, and dropped back onto the seat with a thud, but was not much hurt. The train was off the track and jumping up and down on the sleepers, as if traveling over a badly constructed corduroy road. I wedged myself into the seat as tightly as I could, when I heard a crash in the rear of our coach and the train came to a sudden stop.

The passengers were screaming, some crying and shouting; as the lights had all been extinguished by the jolting of the train, every one was afraid that fire would break out and consume them before being liberated from the coaches.

But amidst all the din, commotion and excitement, my only thought was how to save Miss Almy. Making my way as well as I could to the rear door of the car, I saw one of the trainmen with a lantern, and started back with him to the sleeper. The accident had occurred as we were crossing a high bridge, and we found the sleeper lying on her side at right angles across the bridge. My heart was almost in my mouth; I was so terrified, thinking that surely Miss Almy had been killed. The trainman and I entered the car together; the first object I saw was little Miss Almy lying face downwards across the side of the overturned stove; of course there was no fire in it, as it was summer, but she was quite unconscious. As she was partially undressed we rolled her up in her rug and carried her back to the day coach and laid her down on

one of the double seats which the passengers had arranged to form a bed, by laying the two cushioned seats lengthwise; then some of the ladies who had recovered from their fright, took charge of her and soon brought her around.

They afterwards told me that Miss Almy was not injured, save for a few slight bruises. In the meantime, I had returned to the sleeper and recovered her clothing and belongings and handed them to the ladies who were taking care of her. The trainmen had formed a screen across the rear end of the car by nailing up blankets to the ceiling of the coach and draping them down to the floor, which made a dressing-room for the ladies, giving them all possible privacy as the trainmen and passengers carried them in one at a time, from the upturned sleeper. Providentially, no one was killed, but a number were injured, and some of them quite seriously. Not a single occupant of the sleeping coach escaped without being badly bruised, or suffering with fractured limbs, and all had received such a nervous shock that time alone would heal.

Miss Almy soon recovered under the skillful, sympathetic care of the ladies. When they had removed all the dust and grime from her face and arms, they dressed her hair in a very becoming style, brushed her clothes thoroughly and dressed her. I then took her forward to one of the front coaches so as to make room for others more seriously injured. Her face was as white as marble, and she trembled from head to foot with nervousness, but strange to say, never shed a single tear. She held on to my arm with a nervous, tight grasp, for fear I would leave her, but I could not

get her to speak a single word, nor answer a question. I procured a couple of pillows, and with her rug, made her as comfortable as possible, and sat down beside her until the relief train arrived. I almost had to carry her forward to the relief train, she was so weak and nervous. One of the passengers helped by carrying our bags and belongings, and placed them in the racks for us.

I was in a terrible state of anxiety about her, and wanted to get one of the ladies to come and sit by her and comfort her; but as soon as I explained this to her, and attempted to move and put it into effect, she grasped my arm all the tighter but would not speak or put her protest into words.

When the relief train arrived at Manchester, I insisted that she must sit quietly in the car, and allow me to go to the restaurant and procure some hot tea and sandwiches. After partaking of this slight refreshment, the wild, haunted look left her face and she became more calm.

When the train again started for Boston, I fixed her pillows and advised her to try and go to sleep; that I would stay by and see that no harm came to her. She at last fell into a deep sleep, and never awoke until I roused her as we were nearing the station. She had never spoken a word from the time I had carried her in my arms from the sleeping car.

As I helped her down the steps of the car to the platform, her eyes kept wandering over the faces of the crowds, and looked like the eyes of a frightened fawn, but at last rested on the face and form of a tall, handsome, dignified-looking gentleman. She dropped my

arm in a moment and ran forward and almost sprang into his arms, and as he held her, with her head resting on his shoulder, the reaction set in and she sobbed and cried as though her heart would break. The mental strain had relaxed and she had found a haven of rest in her father's arms.

Mr. Almy looked astonished and bewildered, not knowing what to make of his daughter's agitation. I said, "Mr. Almy, for I presume I am addressing Miss Almy's father, we have passed through a railroad wreck and your daughter's nerves are thoroughly unstrung, but in a short time, when she composes herself, she will tell you all." "My dear daughter's hysterical condition certainly frightened me," he replied, "and I am greatly obliged to you for this explanation; but I would not like to take my daughter home until she becomes more composed, for her mother is not very strong and it might have a bad effect on her, so we will just drive up to the Parker House, and if you would be good enough, I should esteem it a favor if you will accompany us, and we can have a little chat together, and you and Ruth can tell me all about your adventure on the train."

Just before we entered the carriage, the conductor of the wrecked train came along. Mr. Almy knew him very well, and in a few words he told Mr. Almy of the wreck and the part I had played in looking after his daughter until we arrived at Boston, and had been so solicitous for her welfare, that everybody on the train thought we were brother and sister. After this explanation, Mr. Almy's face just beamed with happiness; he grasped my hand and shook it warmly and thanked

me over and over again for my kindness and attention to his daughter.

When we arrived at the hotel, Mr. Almy engaged a sitting-room and a bedroom; he also secured the services of a maid and sent her to the bedroom with Ruth, to attend to her. In a short time, Ruth came into the sitting-room and sat down on the sofa alongside of her father; her face was wreathed in smiles and looked quite herself again. "Now, Ruth, dear," said Mr. Almy, "tell father all about it." Ruth began by telling her father that the train was crowded on leaving Montreal and that she and I occupied the same seat; that I had kindly taken her out to lunch at St. Albans, as she was afraid to go alone, and had intended to just eat some of the crullers she had brought with her, but as she was hungry she was glad to accept my invitation and we had a good lunch. We chatted and exchanged experiences on Montreal life, until it became quite late. When I asked the trainman what time he thought we would reach Manchester for supper the trainman replied that the train was three hours late, and going further behind all the time. As we were both hungry she took the crullers out of her satchel and we had made a supper off of them; then I had suggested, as there was not much chance of getting to Manchester in any reasonable time, that she had better go back into the sleeping car and have a good night's rest. Then she said, "I told Mr. Arling that I had been unable to secure a ticket for a berth in the sleeper, as it had been all sold out when I applied. Mr. Arling insisted on my taking his ticket, saying that it was nothing for him to stretch out on a car seat for

once. He was so persistent, and the offer made in such a generous way, that I could not refuse any longer, and accepted the ticket, Mr. Arling called the porter and he took all my traps. Bidding good night to Mr. Arling, I went into the sleeper, took possession of the berth, which was the first from the door, and very soon was fast asleep.

"I do not remember any more until I found myself in the hands of some ladies who were very kind and helped me dress and arrange my hair; then I discovered for the first time that I was in the day coach and that I had been unconscious for some time, and that Mr. Arling and the conductor had carried me from the sleeping car and put me in the hands of the ladies, who were taking such good care of me. I was so frightened and unstrung, I am afraid I must have acted very strangely, but when we reached Manchester on the relief train, and after drinking a cup of tea, and eating a sandwich which Mr. Arling procured for me, I fell asleep and did not wake up until he aroused me, on reaching the suburbs of Boston. I am sure if it had not been for Mr. Arling I certainly would have died."

When Ruth had finished her story, the wife, to her father, Mr. Almy was completely broken up and could not speak for a while; but in a moment he pulled himself together with an effort, and said, "Mr. Arling, the providential escape from severe injury, and possibly death, which my dear daughter has just described in your hearing, has almost unnerved me; but I will say this much, that as long as I live I will never forget your kindly care of my daughter. She is my

dearest possession, for I love her better than my own soul. Always remember that if you ever need a friend, at any time, not to forget to call on George Almy, for as long as God spares my life I will never forget the obligation I am under to you."

"I am afraid, Mr. Almy, you are giving me too much credit for the part I played in the episode, for I did only what any gentleman would have done under the circumstances, and would be glad to do."

"That is all very true," replied Mr. Almy, "but you are a gentleman that did it. What I want to know are the particulars down to the smallest detail, of your arrival at the upturned sleeper until you landed in Boston."

So I had to tell him the story as I have related it here. Ruth, of course, had not heard all the details herself, and was listening to every word I uttered. All the time I was engaged in giving the details to Mr. Almy, Ruth sat beside him with downcast eyes, never once lifting them from the floor, but drinking in every word. When I had finished the recital, she walked over to me and held out her hand, which I took, complimenting her on her rapid recovery. She said, "Mr. Arling, I was not able to speak and thank you for your great and never-to-be-forgotten kindness to me. I was simply rendered speechless with nervousness and fright; I now feel better, but will never be able to repay the debt of gratitude I owe you, for I certainly believe that had it not been for your generous care I never would have survived the shock." I said, "Miss Ruth, the horrible dream is all over; let us forget all about it, and, if possible, drive it out of our thoughts

and think of something more pleasant. It was certainly a painful episode which crept into our lives, but we had better banish it from our minds altogether."

I was grateful to Mr. Almy for changing the subject by saying he thought we had better drive out to Roxbury as Mrs. Almy would be getting anxious about them. He then ordered the carriage, and insisted that I should drive out to Roxbury with them, as Ruth's mother would certainly be anxious to see me. I tried very hard to excuse myself from accepting his kind invitation, but neither he nor Ruth would take "no" for an answer, but overruled all my excuses and objections.

It was a beautiful day, and the drive to Roxbury was delightful. On our arrival at the Almy residence, and the cause of the delay explained to Mrs. Almy, she gave me a very cordial welcome and very warmly seconded Mr. Almy's kind invitation to make their house my home during my stay in Boston. I could not refuse to comply with their request, as it was given in such a kindly way. I remained as their guest for four days. I never in all my life was treated with such whole-hearted hospitality as was meted out to me by these good people, and from that time to the present, they have been numbered among my dearest friends.

Mr. Almy was a man of forty or forty-five, and was in the prime of life. Mrs. Almy was not in very good health and could not go out with us as often as she would like to have done, but Mr. Almy and Ruth drove me to every point of interest in the city and we visited so many places that Mr. Almy said he had been living in Boston for over thirty years, but never had the

slightest conception that Boston was as fine a city as he found it to be in driving me around.

I was simply charmed and delighted with all that I saw; passing through the residential streets lined with stately structures, and the costly homes of wealth, out into the country over well-kept roads, passing through suburban towns and villages, visiting clubhouses, colleges, schools, and churches without number, so that I saw Boston as I never expected to see it. I expected to see what I could of it on foot; instead, I occupied a seat in a handsome double carriage, accompanied by two most congenial companions who were well up in the history of Boston, who took the greatest delight in directing my attention to everything of interest.

One morning we drove down to the wharf and got on board a very comfortable, well-furnished yacht, which belonged to a friend of Mr. Almy's. We had a glorious sail all around the harbor, steaming in and out through the little inlets which separated the many islands which seem to be without number in and about that fine harbor.

We were gathered together in the living-room that evening; it was to be my last night in Boston, as my four days of allotted time for Boston had expired. I really felt very grateful to Mr. Almy, his dear wife and Ruth, for the splendid time they had given me, but I am afraid I made a poor fist of it in trying to put my gratitude into words, but I did say that I thanked them one and all for their kind hospitality.

Mr. Almy said: "Jack, don't talk of thanks, for I cannot tell you how thankful I am for meeting you. I am not talking of the wonderful care you took of Ruth,

for I told you what I thought of your kindness to her before, but for giving me a fine outing, for if you had not been living with us I would not have had it. We will always be glad to have you call on us; you will always find the latchstring on the outside of the door and a sincere and hearty welcome on the inside."

The next morning, Mr. Almy, his wife and Ruth accompanied me to the station to see me off and made me promise to write them frequently. So I left this dear family, waving their handkerchiefs; Mr. Almy and Ruth running alongside the train opposite the window of my coach, until the train gained momentum and left them behind. And I was on my way to Toronto.

CHAPTER XIII

VISIT TO TORONTO

ON my arrival at Toronto, the first one I met on the platform of the station was Chris, my eldest brother. He ran forward just as I stepped from the train, and, though he was a big strapping fellow of twenty-two put his arms around my neck and kissed me on both cheeks just as he used to do when I was a small boy. I did not need to ask him if he was glad to see me, for I could see it in every feature of his face, and we were both as happy as it was possible for us to be, meeting again after so long a separation.

We drove up to uncle's house and saw Aunt Rebekah standing on the veranda waiting for us, and she gave me a royal welcome. When we were seated in the dining-room, I had to tell them, in answer to their many questions, everything which had happened in Montreal from the time Chris left; especially all about the robbery at the warehouse, my trip to Boston, the railroad wreck and its happy ending, the wonderful time I had at Roxbury as the guest of the Almy family, and the many beautiful drives they gave me in showing me the beauties of Boston and its suburbs and then capping the climax of my enjoyment by giving me that never-to-be-forgotten sail on the luxurious yacht, which Mr. Almy's friend put at his disposal, so that I could see the great harbor, the shipping, and sail in and out of

all the islands. "Why," said aunty, "your meeting with Ruth was quite a romance, what a lovely time they did give you!"

I had a fine time at Toronto during my short stay of six days. Chris took me round and introduced me to all his friends and acquaintances, and they all did their best to make me enjoy myself; one young lady, especially, to whom Chris was paying marked attention, and from what I could see, was going to end in their marriage, took me under her wing at once. She made out a programme, covering the whole of the six days of my stay at Toronto. Every day was taken up with boating parties, drives, rides and entertainments of all kinds, so that I never knew what it was to have a lonely moment all the time I was in Toronto. She was a mighty fine, handsome girl of about twenty-two summers, and her name was "Susie Ralston." I was with her nearly all the time of my stay in the city, for Chris was engaged at the warehouse every moment during business hours. Mr. Alfred Durand, my uncle, did not believe that any one in his employ should ever allow it to enter his mind to remain away from business for any reason whatever, with the exception of severe sickness, and then it had to be mighty severe, or death. So, Chris could not be with me for one single day during business hours, much to his sorrow—and mine.

Susie Ralston saw that I was not left alone; she was very fond of Chris and thought that she could not show it in any better way than by making me happy, and she certainly did. Susie was very fond of boating and so was I. We used to go down to one of the boat-

houses, which almost lined the shores of Toronto Bay; every fine morning would find us there. I would hire a skiff, Susie would sit in the stern of the boat and handle the tiller, and I would take off my coat, roll up my shirt sleeves, and do the rowing. My, what lovely times we had skimming over the placid waters of Toronto Bay! Whenever we saw a big steamer heading for us, churning up the water and turning it into white foam with her side paddles, leaving in her wake large rolling waves which extended sometimes all the distance between the steamer and the shores of the island, over a mile away, we would allow her to pass us as close as possible, heading our skiff for the waves, and plunge right into the rollers, rising and falling with them as long as they lasted.

At other times, I would hire a saddle horse and ride up to her home where I would find her waiting, dressed in her riding habit, high silk hat with long streaming veil, which was very becoming to her, and, when mounted on her dark bay horse, she made a most beautiful picture. We would then start for some of the lovely country roads, cantering our horses side by side through woods and dells, over hills, and down through beautiful valleys; the horses, as well as ourselves, enjoying every moment spent on these lovely rides.

Susie was four years older than I; we had become great chums, and I was very fond of her as my future sister-in-law. She promised to write every week after I returned to Montreal, and send me all the Toronto news. I was glad of this for Chris was a poor letter writer and wrote only short notes usually, simply telling me he was all right, and everything was going

fine, trusting that his letter would find us all well, and that he expected to make arrangements to visit Montreal before very long, and therefore would bottle up all news until he arrived, and left us to guess the rest.

My vacation was rapidly drawing to a close, and the two weeks had passed so pleasantly that the end arrived almost before I expected it and found that to reach Montreal on time I would have to take the steamer the next day (Friday) at two o'clock, if I wanted to be on hand for business Monday morning.

Quite a large party of young men and women, Chris and Susie included, came down to the Yonge Street wharf to bid me farewell. I got on board the steamer "Banshee" and stood on the upper deck, at the stern end of the steamer, waving my hat and saying goodbye to as fine a lot of girls and boys as I ever met, and they kept waving their hats and handkerchiefs and shouting their farewells until I was out of hearing distance, but watched them until the steamer passed through the lower gap, at the eastern end of the island, and they were lost to view.

We steamed across Lake Ontario, taking all the afternoon, and until three o'clock Saturday morning before we reached Kingston, and at five o'clock started again winding our way through the Thousand Islands, reaching Prescott at ten. The day was beautiful, and all the way through the Thousand Islands was a delight to me. I sat in a wicker chair under an awning at the stern end of the boat, watching the islands, some of them so small there was only room to hold one tree; others were large enough to accommodate quite a large grove of trees, and a good-sized camping party where they

were rustivating for the summer months, living under canvas; nearly all had flagpoles mounted in front of the main tent, with the Union Jack flying at the mast-head.

Other islands you could tell were occupied by Americans, for Old Glory was waving in the breeze at the top of their flagpoles. But all seemed to be having a good time and living together as the very best of friends, and in a great many instances sharing with each other, and having all things in common. I had a fine time looking at them; some were fishing, others shooting, playing tennis, croquet, and others lolling in their hammocks reading.

It certainly looked to me like a fairy land,—and this was their abode, for it was indeed an ideal spot, and a veritable home of the fairies.

On leaving Prescott, we entered on the last lap of the journey and passed through the Cedar and Long Sioux Rapids, with our own pilot, but when we arrived opposite Lachine, the steamer stopped and a canoe darted out from the Indian village of Cognowaga, a rope was thrown out and the Indian at the bow of the canoe caught it and they were drawn alongside of the steamer. In the stern of the canoe sat the most picturesque figure of an Indian I ever saw. He was the chief of the tribe, and the only man allowed to pilot the lake steamers through the dangerous channel, which we were about to enter, as we passed through the Lachine Rapids. He climbed up the rope ladder on to the steamer, and without paying attention to any one, walked straight to the wheelhouse and took command. No one was allowed to speak to him. He at once

grasped the handles of the wheel, standing perfectly erect; his black, piercing eyes looking straight ahead, and guided the steamer direct for the channel. As soon as we entered it, all steam was shut off, and we darted through the channel at a terrific rate, twisting in and out through the great rocks which could be plainly seen on each side of the boat, and some of them only a few feet from the side of the steamer with their jagged edges reaching almost to the surface of the waters, which were seething, and lashed into white foam all around us. The nine miles of rapids were soon covered for we passed through at a terrific pace and ran into calm water; then we passed under Victoria Bridge and landed at our dock at Montreal. We were sharp on time, for we tied up at the dock exactly at six o'clock in the evening.

The whole family were standing on the wharf, waiting to greet me as soon as I walked down the gang-plank. They were all so glad to see me they could hardly find words to express themselves, but every one of them kissed me from father and mother down to the youngest member of the family. All joined in telling me how delighted they were to have me home again both safe and sound, and looked at me with wondering eyes to see if it was really I, as if I had accomplished some wonderful feat, and gave me credit for having the same amount of nerve and heroism that is usually accorded to a returning explorer from the Arctic regions, or equatorial Africa.

CHAPTER XIV

RIOTS AND PREPAREDNESS

MILITARY schools had now been established by the Government in several of the largest cities in Canada. A large number of army officers had been sent out by Great Britain to take charge of these military institutions. The Canadian Parliament made large appropriations of money to equip these schools or colleges and cover all running expenses so that the young men of Canada would be able to receive a thorough military training, free of charge. These colleges were for the purpose of training the young men of Canada and fitting them for officers in the militia.

A bill had been passed in Parliament to very largely increase the militia and to do so several hundred officers were needed as soon as they could be whipped into shape, both for active service and reserves. The Canadian Government advertised in the daily papers and by circulars, inviting all young men who were able to pass the necessary examinations, to enroll at once by filling out the blanks which were enclosed with the circulars, and these circulars went into all particulars, giving them every information as to the need and requirements of the Canadian authorities.

The Government also requested that all employers of young men of military age, who desired to enroll, be

allowed to do so without jeopardizing their positions and promising to reinstate any of their employees who enrolled, to the position they formerly occupied, as soon as their terms of service had expired.

The policy of military preparedness adopted by the Government became very popular with the better educated classes of the population of all the large cities, and as the young men of the cities and large towns joined the colors the young men of the more intelligent farming class of the community began flocking into the cities where military schools had been established, and enrolled with their city cousins.

Extensive riots had taken place in many of the large cities in Lower Canada, brought about by prejudice, bigotry and religious intolerance, which kept smouldering all the time, but occasionally would be fanned into a flame by some religious fanatic or bigoted disturber of the peace.

The French-Canadians, of course, were all Roman Catholics. They were a quiet, industrious, and peaceful people—if let alone, but these demagogues who were the instigators of all trouble would hold secret meetings in barns, and sometimes churches, and would harangue crowds of the laboring class of the French-Canadians and Habitants of the country districts by the hour, telling them they were being exploited by the Government and civic authorities, forcing them to pay heavy taxes to help the Protestants to live in luxury and idleness.

Another element of unrest at that time in Montreal was the uneducated Irish Roman Catholic laboring class. Some of the young men were lazy and would

not work, but hung around the saloons drinking vile whiskey and listening to the vaporings of these self-appointed leaders of advanced thought, of liberty, as they called it.

They had formed quite a community called "Little Ireland," or, as it was better known by Montreal residents, "Griffintown." The younger members of this community, more especially the hoodlums, above mentioned, were always ready for a scrap.

The Irish had taken umbrage at a speech made in Parliament by one of their co-religionists and an Irishman, the Hon. Thomas Darcy McGee, an outspoken, honest, fearless gentleman, as well as the greatest orator of his day in Canada.

The Orangemen of Upper Canada sympathized with Mr. McGee and were heartily in accord with his views, and were prepared to back him up in his fight for what he considered the right, and decided that if necessary, train loads of Orangemen from Upper Canada were prepared to come to Montreal and fight to the death to protect him from harm, for the Irish Catholics had sworn that if ever the Hon. Thomas Darcy McGee attempted to make a speech in Montreal they would kill him. But Mr. McGee was not easily frightened, and sent word he would be in Montreal on a certain day and would address the electors from the front of the St. Lawrence Hall.

His friends and admirers all tried to persuade him from going to Montreal, being afraid of the terrible risk he was running; but he persisted and said he was going, and also going to make them listen to him, and when they heard him themselves and heard what he

had to say, he was positively assured in his own mind that all opposition would cease. And it did, as they subsequently found out.

A large body of young men, consisting of lacrosse, cricket, snowshoe runners, and, in fact, officers and members of all the prominent athletic and sporting clubs of the city, offered their services, not only as individuals but as clubs, to act as a bodyguard to escort Mr. McGee on his arrival at Montreal from the Grand Trunk station, which was then situated at Point St. Charles, to the St. Lawrence Hall. And to do so, the procession would have to pass through the principal streets of Griffintown, where the residents were antagonistic to him.

On the day of his arrival the clubs assembled, dressed in their various uniforms, and marched in a body out to Point St. Charles. As I happened to be a captain of one of the lacrosse clubs, I of course walked at the head of my men carrying our lacrosse sticks over our shoulders like rifles; as the lacrosse clubs were the most numerous, they were given the honor of heading the procession.

Every single club presented a fine appearance and marched like veterans, and a finer body of clean-cut, stalwart, able-bodied young men would be hard to find anywhere, as assembled that day to escort the Hon. Thomas Darcy McGee from the Point St. Charles station through the very heart of Griffintown, the home of the enemies, to the St. Lawrence Hall.

Every one of us expected to have a few scraps on the way out, but Irishmen as a class are fond of grit, and appreciate it even in an enemy; so instead of meeting

with opposition on the way out to the Grand Trunk station, the inhabitants of Griffintown, both men and women, seemed to admire us for our nerve, and did not show any hostility with the exception of a few who jeered us and threw a few stones, but this was done by a few half-drunken rowdies, whose efforts to make trouble were frowned on by the great mass of onlookers.

When the train arrived at Point St. Charles, and Mr. McGee stepped down on to the station platform from his private car, he met with a rousing reception. He attempted to say a few words to the reception committee, but cheer after cheer rent the air, and it was a long time before the wild tumult of applause died down so that his voice could be heard. But as soon as silence was obtained, he said: "Gentlemen of the committee, I am indeed grateful to you and this splendid body of young men for taking such a deep interest in my efforts to promote a kindlier feeling between all classes and creeds in our beloved country. The very first essential needed, the ground work on which we construct, and the cornerstone that must be laid, is that of respect for law and obedience to authority. No commonwealth can remain in existence, no government can succeed where mob law exists. The Government must, and shall, be supreme. Mob law spawned by bigotry, ~~and~~ice, fanaticism and intolerance, must be put down for ever. This must be done, and it is just to such splendid specimens of educated physical manhood as I see before me to-day, that the Government is looking to accomplish this purpose.

"Gentlemen, I thank you for your sympathy; I thank you for your support; I thank God for it,

for I now see success crowning our efforts, not in the far distant future, but now; for I also see that I am not alone in this fight, and with the consciousness of having such men as you behind me, I am strengthened with renewed courage, and you can rest assured that I now consecrate my life afresh, and if necessary will lay it down willingly, at any time, to accomplish my purpose, and that is to make our beloved Canada the most law-abiding, and best-governed colony under the British Crown."

The different athletic clubs, composing the volunteer bodyguard, formed themselves into a hollow square, the men standing shoulder to shoulder, from ten to twenty deep, Mr. McGee and the reception committee occupying the center, completely preventing any one from getting within fifty feet of the party. Detectives mingled with the crowds outside the square and kept a sharp lookout for suspicious characters, and if they caught a glimpse of a man putting his hand to his pocket as if attempting to draw a pistol, he was seized at once and searched, and if a gun was found on him he was handcuffed and locked up in a box car which had been prepared as a lockup, with police guards. Mr. McGee was escorted by the committee of Montreal citizens who were to entertain him, to a very handsome open carriage drawn by a magnificent pair of thoroughbred dark bay horses.

As soon as he was seated, the marshal in command of the bodyguard placed his men in position. This had all been planned and mapped out beforehand, so that every man knew exactly where to go.

Mr. McGee's carriage was surrounded by a solid

body, or wall, of fine stalwart men, who would have fought to the death for him, had it been necessary to do so. Several clubs led the procession and marched to a quickstep played by the band. Mr. McGee's carriage was in the center of a hollow square composed of members of lacrosse clubs, marching in close order, about ten deep on each side of the carriage, so that no one could get near him unless they broke through the ranks—and a disorganized mob could hardly do that.

The procession headed for Wellington Street, and to do so had to pass over Wellington Bridge. The bridge was well guarded, but just as soon as the procession had passed over, we entered Wellington Street and, instead of the crowds being orderly as they were on the way out, the hoodlums had congregated at the street corners all along the route and had supplied themselves with all kinds of missiles to throw at the procession as it wended its way to the St. Lawrence Hall.

Numbers of detectives and others who had been sworn in as deputies by the sheriff, mingled with the crowds all along the route and as soon as they spotted a man about to throw a stone, he received a crack on the head from a short club held in the hand of one of these men, and was bowled over at once and thrown into one of the vans that had been provided for just such an emergency and carted off to jail.

The thugs tried time after time to break through the ranks, but the lacrosse sticks wielded by such skillful hands as the men of the different lacrosse clubs, that scores of these aggressors were knocked out and left sprawling in the mud, with broken and sore heads that

would remind them for some time to come that mob rule was never going to be allowed a free hand in Montreal. And it taught them another lesson, namely, that the law-abiding element were in a strong majority. And to their great credit, the respectable element of the Irish Catholic population were with the law-abiding citizens in their efforts to put down mob rule. The march through Griffintown was short and swift, and we landed Mr. McGee at the St. Lawrence Hall without a hair of his head being injured. St. James Street was packed with men who had sworn that Mr. McGee would never be allowed to make a public speech in Montreal. But to their chagrin and surprise, a few moments after entering the doors of the hotel, which were closed and guarded as soon as he and the committee had passed through, Mr. McGee went up to the second story and stepped through one of the windows onto a small balcony overlooking a perfect sea of faces, and stood there with arms folded waiting for the roar of voices to cease which greeted him as soon as he was recognized.

He stood for a few minutes with head uncovered, a perfect mark for an assassin's bullet. Some say that several shots were fired, but the sounds were drowned in the thunderous roar of the enraged crowds. Mr. McGee was as brave as he was eloquent, and not in the least daunted at the show of hostility by the maddened throng which he faced. Then he raised his right hand, asking for silence, and waited until the uproar ceased. As soon as quiet was obtained, he demanded as his right, as a British subject, the privilege of free speech. The shouting, jeering and hissing

crowd gradually became quiet and Mr. McGee made one of the most brilliant speeches he ever made in his life. His bravery, matchless eloquence and magnetism at last captured the crowd, and before he had spoken ten minutes, he held the crowd breathless, fearing they would lose one single word which fell from his lips. Mr. McGee's address lasted for over an hour, and it was the best lesson the disturbing element of Montreal ever received and the better class of citizens emphatically proclaimed that from that time forward the law must for ever be upheld, and mob rule put down for ever.

It goes without saying that many of the body-guard who escorted Mr. McGee from Point St. Charles G. T. R. station to the St. Lawrence Hall were pretty badly hurt. I received one bad crack on the side of the head, and a few minor bruises, but we did not have anything like the big fight we expected; the mobs were cowed by the show of determination and by the class of men who took part in the demonstration.

The fact is the whole city was roused as never before, and the respectable men of all denominations and creeds were united for the first time in the history of Montreal and decided to sink all differences, and unite on one common platform, founded on Law and Order, for the good of all.

After Mr. McGee's memorable speech from the balcony in front of the St. Lawrence Hall had been delivered, the better element of the citizens of Montreal thought that at last quiet and peace would obtain in the city, but they were mistaken. The political demagogues renewed with fresh vigor their insidious

propaganda in enticing the baser element or classes of the people to renewed effort, and the McGee riots broke out again in different parts of the city, and culminated in a vast mob taking possession of Victoria Square, armed with pistols and clubs, and pockets filled with stones and missiles of all kinds.

The authorities, finding that the mild measures they had adopted up to that time were of no avail, decided that the time had now arrived to use harsher means, and put a stop, for all time, to anything like mob rule in the city. The troops were called out, and after the reading of the riot act, the crowds were ordered to disperse and go to their homes, but instead of doing so, they fired a volley of stones and pistol shots at the troops—wounding several of them as well as some of the onlookers.

The commander of the troops, an old Crimean veteran, ordered his men to load with blank cartridges, and then gave the command to fire. But as that had no effect, but to incite the rioters to further effort, he ordered the troops to load with ball cartridges, and gave the soldiers orders to fire low, and shoot to kill. This they did, and when the smoke drifted away and the mobs discovered that large numbers of their men had been shot, for they were dropped all over the square, a wild scramble took place for shelter, and the mobs from their leaders down were seized with fright and in a perfect frenzy of terror trampled each other down in their mad rush to get away from the soldiers. The troopers were then ordered to charge right into the crowds and seize the leaders, handcuff them and throw them into the police vans and rush them off to jail.

It was all done so quickly and systematically, that in a very short time a rioter was not to be found, and Victoria Square became one of the quietest spots in the city. A number of dead were picked up and carried off to the morgue, and a great many wounded were conveyed to the different hospitals. Among the number was a personal friend of mine, who was shot through the kneecap and had to have his leg amputated above the knee. He was not a rioter, but simply one of the crowd like myself—an onlooker, but many of whom were wounded.

The salutary lesson which the mobs received on this occasion, took all the fight out of them and the political demagogues who were responsible for the riots, but who had not been captured, were conspicuous by their absence; and it would have been anything but safe for one of them to show his face in the City of Montreal for a long time to come, for the very men whom they had incited to violence were now their bitterest enemies, and swore to kill them on sight the first time they laid eyes on them. But all this rioting and fighting helped to fan the fire of patriotism into a flame in the hearts of the youth of the country, and the young men of the city, especially, flocked to the military schools and enrolled for service, and every volunteer regiment had its ranks filled to full strength. I had always had a desire to join the service, for my father was an old soldier, and many of my uncles were military men, and last, but not least, my eldest brother Chris was a lieutenant in the Queen's Own, at Toronto.

A number of my companions and myself enrolled at the barracks, took the necessary oath, and became

members of the military school and the very next day began our military training to fit us for officers in one of the volunteer regiments connected with Her Majesty's service.

Our measurements were taken and we were supplied with the regulation cadet uniforms, scarlet tunic with brass buttons and gold braid, blue trousers with wide gold stripes, and forage cap with gold band. We all thought we looked very smart and chic when we donned the uniforms for the first time. I had been working at a desk in the warehouse for some months back, and the constant bending over the books began to round my shoulders, so the first thing the drill sergeant did was to take a stout oak stick and pass it through my arms and across my back, fastening my hands at the wrists across my chest, compelling me to stand very erect, and throw my chest forward so as to release the tension on my wrists. I was only kept in this position for an hour at a time; I thought it a great hardship at first, but after wearing it for some time it took all the hump out of my back and shoulders, and I became as straight as a ramrod. Many a time from that day to this I have blessed that old drill sergeant for forcing me to wear that oak stick, for it made me carry myself perfectly erect and straight, and I have been so ever since.

The constant drilling was very fatiguing, but I got accustomed to it in time. We were taught all kinds of athletic exercises and sports, anything to make us strong and fit; boxing and wrestling were the two principal and most popular exercises. Large air mattresses or cushions were provided for these two

sports, so that the contestants would not be hurt, when thrown or knocked out by a blow.

The boxing master was a very tall Englishman from the Grenadier Guards, and must have been at least six feet four inches tall, very strong, and a magnificent boxer, and was constantly telling us: "If you ever expect to put up a good fight, you must first learn to take a good punishment," and that the two things that counted most in a fight were skill and endurance. And he certainly tried to impress us with these two facts; for many a time as I stood up to him with the gloves on, he would say, "Now, Mr. Arling, guard you face well, for I am going to hit you right on the left jaw," and, guard as I would, his right fist would connect with my left jaw and with such force I would almost turn a back somersault as he knocked me off my feet, and landed me flat on my back on the mattress, so that I could see stars scintillating all over the drill hall. Without moving a muscle of his face, and as if nothing out of the ordinary had happened, he would continue, "Mr. Arling, that is a very pretty blow for a knock-out—now just get up and I will show you how it is done. For, if it is accomplished with the regulation light gloves, it usually results in a knockout." I agreed with him perfectly when I was the recipient and he was the one who administered the blow. Anyhow, in time he made me a fairly good boxer and taught me how to take punishment without flinching. In after years I was more than thankful to him for teaching me how to use my hands in an emergency, and many a time this knowledge saved me from a bad beating, or worse.

What with the drilling, boxing, wrestling, vaulting, jumping and other exercises, we soon found we were becoming strong, stalwart men, in perfect physical condition, capable of enduring a great deal of hardship and at the same time it imbued us with confidence in our ability to take care of ourselves, making us absolutely self-reliant; but, unfortunately, it also made us just a little bit proud. When the school was dismissed in the afternoon, it was our custom to break up into batches of say four or six to the squad, and take a stroll around the city, or at other times take quite a long hike through the country.

There were about seven thousand British troops stationed in Montreal at this time, and as we were only cadets, it was our duty whenever we met an officer in uniform to salute him, but as some of these officers were very young men like ourselves, we got it into our heads that it was a little bit lowering to our dignity to be compelled to do this, and we resorted to all kinds of evasions and expedients to avoid saluting, particularly the younger officers of the service.

On one particular occasion, six of us were strolling leisurely along St. James Street, the most fashionable promenade at that time, chatting and swinging our small canes, for we all considered ourselves great dandies in our well-fitting uniforms, and all carried canes. We stopped for a while to chat with some friends, who were seated in armchairs in front of the St. Lawrence Hall, as this hotel was the great rendezvous for all the well-to-do idlers in the city, and on a fine afternoon the front veranda was always crowded with them, and sometimes a row of armchairs extended

along the sidewalk next the hotel, all intent on gazing at the fashionably dressed ladies and gentlemen promenading along this most fashionable thoroughfare. All at once, I espied a number of British officers in uniform coming up the street; I gave the signal to my companions and we walked on to the window of a sporting goods shop next door, and pretended to be greatly interested in the window display,—the six of us all intently gazing into the window with our backs to the street. In a few moments the officers arrived; they halted and stood at the curb, looking straight at our backs. We could see their reflection plainly in the plate glass window, and we became a little bit alarmed, for we noted that they were all officers of high rank and all at once became aware that it was Major General Windom, the Commander-in-Chief of the British forces in Canada, and his staff.

They halted for a short time, and the longer they remained looking at our backs the more we became embarrassed; but the silence was broken by the military command uttered in stentorian tones: "Military School Cadets, At-ten-tion!" We immediately came to attention. "Right about face!" and we wheeled about facing the General and his staff. "Advance two paces—forward!" We advanced two paces. "Ease off from the left!" which we did. "Halt!" and we halted, standing as stiff as ramrods.

The General then gave the next command (for it was General Windom who was putting us through the exercise): "Military School Cadets, Salute by numbers! One!" Our arms flew out straight from the shoulder with palms down. "Two!" our right

hands flew back touching the rim of our forage caps. "Three!" and our hands dropped to our sides. He then gave the command: "Close up from the left!" and we closed up, standing in rank at attention. He then addressed us: "Gentlemen, it has come to my ears that the members of the military schools have a decided objection to saluting when they meet officers of Her Majesty's service from time to time. Now, young gentlemen, I do not wish to hurt your feelings by this public exhibition of discipline, but simply want to say that when you salute an officer you are not saluting the man, but you are saluting the uniform and the colors of Her Majesty's service. So do not think for a moment you are lowering your dignity by doing so, for you are not. I sincerely trust you will profit by this lesson," and then issued the following command: "Stand at ease!" and we did. "Now good day, gentlemen, dismiss!" and we did, for we were mighty glad to get away. Just as soon as the General and his staff started up the street, a perfect roar of laughter greeted our ears from all the loungers in front of the St. Lawrence Hall, as well as from the great crowd of onlookers who had witnessed the episode; and I can assure you we got away from that vicinity as soon as we possibly could. Our pride received a great shock, but we profited by the experience and never again refused to salute an officer from that time on.

For the six months that I was connected with the military school, I studied and worked hard, for I was anxious to pass my examinations with credit. I had pored over my book, "The Queen's Regulations,"

until late every night to acquire a good and perfect knowledge of military tactics.

I remember as a raw recruit, along with many others who enlisted on the same day that I did, that we were lined up before the sergeant who was to be our drill instructor; he was an immense big burly Englishman with a voice like a foghorn, and who knew his book by heart, for it was said he never read any other. On giving us our first lesson of instructions, he handed each one of us a book about one inch thick, and five inches long by four wide, bound in red morocco, with flexible covers and fastened with a brass clasp, and said: "Gentlemen, the books I have just handed you are called 'The Queen's Regulations.' They contain every atom of information required to fit you for soldiers and officers in Her Majesty's service. I require you to study this book carefully, faithfully, and constantly, every moment you can spare when off duty. In fact, I want you to eat it; so that you will assimilate every word. I will refer you to several very important and necessary facts recorded in this book, and it will be your duty to make yourselves familiar with them as soon as possible. Please turn to page 157, and four lines from the bottom of the page you will find these words written"; and then he would repeat from memory the words quoted, for he had no book in his hand, and all through this first lesson would give us instructions as laid down in the book entitled, "The Queen's Regulations," and would give us the page and the location on the page for every reference as above. He had really "eaten the book," as he had instructed us to do.

All through my term of six months in that military



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school, he interspersed his talks and clinched his arguments with quotations from *The Queen's Regulations*, but I never in all that time saw him look at the book once, for he had a most marvelous memory.

At last the day arrived that I and several of my comrades were to be examined by the commanding officer; we were all in a great state of excitement, fearing we would be plucked. Some of the boys were, but some of my most intimate friends and myself succeeded in passing the examinations and received our certificates, and were then mustered out of the military school.

A few days after leaving the school, I received a letter from the proprietor of a large wholesale establishment, one of the largest in the City of Toronto, making me the offer of a very nice position in his establishment, with a very much larger salary than I had ever received up to that time for my services, and I decided to accept his offer if father and mother thought well of it.

That evening, when we had all gathered in the living-room after supper, I took the letter out of my pocket and read it to them, and asked father and mother what they thought I should do. We talked the matter over all the evening, and all thought the proposition was such a generous one that I should accept it. So the next morning I wrote to Messrs. Glassman & Company accepting their kind offer, and would leave for Toronto in a few days.

CHAPTER XV

BEGINNINGS OF A COMMERCIAL TRAVELER

I WROTE my letter of acceptance to Glassman & Company and one week later was ready to start for the West. Father, mother and the girls all came down to the G. T. R. station with me to say farewell, and see me off. It was a sad leave-taking for all of us, but a most affectionate one. I had embraced and kissed each one of them, and was just stepping on the train, the conductor was shouting out "All aboard!" when dear mother ran forward and put her two arms around my neck and kissed me again and again, and said, "Be a good boy, Jack, as you have always been. Remember we will be praying for you at home. God bless you, my dear, dear son." And, as the train pulled out I caught a last glimpse of her, with her head buried on father's shoulder and weeping as though her dear heart would break.

I woke up early the following morning, as the train pulled into Coburg, where we had breakfast, which I enjoyed immensely, and then started again for Toronto. It was a beautiful May morning; everything along the line was fresh and bright, the dew was sparkling like silver on the leaves of the trees and the grass, and the morning air was sweet. I was only a lad of nineteen at the time, and was wondering what the future had in store for me, for I was very ambitious, and there-

fore was just starting out and on my way to seek my fortune in the West. I was also feeling a bit homesick, for I had been thinking ever since I woke up that morning, that perhaps I had left my dear old home for ever. I was also thinking of the last interview I had had with my dear, sweet-faced mother in her room, just before leaving for the West; she put her arms around my neck and kissed me, and told me of her great love for me and that no matter where I went her heart and prayers would be with me all the time; to be sure at all times to commit all my ways into God's hands and that he surely would direct all my steps. She told me all this through her tears, which she was trying so bravely to hold back, and at the same time I was struggling with a big lump in my throat which I found impossible to swallow.

These, and other experiences connected with my life in the dear old home, passed before my mind in panoramic procession as I sat at the window of the train that morning, every moment increasing the distance between those whom I loved so dearly, and myself. But my reverie came to an abrupt ending, for the trainman was shouting at the top of his voice "Toronto! All change!" I got my things together as quickly as possible, and grabbing my bag, walked out of the train with the other passengers. I was thinking at the time what a pity it was that I was not going to meet Chris as I stepped off the train. Chris was in England at the time, as the buyer for my uncle's firm (Alfred Durand & Company), but instead of receiving a hearty welcome from Chris, I heard a deep, raspy voice right at my elbow say, "Well, sir! so you

have arrived at last, have you? It's about time! twenty minutes late! trains are always late."

I turned and found that the voice belonged to my Uncle Alfred, or, as he liked to be called, "Mr. Alfred Durand," or, better still, "Alfred Durand, Esq." He was a tall, sallow-complexioned man, standing fully six feet three, very erect, and not very stout. He was dressed in a black frock suit, a tall silk hat, with a high standing collar, the ears pointing straight out on each side of his face, and this was encompassed with a large black stock, or cravat. He was a hard worker and expected every man in his employ to be the same; he had made money and was a high pillar in the church, and, in his own opinion, one of the most important members of the community.

As my brother Chris was in Europe, my Aunt Rebekah, his wife, a very lovable woman, had insisted on his driving down to the train to meet me when I arrived and bring me up to the house.

Just as soon as we were seated in the buggy, he thought it a good time to give me some sound advice, and at the same time impress me with his great importance. I was in a very receptive mood at the time, for I was feeling very lonely and homesick, and a few kind words would certainly have found a ready response in my heart. Instead, he started right in to give me a lecture on the wickedness pervading all classes of society, and that everyone, especially the young men of the day, were going plumb to perdition, and wound up by saying: "And I sincerely trust, young man, that you have not come West to disgrace your relatives." I had not replied to him up to this point in his lecture,

and was growing more indignant every moment; but just as soon as he made this pointed allusion to myself, I seized the reins and drew the horse up with a jerk and grabbing my traveling bag, jumped out of the buggy. Turning to him, I said: "Mr. Durand, when you find me disgracing my relatives, I think it will be ample time for you to remind me of that fact. Good day, sir!" I then left him, and walking up the street found myself in a strange city, with but few friends.

Fortunately, I met a young man whom I recognized as having met on my previous visit, and he gave me the address of a very nice, neat and clean temperance hotel on the next block where I engaged a room with board, and made this my home for some time. It was a fortunate thing for me that I was directed to this particular hotel, for there were several fine young fellows boarding in this house,—some of them I had met, and they soon made me acquainted with the others and we all became very good friends. Two of them, particularly, I took a strong liking for, and was very much attached to them. We became close companions, and the friendship lasted for many years. Like myself, they were fond of all kinds of outdoor sports, more especially boating and swimming. We were strong, husky lads, brimming over with health and good nature, light-hearted, and constantly living on the sunny side of the road. They very soon procured for me the "entrée" into some of the most hospitable homes in the city, and I became acquainted with a great many young ladies and gentlemen who were just as fond of outdoor sports as we were, and among the people we called on were the "Ralstones" and I again

had the pleasure of renewing my acquaintance with Susie, the young lady I had met in July, to whom I thought my brother Chris was engaged. She certainly expressed her pleasure at the thought that I had decided to make Toronto my home, and gave me a most cordial invitation to come up to their house whenever I felt like it, and at any time I felt the least bit lonely or homesick to come right up at once and both she, her sister and the rest of the family would do all in their power to make me happy.

Miss Ralstone and her sister were typical of the young ladies of Toronto. Since that time I have traveled very extensively and have visited cities and towns, and lived with and become well acquainted with the people, not only in Canada but in all parts of the United States, England and the Continent of Europe, but have never in all my travels met a more wholesome lot of young people than I had the good fortune to make the acquaintance of, and associate with, in the City of Toronto.

The following morning after I arrived at Toronto, I called at once on Messrs. J. G. Glassman & Co., manufacturers and jobbers in hats, caps, and furs, the firm I had had the correspondence with, and who had engaged my services. I met Mr. Glassman for the first time, as I had carried on all the negotiations by mail. He was a tall, good-looking, well-dressed man, and very much of a gentleman. He received me very cordially, but did not have much to say. He simply asked me if I thought I could make good with his line. I told him that of course it was a new line for me, but I thought I could. He pointed to three large sample

trunks, packed, locked and strapped, and, handing me the keys of the trunks and one hundred dollars for expenses, said: "There are your trunks, I think you had better take the seven o'clock train to-morrow morning, making Guelph your first stopping place, and cover the western ground. It will take you about two months to finish the trip, and I hope on your return you will have done some good business." He then shook hands with me and said, "Good luck to you; let us hear from you every day or two," and then vanished into his office.

One of my new acquaintances at the hotel was Charley Hurd. He also was a commercial traveler. He and I sat for a long time in the hotel that evening mapping out the western route and giving me all kinds of pointers, which I found very useful.

As instructed, I caught the seven o'clock train the next morning, and started on my first trip as a traveling salesman. On my arrival at Guelph I took the bus up to the hotel. A good-natured looking clerk stood behind the counter and, shoving the book over, asked me to register. He asked me at the same time if I needed a sample room. I told him I did. After a few words of greeting, I asked him if he would kindly give me the name and address of the largest and most prosperous hat and fur dealer in the city. He replied, "Why, that's easy! Granger & Company are the largest, the wealthiest, and the most progressive firm in this line of business in the West. But I will tell you right now that I hardly think you will be able to do anything with them, for they never buy from traveling salesmen. Mr. Granger himself does the buying and

he goes to Toronto, Hamilton and Montreal every two months and buys first hand from manufacturers and jobbers, and traveling men all say it is simply a waste of time to call on that firm."

I thanked him very much for the information and requested that he would have my sample trunks put into a good sample room. I made my way at once to Granger & Company's, and handed my private card to a young man at the entrance and requested that he would ask Mr. Granger to accord me an interview in his private office. He returned in a short time and said Mr. Granger would see me.

I was ushered into Mr. Granger's office and found him to be a rather good-looking, heavily built, fair-complexioned German Canadian. He was in his shirt sleeves, seated on a large swivel armchair and smoking a big black Havana cigar. He looked up from his desk as I entered and said very pleasantly, "Well, young fellow, what can I do for you?" I said, "Mr. Granger, I can do a good deal for me if you will, and perhaps I can reciprocate and do something for you. If you will kindly give me a few moments of your valuable time, for I know you are a very busy man, I will explain."

He replied: "My time is rather valuable just now, but go ahead." "Mr. Granger," I said, "I find myself in rather an embarrassing position; I am a dry goods man and not a hat man. The fact is, the only hats I have ever handled are the hats that I have used on my own head. Messrs. J. G. Glassman & Company of Toronto have hired me to travel for them at a very good salary; in fact, the best wages I ever had. When I arrived at the warehouse in Toronto, I found the

trunks already packed, locked and strapped. I had a short interview with Mr. Glassman in his office and I found him to be a very nice, courteous gentleman, but he simply handed me the keys of the trunks and an envelope containing one hundred dollars for traveling expenses and a short note, telling me to go West making my first stop at Guelph. I have just arrived, and have been told that you are the largest dealer in hats and furs in this part of the country and I want to know if you would be good enough to spend an hour or two in my sample room to-night. It will of course be an act of charity on your part, but, at the same time, it will be of the most inestimable value to me. I will give you the private mark; all the samples are marked with it so that you can see the prices for yourself, and I will also give you a special price list giving the lowest possible prices that we can name for goods in large quantities, also giving special terms and discounts to large buyers. In fact, I will provide you with all the information I have myself, and if you will take the trouble to look over the samples, you can be your own salesman and buyer at the same time. All I will ask you to do is to post me up a little bit on my own line, showing me how to pack and unpack the samples, how to lay them out and show them off to the best advantage. If you will kindly do this, I will promise on my part that whenever I have a line that I am allowed to close out less than the regular figures, you will be the first to hear of it." He listened very carefully to all I had to say, but just as soon as I was through, do you know he just sat back in his chair and laughed, and laughed, until his sides shook. My! but how he seemed to enjoy that

laugh. He had not been at it very long, when I caught the contagion and joined in, for I am a pretty good laugh myself.

Well, when the laugh "fest" was all over, he said, "Mr. Arling, I have been in this business for thirty years, and, do you know that you are the very first traveling salesman that has called at my warehouse to sell me goods, that did not know it all, and that did not come in to give me some very valuable advice and information? And you candidly admit that you are absolutely ignorant of the goods you want to sell and are frank enough to tell me so and throw yourself on my hands and ask for help."

Said I, "You have diagnosed my case exactly." "Well," he said, "I will come up to your sample room at eight o'clock and you leave the sample trunks just as they are until I arrive; I will open them, and lay the samples out myself, for perhaps you do not know it, but I am an old traveling salesman myself. I will not promise to buy anything; but, my boy, you can depend on me to give you a thorough posting on how to handle the line."

Promptly at eight o'clock he walked into my sample room and began at once like an old hand to open the trunks and lay the samples out on the tables, so that they would show up to the best advantage, for he thoroughly understood his business. He was talking all the time he worked, showing me how to handle the different lines, and explaining the difference in quality, style and finish. His explanations were so lucid that I was enabled to comprehend everything, and every bit of information he imparted to me, and I soon had

enough knowledge to give me a fair start as a salesman in these lines and a groundwork to build up further knowledge as I went on.

I had given him the price lists, the special quotations for large buyers, and the discount sheet. These instructions were very carefully written out, giving me authority to fix prices for small, medium, and large buyers, and an extra inducement to capture the trade of the customers of any of our competitors in business, especially where I found there was keen competition. Of course, as we said on the road, I had given away the whole snap; in fact, had thrown my cards on the table with the faces up.

All the time he was posting me up on my own goods, he was diligently making memoranda on a pad which he had with him. He remained with me until eleven o'clock that night and at the end of that time he had given me a pretty fair knowledge of my own line of goods. I was an apt scholar and took in every atom of information he had so kindly imparted to me, and not only this, but I had made a good friend in the trade, and one who never lost an opportunity to do me a kindness.

After giving me all the information he could think of, regarding the quality, style and finish of the different grades of goods, and instructing me how to display my samples to the best advantage, he said, "Now, I will show you how to pack your samples and place them in your trunks so that they will always come out neat and fresh looking." When he had finished giving me this last lesson, he locked the trunks and handed me the keys, telling me not to open the trunks again, nor allow

any one to see them, nor the samples, until I had seen him in the morning, and then he would explain his reasons for making the request and make me a proposition which he thought would be to my advantage; but as it was now so late he would let everything rest over night and for me to be at his office at nine o'clock the next morning.

You can be sure I was on hand at the time appointed and he was there to meet me; he was smiling all over his good-natured looking face when I entered his office. He shook my hand warmly and said, "Now, Jack, my boy, I have certainly taken a fancy to you for being so frank with me and I never did anything in my life that gave me more pleasure than I derived from helping you out last night. I have made it a rule for a long time back, not to buy from traveling salesmen, but rather to go to the markets direct and select my own goods. But I am going to make an exception in your case, and I have made you out a large order. In fact, the largest order I ever gave to a traveling man. I am giving you this order on the conditions that you do not sell to any one else in this city, and that you confine your trade directly to Messrs. Granger & Company for the city of Guelph, for I do not like direct competition in the city, if I can avoid it. I will always be your customer here and will buy more goods from you than all the rest of the hat trade put together."

Of course I agreed to his proposition at once, and thanked him over and over again for his great kindness and told him it was simply impossible for me to express in words the gratitude that I felt welling up in my heart and going out to him for taking all the pains, time and

trouble that he had taken with me, a perfect stranger and only a young lad at that, and added to this his great kindness in giving me this splendid order which would certainly put me on my feet at once with the firm, and at the same time it had lifted a big load from my mind, for I was afraid that on account of my ignorance of the goods I was trying to sell, I would fail in making sales.

In spite of all I could do, the warm tears of gratitude had forced themselves into my eyes. I held out my hand to bid him good-bye, but instead of releasing my hand, he held on to it, and said to me, "Jack, you are only a young boy yet, and have not seen much of the world. I would so much like to see you make a success of life. I am not much of a preacher, but Jack, just take this from me, an old business man: Be perfectly truthful in all your dealings with your customers and be sure and win their confidence by being absolutely sincere, and when this confidence is established, it will not only pay, but it will be a satisfaction to yourself, knowing that you have done the straight thing."

I promised him that I would certainly try to prove to him that I was worthy of his confidence. My heart certainly went out to him for his very great kindness to me and I was so grateful for the kind, fatherly interest he took in my welfare that I determined right there to do my level best so that the next time I called on him, I could look him in the face and tell him I had won out and had kept my promise.

He walked to the front door with me, still holding my hand, and as we parted he waved his hand to me, shouting "Good luck to you, Jack!" and I walked back

to the hotel with a big lump in my throat that I found hard to swallow. I was comparing the difference between the reception I received from Mr. Alfred Durand (my uncle) on my arrival at Toronto, and the whole-souled, hearty and kindly manner in which I was treated by Mr. Granger, a perfect stranger, and a man I had never met until the day before, and even then without the prestige of an introduction, but had simply walked into his office, presented my card and after a little informal chat, had treated me as though I had been his own son.

I took the first train which left for the West and resumed my journey. To me it was like launching out into an unknown sea, but I entered the train with a much lighter heart than when I left Toronto, for now I had confidence in myself and was sure I was going to win. The western trip lasted for three months and I not only made many friends in the trade, but did a fine business all along the route.

On my arrival at Toronto, I was met in a very different manner by Mr. Glassman from the way he received me when I first called on him. This time he met me at the front door of the warehouse, shook hands with me heartily and taking my arm, conducted me into his private office, handed me a chair and said, "Now sit down and tell me all about the trip, for you certainly made good as you said you would try to. Why, my boy, do you know we have had men go over that route who have been on the road for twenty years, and did not begin to do as well as you have done. But tell me! how in the world did you manage to land that magnificent order from Granger & Company—

that was a corking fine order you took from them. I can't understand it; and all in the warehouse have had their heads together ever since, trying to make it out ever since you sent the order in. Of course we acknowledged the order to Granger & Company at once, and expressed our thanks and shipped the goods according to instructions and the goods have been paid for. But still we can't fathom it. Why, we have had men on the road traveling for us who have grown gray in the service and they could not land old man Granger for a hundred dollar order, and here you come along, a nineteen-year-old boy, and sold that firm a bill amounting to over three thousand dollars. It was simply great! It was immense!" The other members of the firm and the heads of the different departments flocked in to see the—boy salesman—as they called me, and almost spoiled me with their praises.

But I kept my own counsel and did not say very much about the trip, particularly the way I got acquainted with Mr. Granger, nor did I mention this to any of my friends, nor did I satisfy any of the curiosity in the warehouse as to how I managed to land the big order, for I discovered that Mr. Granger had not said a word about it in any of his correspondence. One thing I did feel morally sure of, however, was that if I could keep the good work up for some time, I could see a good-sized salary looming up in the "not far distant future."

As it would be fully a month before it was time to take the fall trip, Mr. Glassman said to me one day, "Arling, there is not much to do about the warehouse

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just now, and as you have had such a strenuous trip, I think it would be a good scheme for you to take a week or two off and go around and enjoy yourself among your friends,—which I did, and I had a mighty good time. I remained at home, for I now called Toronto home, for a whole month and started out for a trip North, which carried me almost through the winter.

CHAPTER XVI

A TRIP THROUGH FROST AND TEMPEST

A FEW days after I returned to the warehouse from my vacation, Mr. Glassman invited me into his private office for a little chat, as he called it. He opened the conversation by saying, "Mr. Arling, just before you arrived in Toronto our western man was laid up with a very severe sickness and his doctor informed us that he would be unable to take his trip through the West for several months. As it was late in the season we found it impossible to get any one to take his place, although we used every means at our command to do so. Just then you arrived from Montreal and, after a consultation with the different members of the firm we decided, young as you were, that we would let you try it and after a few days, if we found you were not succeeding, we would wire you to come home and I would take the trip myself.

"But much to our surprise, two days after you left, you sent us in that magnificent order from Granger & Company and also made a marvelous success of the trip from start to finish. But no one can make a real success of anything without exciting the jealousy, if not the envy, of others. You have stirred up this very feeling in the breast of our western man whose route you covered, and, as he is now well again, demands his old route back. He has been in our employ for many years



It must have been midnight when it dawned upon me that we were
hopelessly lost in this big forest

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and has proved to be a faithful, hard-working man all the time.

"So, instead of sending you West we are going to ask you to go North; but to be frank with you, we have never had good results from that territory. There is only one railroad and that only extends for one hundred miles along the front from Toronto to Collingwood, so that the bulk of your traveling will have to be done with horses. You will have to put up with many inconveniences and, at times, hardships, for you will be in the open all the time. I am the only one from our warehouse that has ever made the trip pay.

"It is a beautiful and most romantic country to travel through in the summer time, but severely cold in winter with great snow storms and furious blizzards at times. The people are hospitable, kind hearted and generous, and once you gain their confidence you can do a good business. I worked up a fine trade in that territory, but we are now steadily losing it and I am very anxious to get it back."

When Mr. Glassman had finished describing the hardships I would have to encounter, he said: "Now, Arling, what do you think about it?" I replied that I was ready to go anywhere; that he had engaged me to travel for him and all he had to do was to give me marching orders and I would obey them. He said, "I like your spirit, Arling, and I am sure you will succeed."

I packed my three big sample trunks and took the first train in the morning for Newmarket. R. Simonds & Co. was the largest firm in Newmarket, so I called on them first. Mr. Simonds was one of Clayton &

Company's largest customers when I was working for that firm in Montreal. Of course I knew him very well and as I entered the door of his establishment I saw him walking down the center aisle of the store. As soon as he saw me he said, "Why, Jack, my dear boy, where did you drift from?" and putting his arm around my waist, he led me into his office. When we were seated he said, "How in the world did you come to this part of the country?" I told him of the very handsome offer made me by Glassman & Company of Toronto to travel for them; that I had accepted their offer, when they immediately sent me West. I then gave him the details of my experience with Mr. Granger of Guelph, fully instructing me how to sell hats and furs in one night, and capped the climax by giving me the largest order Glassman & Company had ever received from the western route; this order put me right on my feet with the firm and the information imparted to me by Mr. Granger helped me to secure good business all along the line.

Mr. Simonds said, "Jack, my boy, that was certainly a great stroke of diplomacy on your part, and a mighty kind act on the part of Granger. I know him well. He is a big-hearted, kindly man. It is a strange coincidence, your calling on me to-day, for I am expecting a hat and fur man to arrive by any train and I intended giving him an order. I used to buy from Mr. Glassman when he traveled this route, but have not been impressed by the class of salesmen he sent to take his place after he retired from the road. But, Jack, I will certainly call over and look through your samples. Drop in about eight o'clock and I will walk over to the

hotel with you, and if you treat me as well as you did Granger, I will try to reciprocate by giving you an order."

You can be sure I was on hand promptly at eight o'clock and escorted him to the hotel. I did with him exactly what I had done with Granger, handing over to him my printed instructions with lowest quotations on every line. We worked together over the samples until midnight and started in again the next morning at nine o'clock and finished at noon. I invited him to remain to dinner—which he did, and after dinner he made out his order and handed it to me. It was the largest order I had taken up to that time with the exception of Granger's, for it was in the three-thousand-dollar class. To say that I was delighted hardly expressed my feelings. I thanked him heartily for his order and mailed it, and received congratulations from Mr. Glassman on my success by return mail.

I resumed my journey North, taking in every town, village and crossroad, until I reached Collingwood at the lower end of the Georgian Bay. Collingwood was blessed with a fairly good hotel. Mr. Rawlins, the proprietor, gave me a very nice room. As soon as I saw that my horses were well rubbed down, blanketed, fed and watered, and with a good deep bed of straw in their stalls, I felt comfortable. I was so fond of horses that I always made a point of seeing that they had every attention paid to them before I looked out for myself. As a consequence, they were always in fine condition. I then returned to the hotel, had a good supper and went straight to bed and never woke up until seven o'clock the next morning. The windows of

my room faced the Georgian Bay, but were so blocked with snow and ice I found it impossible to see through the glass.

It was fortunate for me that I had arrived at Collingwood the night before, for on going downstairs I found that during the night a most terrific storm had swept in from the bay. The sea was so high and the waves driven with such force against the shore, that the waters almost reached the veranda of the hotel and, added to this, the greatest blizzard of the season was raging in bitter fury on land. The snow was piled up into great drifts eight to ten feet high, completely blocking up all the country roads leading into the city. The railroad was buried deep under snow, the telegraph wires were down all along the line and the poles lying prostrate and buried under this great avalanche of snow and ice.

Communication was completely shut off and Collingwood was isolated from the rest of the outside world. The mails were neither received nor sent out of the city for several days and here I had to stay with no chance of leaving for some time. At the end of a week the first mail arrived, brought in on sleighs. The train that carried it was stalled about ten miles down the track and was completely buried in the snow. The farmers in the vicinity came to the rescue and volunteered to carry it through as soon as the storm abated. Then they dug out the mail car and two of the farmers with their helpers hitched up two four-horse teams, loaded on the mail-bags and started. How they ever managed to get through was a mystery. In some places they had to dig channels through the snow-

drifts for great distances before they could get their four-in-hand teams to flounder through; but they did, for both horses and men had lots of pluck and in thirty-six hours after getting the mails they landed them at the post office in Collingwood.

In my mail, I received a letter from Mr. Glassman, written six days previous to its delivery, instructing me to start at the earliest possible moment for Penetanguishene. I found that I would have to return to Barrie by train and then drive over thirty miles with horses to get there. I wrote Mr. Glassman of the predicament I was in, that I had been locked up in Collingwood for six days, storm-bound; but just as soon as the weather cleared and the roads were opened up, I would start. I dismissed my driver and his horses and managed to get away on the train the next day. It took all that day to negotiate the forty miles between Collingwood and Barrie, but as soon as I had had supper I went around to the livery stable and secured a fine pair of horses and bobsleigh. Both horses were snow white. I had an early breakfast next morning, started at seven o'clock for the town of Penetanguishene, and expected to arrive there that evening. But, "Man proposes and God disposes," and I did not get there that evening nor did I arrive there for several days later. It took me until two o'clock to reach a roadhouse at Whites Corners. Up to ten o'clock that morning it had been threatening to storm again. I was in hopes that it would blow off toward noon but instead the weather was growing thicker all the time and about ten-thirty great black clouds were looming up in the northwest, and sharp gusts of wind kept

hurling the snow into the faces of myself and horses. The fences and all road-marks were completely buried under the avalanche of snow that had fallen in the former storm and it was very hard to guide the horses even in a clear atmosphere, but under present conditions it was doubly hard, for I could plainly see that we were in for another big storm, because right ahead of us and making straight for us, was a solid black wall of storm and clouds reaching from the very heavens to the earth, advancing with terrific fury and shutting off every bit of the landscape ahead and shrouding everything in the darkness of night. At last it broke right over our heads and came down with a roar, gathering great momentum as it advanced in its fury, sweeping up the snow in its great maw and twisting it into immense columns like water spouts.

It was now almost two o'clock and my poor horses had been plodding through the deep snow since seven o'clock that morning—seven long, weary hours—and we had only covered fourteen miles out of the thirty. It now began to look a little bit serious. The storm was still raging in its bitterest fury and although numbed with the cold and chilled to the very bone, I kept moving my limbs constantly to keep from freezing and at the same time keeping a sharp lookout for some place of shelter or habitation. But what I could not see through the dense atmosphere the horses, by some instinct or intuition, discovered, for they pulled right up in front of the road-house at Whites Corners. I was so stiff with cold, I almost fell out of the sleigh as I attempted to get out—my limbs absolutely refusing to act. I succeeded in getting inside the door of the

road-house, to find that it was crowded with a regular mob of drunken, swearing lumbermen. The proprietor, an enormously big, husky-looking man, came over to me and said, "I am sorry that you have arrived in this storm, for I have not a single inch of spare room in the house. 'This drunken bunch has swarmed down on me and have simply taken possession of the house and everything in sight and in fact are just running things to suit themselves and I am powerless to prevent them.'" I told him of the predicament I was in, that my horses were half dead and must have attention at once, or I would be stranded. He called the hostler over to where we were talking—he was a little bit drunk himself, but not so bad as the rest of the mob, and said to him, "Pat, you help this gentleman." Pat and I went out into the storm and drove the team right into the barn and unhitched the horses and gave them a good rubbing down, blanketed, watered and fed them, for they surely needed the attention.

I said to the hostler, "Now, Pat, I want you to stay by me while I am here; I am almost famished myself, and need something to eat right away; so you rustle around and find the cook and get me something to eat for I have not had a bite since six o'clock this morning. He braced up at once when I handed him a dollar bill, and certainly did all he could to help me. The forced exertion and exercise, looking after the horses, brought back circulation and I could feel the blood pulsating through my body and limbs, giving me a fresh grip on life.

Pat called me into the kitchen—the only quiet room in the house. He had pressed the cook into service by

dividing my tip with him, and between them they got me a very good lunch of ham and eggs, toast and tea. I felt much better after I had partaken of the lunch, and particularly so after drinking three cups of the hot tea. This helped to brace me up wonderfully and I began to feel like myself again. I remained at this place until four o'clock and then made up my mind I could stand it no longer on account of the pandemonium that those drunken lumbermen were kicking up in the bar-room. The drunken orgy was increasing in intensity every moment and I was fearful that before long it would end in murder, for the more they drank the more they became like wild beasts and no sooner was one fight over than another one began. So I decided to face the storm and take my chances on reaching Penetanguishene, for to stay in that drunken hole another hour was simply an impossibility. I said to Pat (who was now staying right by me), "Pat, I can't stand this any longer; that drunken bunch will drive me crazy if I stay here another hour. I am going to make another start for Penetanguishene, so come on out to the barn and help me hitch up the horses." He tried hard, and I believe he was honest and sincere in his efforts, to dissuade me from making the attempt. He said that the storm was still raging as fierce as ever and was very much afraid that it would last all night. But all his persuasive Irish eloquence fell on deaf ears, for I had fully made up my mind to get out of that hell-hole, no matter what the consequences were. I handed him some money and told him to go into the bar and pay my bill.

As soon as he returned we went out to the barn and

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found the horses in fine fettle after their fine feed of corn and hay. We hitched them up and I started for Penetanguishene right in the teeth of as bad a storm as I ever faced. The horses were feeling good after their two hours' rest and we made straight for the big woods, as the road ran in that direction, and I expected we would not have as hard going, as we would have the benefit of being sheltered by the forest trees.

It was six o'clock before we struck the timber line, but no road nor fence was visible; everything was covered with a deep blanket of snow, which wiped out every landmark. Fortunately, the wind had shifted and was now blowing from the northwest and did not strike us straight in the face as it did when blowing directly from the north. I could now see a little bit better and was enabled to pick out certain trees at a distance ahead and drive straight for them, then pick up another mark and make a bee-line for that, and so on. But as it was almost dark and the atmosphere filled with driving snow, it became harder to do this, as night came on.

By this time I was beginning to get a bit nervous, for I was now convinced that I had lost the road and did not know where we were. I then decided to let the horses have their heads and see if they could not pick out the roads themselves, so slackened the reins and urged them to go ahead. I kept talking to them all the time cheering them up as well as I could, although I certainly needed cheering up, and a good deal of it, myself.

Well, we plodded along, the horses stumbling, and sometimes falling, but they always managed to regain

their feet without my help. I had completely lost all track of the time, for my hands were altogether too cold to take my watch out of my pocket, but I knew it must be getting very late, for we had been trudging along, plowing our way through the heavy roads and drifts for a long time. All at once the horses came to a full stop, and on examining the landmarks, I found to my utter dismay that we had been traveling in a circle and the horses had brought me right back to the place from which we had started when I allowed them to have their heads and find the way themselves.

It must have been midnight when it dawned upon me that we were hopelessly lost in this big forest, and to add to my terror, I could hear the baying and howling of the timber wolves; but their voices sounded as though they were a long distance off. It had a mighty stimulating effect on the horses, for the moment they heard the sounds they seemed to recognize them at once and they were off, and nothing could hold them. Cold and numbed as I was, I now kept a good grip on the reins; my eyes were accustomed to the darkness by this time, and I saved the horses from some pretty bad falls, and the sleigh from being upset several times.

The barking and howling of the wolves was becoming more distinct every few moments, but instead of filling me with terror as I always thought it would, all my fighting blood was up in a moment; for the more they howled, the more angry I became, and I wanted them to come on. I was well armed, with two large Colt's revolvers, and cold as I was I managed to get them out of their holsters and saw that every cylinder was loaded with ball cartridge—they were seven-shooters,

and automatic repeaters at that. I placed them on the seat of the sleigh, one on each side of me, where I could get at them in a moment, but had them protected from the weather by covering them with the buffalo robe.

When all this was done, I waited for them to catch up and begin the attack, and promised myself if they did pluck up courage enough to do so, those fourteen bullets would be planted where they would do the most good, for I was a dead shot with a gun—but they never came.

What caused me the most concern was the intense cold which penetrated my whole body; my limbs were getting more stiff every moment, and I had but little sense of feeling in my hands and arms, and was so numbed with the cold I began to be afraid that if the wolves caught up, I would be so helpless I would be unable to defend myself and they would find me an easy victim. The only thing which kept life in my poor horses, for they were almost ready to drop in their tracks, was the occasional howling and barking of the wolves; these sounds would start them into a perfect frenzy of excitement, and also helped me by keeping my thoughts off myself, for I fully realized that I was gradually but surely succumbing to the cold and that if help did not come very soon it would be too late.

The storm was now so great,—more like a cyclone than an ordinary wind storm or blizzard, that the snow seemed to advance in solid banks, or walls, and blot everything out of sight and when one of these extra outbursts of fury would pass and you could again see a little bit ahead of you, even the trees took on fan-

tastic shapes and appeared like great giants or like ferocious animals of all kinds ready to attack and rend you to pieces.

Weird fancies were passing through my mind; my brain, like the storm, was in a whirl of excitement. But a sudden sharp jolt of the sleigh brought me back to my senses, for the horses, more than ever excited, had given a sudden plunge forward and had almost jerked themselves free from the sleigh. Their heads were held high and their ears pointed straight ahead as they plunged through the snow, for they saw something in the distance that I could not discover and were making all the headway they could to get to it and using every bit of energy left in their poor wearied bodies to reach something they saw through the storm.

After concentrating my gaze ahead for some time, I at last, to my great relief, saw a twinkling light in the distance and very shortly afterward the horses pulled up in front of an old-fashioned country inn. I tried to get out of the sleigh, but found I could not move hand or foot. I was simply numbed, or frozen, into the fixed position I had occupied so long on the seat of the sleigh, with my arms stretched forward and the reins grasped tightly in my hands, but was powerless to move. Fortunately, I had not lost my voice, so I shouted as loud as I could and at last they heard me, and a man came downstairs and opened the front door. He seemed to be annoyed at being wakened out of his sleep at that unseemly hour, for I found out later that it was three o'clock. He yelled out: "Why don't you get out of your sleigh and come in? Do you want me to come out into the storm and carry you in?" I said,

"I guess that is about the size of it, for I am unable to move."

As soon as he found out that I was really in need of assistance, he ran upstairs and called several men and women, and they were soon on the scene to do all they could to help me. They lifted me out of the sleigh, still in the fixed position I have described, and carried me into the barroom and laid me down on some buffalo robes they had spread on the floor. I asked them to have the horses looked after at once, for I was afraid they would die if left unattended to.

Mr. Ward, for that was the name of the hotel-keeper, told me not to fret about anything, but to keep perfectly quiet and try to get my nerves back; that his men had taken both the horses and sleigh into the big barn and that the horses were being well looked after. They stripped me and began rubbing, trying to get the frost out of my body, and found that both my hands were frozen and parts of both arms, and one of my legs. It took them a long time to rub the frost out, but as soon as they had succeeded I felt like a pincushion, and as though my whole body was filled with pins and needles puncturing every part of my anatomy, and I was filled with pain of the most excruciating description.

They were extremely kind and left nothing undone to add to my comfort and help my recovery. All the work of rubbing the frost out and restoring circulation was performed in this cold barroom, and as soon as they thought it safe to do so, they wrapped me up in blankets and carried me up to a warmer room. Mrs. Ward brought me in some hot tea, fried eggs and warm

toast. I thought it the finest meal I had ever eaten. As soon as I had eaten, and drank the hot tea, I fell into a sound sleep and did not wake up until noon. I found Mrs. Ward sitting beside me. She was very sympathetic and a kind, motherly looking woman. As soon as she saw that I was awake she asked me how I felt. I told her I never felt so sore and stiff in my life, and that every joint in my body was racked with pain and if I tried to move I felt as though I was going to break apart. She said, "You must remember, Mr. Arling, you have had a very narrow escape and we are all sure that you could not have held out much longer. It was certainly providential that you saw the light in the window of our inn just when you did, for in another hour it would have been too late. We have sent for the doctor who lives five miles from here. He is a very good man and a very skillful physician and as soon as he arrives and you are placed in his hands, we are satisfied you will be all right in a few days." Just then Mr. Ward came into the room, and seeing that I was awake he said, "I am mighty glad to see you looking so much brighter. You are going to get well and pull through all right, but, my boy, you had a mighty close call." These people were kindness itself. I had certainly fallen into the hands of good Samaritans. They had carried me upstairs as soon as I fell asleep and put me into a most comfortable bed in their best bedroom, a cheerful, neat, and nicely furnished room; a log fire was sending out warmth and comfort and the whole atmosphere of the place was restful and comfortable. Mr. Ward told me afterwards that I had slept so soundly after I had eaten the little supper they

had given me, that they carried me upstairs and put me into this comfortable bed and I had slept through the whole performance.

While we were talking, the doctor walked into the room. He was a kind, but dignified-looking elderly man, one of the old school and type of family doctor. He gave me a thorough examination, feeling my pulse and taking my temperature, which he found very high, and told the Wards that I must be kept very quiet for several days, that my nervous system had received a very severe shock, and, without absolute quiet, it might take a considerable time for me to recover. I told them the only thing that worried me was to know where I was; that I had left Barrie at seven o'clock the previous morning to go to Penetanguishene. "Why," said the doctor, "you are a long distance out of your way. You are fully twenty miles from the Penetanguishene road; you are in the village of Coldwater, not far from Orilia."

I also told the doctor that I was very anxious to get word to my firm at Toronto, for I knew they would be anxious to know where I was, so the doctor sat down and wrote a long letter at once to Mr. Glassman, telling him of my experience from Barrie to Whites Corners, and, after leaving there at four o'clock in the teeth of the big blizzard, losing my way in the forest and turning up at three o'clock in the morning at Coldwater, more dead than alive, that I had received every attention at the inn and that I was gradually gaining strength and that it was his opinion I would be able to resume my journey in about one week's time.

Mr. Glassman replied immediately, thanking the kind doctor and Mr. and Mrs. Ward for their great kindness and instructing them to spare no expense but to do everything in their power to help me back to my normal condition and on no account to permit me to resume the journey until perfectly satisfied that I was physically fit to undertake it without further risk to myself.

I was laid up at Coldwater for seven days, and for six days of this time confined to my bed, and during the best part of this time suffering with severe pains in all parts of my body. The doctor was untiring in his efforts to make me well and no one could have had better care and nursing than I received from the Wards. If I had been their own son I could not have been treated better.

On the eighth day after the blizzard, I began to feel like myself again and the doctor gave me a clean bill of health and permission to resume the journey. I could hardly find words to express my thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Ward for the kind, tender care they had given me from the time I was carried into the inn until the time I was able to leave; also to the doctor for the successful way he handled my case. And, last but not least, to the hostler for his kindness and for the wonderful way he treated the horses, for they were almost dead when he took charge of them and would have died if left in the hands of a man less skillful in the knowledge of horses than he was. He hitched them up to the sleigh and drove them up to the front door of the inn as I was saying good-bye to the Wards. Every one in the house, down to the kitchen help, turned out to see me

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off. Jack, the hostler, brought the horses up to the door on the jump; they were so full of life, they acted like a pair of young colts. I got into the sleigh, and waving them all a farewell with my whip, drove off, making a straight bee-line for the woods where I had all my troubles just one week back.

I had no difficulty in finding my way this time, as the weather had settled and had been fine ever since the blizzard in which I had nearly lost my life. I had always, up to this time, experienced a thorough loathing and horror for wolves, and thought of them as the most bloodthirsty and treacherous beasts that prowled through the forests, but now, in traveling through the same woods in which they had given me and the horses such a scare, I felt like taking my hat off to them and thanking them for saving my life, for had it not been for their incessant howling, barking and yelping, both the horses and myself would have succumbed, but they put new life and vigor into our veins and muscles by inspiring us with terror and the fearful horror of falling into their clutches, that they filled both myself and the horses with such a powerful fear that it enabled us to put forth almost superhuman efforts to save our lives, and the fright never left us until we reached the inn at Coldwater. And, strange to say, all through that night of dreadful fear we never caught sight of a single wolf, but hearing them was enough and all that was required to frighten us into Herculean efforts to escape. Therefore, I forgave the wolves for frightening us almost out of our senses and at the same time thanked them for saving our lives.

After all the drawbacks, I arrived safely at Pene-

tanguishene and transacted the business satisfactorily, although two weeks late in doing it. The weather was now delightful, the sun shining brightly by day and the moon by night. I started South on the homestretch, having visited all the places on my itinerary, and had the satisfaction of knowing that I had accomplished my purpose in making a successful trip through the North.

The drive to Barrie, this time, was perfectly delightful, especially so in passing through the virgin forests. The trees were weighted down with snow and the branches had the appearance of endless chains of magnolia blooms festooned so that they formed beautiful arches over the roads, the tips of the branches drooping from the arches like ostrich plumes, waving back and forth, silently aided by the gentle breeze which caused them to sway so gracefully.

On my arrival at Whites Corners I was met at the door of the hotel by the proprietor, who made a most profuse apology for the condition I found his house in on my way out, when the drunken lumbermen had taken possession of it. "But what in the world kept you so long in the back country" he asked. When I told him, he said, "Mr. Arling, I was never so glad in my life to see anyone drive up to my door as I was to see you to-day, for I was, and have been, afraid ever since that you had been lost in the big storm." Both he and his wife insisted that I should remain overnight with them and resume my journey in the morning, which I was glad to do, as I was very tired.

I got an early start in the morning for Barrie and reached there in two hours instead of seven hours,

which it took to negotiate the distance on my way out, in the big storm. I returned the horses to the livery man at Barrie and he was mighty glad to get them back in such fine fettle, for he said he had almost given up finding them, thinking both they and myself had been lost during the big blizzard. I paid his bill and boarded the noon train for Toronto.

I went at once to the warehouse and met Mr. Glassman in his office. He was mighty glad to see me. Before talking business, he and the other members of the firm made me give them all the details of my trip through the storm from Whites Corners to Coldwater. When I had finished relating my experience, and the others had retired, Mr. Glassman said, "Arling, you did fine on this trip—better than any other salesman covering the same ground for us, and your returns equal anything I ever accomplished myself. As you had such a strenuous time, I think you ought to take a rest for a week or two. We are not very busy just now, so go and have a good time and just let business drop out of your mind. As soon as I find we really need you, I will drop you a line at your hotel." I thanked him and as I was shaking his hand preparatory to leaving, who should walk into the office but my brother Chris. He had only arrived the night before from England. He had met Mr. Glassman that morning, but Mr. Glassman was so much taken up with my adventures in the North, he had forgotten to tell me of his arrival, but he had told Chris that I was expected that afternoon, and also of my success on the western trip, and that I had repeated it in the North. He also told him of my experience in the big blizzard

and how nearly I came to losing my life. Of course, Chris and I were mighty glad to see each other again. He took one of my bags, I took the other, and we walked over to my hotel together. We sat chatting with each other until dinner time—we had so much to talk about. He told me that on his arrival, the day before, he had made his reports to Mr. Durand and had informed him that he was going to take a couple of weeks off to rest up, and, much to Mr. Durand's chagrin, he was compelled to agree. Chris said that he was getting mighty tired of Mr. Durand's high and mighty, self-opinionated way of acting, and another thing was that he had met my friend Charlie Hurd that morning, and Charlie told him of the way uncle had treated me the morning I had arrived from Montreal. This, and other things, rankled in Chris's mind, and he made up his mind to assert himself, giving Mr. Durand to understand that he was no longer a small boy, but a full-grown man and deserving of a certain amount of consideration at his hands and expected to have it from that time on.

Chris knew that I was anxious to hear of his travels in Europe, and I certainly was, for I was most anxious to travel there myself some day, and, after listening to his recital of travel and adventure in the different countries of Europe, my mind was more firmly made up than ever to seize the first opportunity that presented itself and go.

The weather was exceedingly fine the following two weeks and the roads good, so Chris and I spent a good part of the time sleigh driving, and as we drove talked of the old times in Montreal. The evenings were

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principally spent at the homes of our many lady friends, where we were always sure of a hearty welcome, and enjoyed ourselves singing, dancing, or listening to stories told by the humorous members of the party. Of course large sleighing parties were very popular, and considered one of the winter's chief attractions, and we managed to enjoy many of them during our vacation. The two weeks soon sped away and one evening on my return to the hotel I found a note from Mr. Glassman asking me to report the next morning at the office, as he wanted me to start at once for Owen Sound and Kincardine, to look after some business which needed immediate attention. This brought my vacation to an abrupt ending.

I called at the warehouse next morning, and Mr. Glassman informed me of the business that needed immediate attention at Owen Sound, Southampton, and Kincardine, giving me full instructions and a power of attorney to act in his place. So I took the train that afternoon for Collingwood, at the end of the Northern Railroad, and that evening called on my old friend Chessman, the livery-stable keeper, and he fitted me out with a fine pair of Canadian ponies and a comfortable bobsleigh with bearskin robes, one covering the seat of the sleigh, and another, a large lap-robe lined with red flannel, and very warm. In the box under the seat was a water-pail, halters, blankets for the horses, and all necessary supplies for a long journey through the back country.

The next morning I made an early start, reaching Meaford, the first stop on my itinerary, at noon, in time for dinner. I booked two good orders here and

the next morning was up bright and early and off for Owen Sound, which I reached in time for supper. It took me two days to finish up the business Mr. Glassman had intrusted me with at Owen Sound, as well as taking some good orders, and I packed up before going to bed, so that I could get off early the next morning for Southampton.

The roads were still heavy and the traveling was hard on the horses, but they were full of grit as all French-Canadian ponies are. This particular pair were jet black, with long tails and manes, chunky built and very strong; they were a perfect pair of beauties, good travelers and willing workers. I became very much attached to them—so much so that a short time afterwards I purchased them, for I found it much cheaper to own my horses than to hire them, and another good reason was that you get to know your own horses and they very soon begin to know you, and if you only treat a Canadian pony well, he will grow very fond of you and become a great pet. After a while this pair of Canadian beauties would follow me around like a pair of dogs and were as playful as kittens, sticking their noses into my face, begging for sugar. I always carried a few lumps in my pocket for them and they soon became acquainted with the pocket I carried them in, and when I passed in front of them or allowed them to run loose in the barnyard, or pasture, they would try to get their snouts into my pocket and help themselves. I was in the habit of talking to them as we drove along, and they almost understood every word I uttered. I never used a whip on them, but if I wanted them to put on a little more speed, all I had to do was to crack

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the whip and whistle, letting the reins slacken a bit and say, "Now, kittens, get a gait on," and away they would go as happy as larks, and take as much fun out of it as if they and I were out on a regular spree. I had to climb some pretty steep hills, or mountains, during the day; one of these hills which I had to negotiate was particularly steep and wound around the side of a mountain. In some places it had been cut or blasted out of the solid rock, leaving a perpendicular flat-faced wall of rock on the right, and looking over the left edge of the road you could look down a great distance into the valley below, a sudden and precipitous drop of several hundred feet. The horses must have been over this road many times before, for they kept as far away from the edge as possible and hugged the wall of rock on the right all the way to the top. They took no chances of being hurled over the edge into the valley.

About half way up this mountain road I saw a very beautiful natural phenomenon. It was nothing less than a perfectly formed arch of water; the stream shot out with great force from a round hole in the side or center of the perpendicular rock on the right, and about thirty feet above my head. The force or pressure was so great that it not only cleared the road, but fully twenty feet beyond the edge of the precipice on my left, falling into the valley below. It was wonderful, marvelous—a perfect arch of sparkling crystal water glistening in the sunlight like myriads of diamonds, producing a fairy gossamer sheen of spray resembling the stars of the night as it silently kept up its steady onward course until swallowed up in the bowels of the earth,

typical of eternity,—without beginning and without end, for no man has ever discovered its rise or its source. It did not drip a particle of spray on the road, as the pressure was so powerful. I pulled up my horses and watched this wonderful freak of nature for some time. This stream of water was about the thickness of a man's arm and was forced out by some unseen power from the very center of this blank wall of granite rock and hurled by some irresistible force, spanning the road and dropping into a hole in the ground in the valley below and lost or swallowed up by the earth.

The view from this point was wonderfully grand and inspiring, taking in the spacious valley dotted with cultivated farms in all the clearings, fenced in by the silent forest on every side. Great hills, or mountains, standing like giant sentinels, surrounding, guarding and sheltering this beautiful valley from storm and wind and forming a background perfect in symmetrical beauty and majesty,—it was a sight never to be forgotten.

On reaching the top of the mountain and resting for a short time on the broad table-land at the apex, after the weary climb, the view became more extensive and beautiful; looking backwards the eye could take in the waters of the Georgian Bay, almost covered with ice, and the winding road over which we had traveled passing in and out through the hills and trailing along through the valleys, and forests of snow-capped trees, the branches swaying in the wind like colossal ostrich plumes, and in the opposite direction the view was bounded by the turbulent waters of Lake Huron, the intervening space filled in with forests, hills and valleys,

dotted here and there with farms and at long distances apart, small villages.

But my reverie was brought to a sudden termination by seeing something I was not looking for; great masses of angry-looking black clouds looming up in the distance sweeping in from the lake. The atmosphere had changed and it had become cold, the sun was hidden behind the dark, threatening storm clouds, and a pall of darkness settled down so that it was almost impossible to see anything but objects in the near vicinity. I realized at once that I would have to prepare to face another blizzard, so made haste to follow the road down on the opposite side of the mountain and strike the road on the lowlands leading to Southampton. I had hardly descended and reached the foot of the mountain, when the snow came down in blinding sheets; the roads were still heavy from previous storms, but soon became almost impassable for travel. Inside of an hour, the horses were floundering through great snowdrifts up to their bellies and we were making poor headway. The road led through an immense cedar swamp, filled with a tangle of brushwood and cedar trees for miles. As the land was useless for cultivation, until drained, not a house was to be seen anywhere.

It was getting on toward evening and I had not eaten since six o'clock that morning; consequently, I was ravenously hungry and so were the poor horses, who were pretty nearly used up. It was not that bitter cold which I had experienced in the Coldwater forest during the blizzard, but the cold was penetrating and the snow blinding. It did not seem to come down

in flakes, but sheets of it were blown into my face and the faces of the horses, and simply blinded us, so that they could not see the road and I could not guide them with the reins. I was beginning to lose hope of ever reaching a habitation and was certainly bewildered, when we came to a crossroad with a signpost on each corner. I reined up the team and cleaned the snow off the signboard with my long whip, for the snow was sticking to it like a plaster, fully four inches thick. It read: "Eighteen miles to Southampton." So I concluded I was a long way out of my course. As I was examining the signboard, I saw a large barn on the opposite side of the road, and I never saw a barn in my life that gave me so much pleasure to look at as this one, for I knew that every barn was contiguous to some house or habitation. I drove my poor jaded horses over, and on the corner a few yards down the road was a large two-story frame building. It was a country inn or road-house and supposed to be run by a man named Rondell. I yelled as loud as I could but met with no response, so got out of my sleigh and climbed up onto the veranda, which was almost buried in snow, but found everything closed up tight and the blinds down on the windows; I tried the latch on the front door, and found that it was not locked. I opened the door and walked in and there, right in front of me, was a man stretched out at full length on the hall floor. He was a large man and was lying flat on his face. I thought he was dead. The whole place had a dismal, desolate appearance, and was frightfully cold. I stooped down and took hold of the man by the arm. Both his arms and his legs were sprawled out at right

angles with his body and I gave him a good shake, but there did not seem to be any sign of life in him, so I turned him over on his back and let him drop rather heavily on the floor and then gave him another good shake. He responded to this by a low grunt, and I discovered he was not dead, but dead drunk. I could do nothing with him, so thought I would investigate further. I went upstairs and tried several of the doors and found them all unlocked; one of the doors opened up into quite a neat and comfortable-looking bedroom. I scrambled along the dark hall to the front of the building and opened the door leading into the front room, and saw the most pathetic sight I ever witnessed. The room was only partially furnished, but had a small lighted stove in one corner which threw out a little heat, slightly warming the room. But it was the group in the center of the room which attracted my attention. Seated in a rocking chair was a fairly good-looking woman of middle age, with the traces of former beauty still lingering on her delicate, attenuated face. Three young girls were in the same room with her, whom, I afterwards discovered, were her daughters. All had haggard features and shrunken faces like the mother, and were the pictures of despair.

A female Irish cocker spaniel occupied a clothes-basket in one corner of the room, trying to nurse a litter of puppies, and, on my entrance, tried hard to give out a warning bark, but it was a sickly attempt. All combined to make the most pathetic picture of starvation, want and hopeless despair I ever witnessed, or heard of. The mother was the first to respond to my look of sympathetic inquiry and said, "We are

very sorry, but we have no means of entertaining you, for we have no food in the house and have disposed of one article at a time to raise means to purchase the few necessities needed to keep life in our bodies until there is hardly anything left, and we have been without food since early yesterday morning. I would not say a word, if I were the only one to suffer, but I can't keep quiet and see my dear daughters starve." The girls never uttered a word, but hung their heads as if consumed with embarrassment and shame. I at last said, "Ladies, I am profoundly sorry to find you in such a plight, and if you will tell me where I can find the nearest provision store, I will soon have enough supplies to keep you going for a while, at least; but I must get my horses under cover at once or they will perish in the storm. I will just drive them into the barn and be back at once, so keep up your courage for a little while longer and I will evolve some plan to assist you."

The eldest daughter (Lucy) volunteered to help me, saying she was well up in the handling of horses and also knew where to put her hands on everything, "and, another thing," she said, "you look almost famished yourself and are not fit to do it all alone." Fortunately, she still possessed a heavy blanket coat. This she put on and tied a heavy scarf around her head. We started for the barn, passing the almost lifeless body of her father in the hall below. We managed to find a supply of hay and oats for the horses, and after feeding, watering, and rubbing them down, I gave them a good bed of straw and locked them up for the night.

"Now, Miss Rondell," I said, "how far is it to the

nearest country store?" She replied that there was a very good store kept by a Mr. Mathews just one mile down the back road, but it was bleak and barren all the way. The effort she had put forth to help me with the horses, and now realizing that I was going to the store for provisions, and saw help ahead for her mother and sisters,—for I honestly believe she never thought of her own starving condition,—seemed to put new life into her and she became quite another being. I said, "It will be impossible to take the horses out again, so I will just plow through as well as I can, for we must have provisions at once." "Do you know how to snow-shoe, Mr. Arling?" "I certainly do," I replied, "for I am a Montreal boy." "You know," she said, "we came here from Montreal and we brought our snow-shoes with us, so I will get them and go with you to the store." I was afraid to let her try it, but she assured me she would hold out all right. I put on her father's buckskin moccasins, and after adjusting the snow-shoes we started through the storm; it was a hard tramp, for the drifts in places were piled up eight to ten feet; however, we skimmed over the roads in fairly good time, but could not have gotten through without the snow-shoes. I certainly thought that Miss Rondell would drop in her tracks several times, but she was game, although she had not tasted food for thirty-six hours.

As soon as we arrived we were greeted with the odor of ham and eggs. Mrs. Mathews was cooking them in the kitchen. I took Mr. Mathews one side and explained the famished condition in which I found the family and also of my own experience that day. As

soon as he heard what I had to say he called his wife and told her to bring in everything she had that was ready to serve. In a few moments Miss Lucy and myself were eating like starved wolves, and, while we were eating, Mr. and Mrs. Mathews were packing up as large a supply of provisions of all kinds as I could possibly carry on my back. It was pathetic to watch Miss Rondell eating the ham, eggs, hot toast, and drinking cup after cup of coffee, for it was the first square meal she had eaten in months. Of course I pretended not to notice her ravenous appetite and kept chatting, cheering her up all the time. She certainly did have a good meal, and so did I.

We had eaten everything Mrs. Mathews had put on the table and at last had to admit we were satisfied. As soon as her hunger had been appeased, she turned to me and said: "Mr. Arling, I had almost lost sight of the way my poor people are suffering at the inn, in satisfying my own wants; but please let me return at once before it is too late." "Miss Rondell," I said, "do not blame yourself for one moment, for you needed all the strength you could muster up to tackle the journey back to the inn, and now, thank God, we are all right and the moment the hamper is ready we shall start for the hotel."

Mr. Mathews tied the hamper on my back with a pair of shoulder straps made of strong rope. After we had put on our snow-shoes I paid Mr. Mathews and told him that if all was well I would be back in the morning, and he promised to have some chickens roasted and other provisions ready on my arrival, and added,—when Miss Rondell was out of hearing,—that

if he had known of their sufferings he would have gone to their assistance at once. He also told me that Mrs. Rondell possessed a considerable amount of money at one time and that Rondell had squandered it all in fast living and gambling and was nothing but a drunken vagabond, and not worthy of consideration. But the ladies, too proud to complain, had suffered in silence. They had his sincere sympathy and he was heartily sorry for them.

Our conversation came to an abrupt ending, as Miss Rondell walked into the store from the dining-room. The fine meal which we had just eaten had given us both a new lease on life. We said good-bye to the Mathews and started on the home stretch for the hotel. Miss Rondell was walking at such a fast clip I had all I could do to keep up with her, on account of the heavy load I was carrying on my back. She soon realized this and expressed her deep sorrow, and slowed down the pace to meet mine.

The storm of sleet and snow was blowing directly into our faces; the snow was very deep, and the tramping was hard. I had all I could do to struggle along with the heavy load on my back. Miss Rondell pleaded with me several times on the way back to let her carry the load, if only for a short time; but of course I would not listen to the suggestion for a moment, but I certainly was getting a little wobbly in my gait.

We were only a few hundred yards from the inn by this time, but how I ever managed to cover that last lap of the journey will ever be a mystery to me, for I was just about all in as we crossed the threshold of the hotel

door. As soon as we entered the room where the ladies were sitting, I stretched out on the sofa and closed my eyes and left Miss Rondell to open up the hamper. She waited on them with but little ceremony, for they were simply starving, the hunger gnawing at their very vitals. I turned my face to the wall to save them from embarrassment, for they were eating more like a lot of hungry wolves than like human beings.

We had not forgotten the dog, although she had nearly forgotten her puppies for the moment in her mad haste to get at the food. Mrs. Mathews had made up a little parcel of scraps and some dog biscuits and a can of milk for her. Miss Rondell had soaked some of the biscuits in the milk and the poor starved brute could hardly take her nose out of the dish until it was all gone. Miss Rondell said she had not barked for days, but laid in the basket with her puppies and occasionally made a little whine; she now became quite frisky and would jump up onto the side of her basket and bark every few moments to attract our attention. The food had a wonderful effect on the three women, for they soon became quite loquacious and were willing to talk about anything.

That evening Mrs. Rondell related to me some of her sad experiences. She said she was born and brought up in England, that her father was a retired British officer fairly well off. He subsequently died, leaving her all he possessed, which gave her quite a comfortable income. She had no living relatives and lived alone. Some little time after the death of her father she was introduced to Mr. Rondell. In course of conversation he informed her that he was a man of good

family and possessed of considerable means; he was fairly good looking, a very fluent talker, and in a short time after their meeting he began to show her marked attention and became a most persistent wooer. He succeeded at last in gaining her consent to marry him. Shortly after their marriage he induced her to turn over to him for investment, as he said, a number of valuable securities, making the excuse that he was a stock-broker and could easily double her income for her. But she subsequently learned that instead of being a stock-broker, he was nothing more nor less than a common gambler; but by this time he had gotten possession of the best part of the fortune her father had left her. He was away from home a great deal, especially at night, but she was so engrossed with the care of her first baby (Lucy), she pretended not to notice his continued neglect, for at first, when she did expostulate with him for his seeming neglect, it made him very angry.

He came home one night earlier than usual, in rather an excited state of mind and said they must begin packing up that very night as important business called him to Montreal at once, and they were to sail for Canada in three days' time. He offered her no further explanation but gave her to understand that he did not wish her to ask any questions, but to simply do what he told her. She said she was so bewildered she did not know what to do. He had all her money and she was helpless, with no one to advise her, so she packed up all the things which they had and they took the steamer the following Saturday for Montreal. They had a fairly comfortable cabin on the steamer,

but her husband rarely came into it, but was continually in the smoking-room playing cards with the other passengers. He suddenly decided to remain in the cabin with her and the baby, and spent the best part of his time there reading. She asked him for an explanation. He tried to laugh it off by saying that he had discovered that the most of the men on the ship were a lot of cads and that he preferred the society of herself and the baby, and had simply cut the smoking-room out. The thought that he was going to change his mode of living and pay more attention to her comfort and take more interest in their child in future, made her very happy, but her happiness was not long-lived for she heard the steward and stewardess talking in an adjoining cabin and the steward told the stewardess that Mr. Rondell had been caught cheating at cards in the smoking-room, that he had won a large amount of money from the passengers, and that they not only accused him of it to his face, but denounced him as a thief and a professional gambler and pitched him headlong out of the smoking-room and left him sprawling on the deck. She never left the cabin again until they reached Montreal and was so mortified and ashamed she had to be helped down the companionway and assisted into an omnibus which took them to their hotel. They rented a little cottage in Montreal and from that time on had been flitting from house to house and from city to city. Sometimes her husband had money, but the best part of the time they hardly knew where the next meal was coming from.

In the meantime her two youngest daughters were born; the youngest was born in Montreal, where they

had returned after an absence of several years. He at last managed to purchase the farm, where I found them, and built this road-house. She thought then that she could settle down and have a home for her children, but the fifty acres of land had long ere this been disposed of and there was nothing left but the road-house and the barn. She said her husband was always under the influence of liquor and never came near them but to abuse them. I listened to this terrible story of hardship, misery and suffering, but did not know what to say or how to advise, for I had never in my short life come in contact with anything approaching such heartbroken and abject destitution as was brought upon these unoffending ladies by a worthless, besotted beast of a man calling himself her husband.

Mrs. Rondell had braced herself up for this terrible ordeal, for it was a heartbreak to her to have to admit her woeful position to a perfect stranger, but for the sake of her daughters she decided to tell me the whole story, for up to this time she had suffered in silence, and as I was the only one who seemed to take any interest in them, she thought that I might evolve some plan to help them out of their misery and put them in a position to help themselves. So I bid them good-night and retired to my room, but not to sleep, for I laid awake for several hours trying to work out the sad problem.

The storm kept up in all its fury for the next two days. The snow was so deep the roads were buried out of sight and impassable for man or beast. Every road, fence and landmark of every kind was buried com-

pletely out of sight. If it had not been for the snow-shoes we certainly would have starved to death. but with the snow-shoes I was enabled to make several trips to the country store and very soon Mr. and Mrs. Mathews and myself became very good friends, and they were always waiting for me when I arrived and gave me a hearty welcome.

Well, at last the storm abated and I took a tramp to the store for the last time. Mrs. Mathews invited me into their dining-room for a cup of tea and something to eat, for I was always hungry after one of these tramps, and while chatting with them I told them that if at all possible I would have to leave the next day for Southampton and that I thought it was their duty as neighbors to take an active interest in those poor deserted ladies at the Rondell Inn. I had lain awake the night before for several hours wondering what could be done to help them, for I was satisfied something had to be done and done at once, and I had come to this conclusion: That they ought to see the minister of their church immediately and also some of the prominent people of that section of the country and devise some plan to help them to help themselves and to do it in such a way as not to hurt their feelings, and that they could accept the help without wounding their pride and not feel that they were the recipients of charity.

Mr. Mathews promised me that as soon as I left he would take the matter up and would drop me a line occasionally, telling me how they were getting on. I told them if they would do that, I would try to raise a little fund to help them by making an appeal to the

traveling men of my acquaintance for subscriptions to this fund, and as I received money I would forward it to them from time to time as it came in. When I had gotten this far, they both became quite enthusiastic and assured me that they would make it their business to do all that I thought should be done. Then I outlined the plan I had evolved in my own mind the night before which was simply this: To at once see the minister and the neighbors and call a meeting at the church and decide on holding a Furnishing Bee, every one to contribute something toward furnishing the Rondell Inn, and make it comfortable so that they could supply the traveling public with good meals and lodgings as well as accommodation for their horses. If this was done it would make them self-supporting, and independent in a very short time. I also advised them to make it a temperance inn by closing up the bar and cutting out the liquor altogether, and for the authorities to take hold of Rondell and put him in some place where he could not get liquor and try to reform him.

The Mathews thought this a great scheme and promised that they would do their level best to put it through just as I had outlined it to them. I bid them good-bye and left them, feeling quite happy, knowing that Mrs. Rondell and her daughters would be put in a way of helping themselves. Subsequently, Mr. and Mrs. Mathews engineered the proposition so skillfully that the whole programme was carried out to the letter, and Mrs. Rondell with her three daughters helping her, found themselves after a short time in possession of a comfortable home, and not only making an inde-

pendent living, but with hosts of friends who took an active interest in their welfare.

I then started back to the inn and felt much relieved to think that there was now a prospect that Mrs. Rondell, for the first time in her married life, would be able to live comfortably and independent of that brute of a husband she had been cursed with.

I had been storm-bound for four days at the Rondell Inn, but during the previous twenty-four hours the farmers had turned out in great numbers with their teams, and had finished breaking the roads through, so I decided to make a start for Southampton the first thing in the morning. That evening we were sitting together in their front room and I told them that it was necessary that I should be in Southampton as soon as possible, and now that the roads had been broken through I had decided to start the next morning, but that I had made arrangements for their welfare whereby they would be provided with all necessities until they were enabled to make a fresh start; that they would hear all about that in a few days through Mr. Mathews, and advised them to be guided by him, and try to get the inn fixed up as soon as possible so that they would be in a position to receive guests when they called, and that I would advise all traveling men whom I met on the road, to put up at their house, and gave them all the encouragement I could. I will never forget their looks of gratitude for helping them out of the terrible predicament I found them in when I first arrived, and for coming to their rescue just in the nick of time. Miss Rondell, the eldest daughter, or Lucy, as they all

called her, said she wanted to give me a little keepsake, and as she had nothing else to give, she wanted to know if I would not accept one of the little puppies. I knew it would please them to take it, so I agreed to accept the gift, and promised that I would not part with it as long as it lived, and it would always remind me of their constant friendship. They made me make the selection myself and I picked out the little black and white dog; a perfect little beauty, and it grew up to be a beautiful dog and was my constant companion.

Miss Rondell helped me get out my horses next morning; they were in fine trim after their four days rest. I said good-bye to them all and made a fresh start for Southampton. As the day was fine, I could see them standing on the veranda of the inn, waving their handkerchiefs until I passed out of sight. The roads were very heavy, and, as a consequence, I could not make very rapid headway but did manage to get to my destination that evening. I transacted the business in Southampton according to instructions and left the following day for Kincardine. From here I struck across the country, calling at a number of inland towns and villages and in time reached Collingwood, where I returned the horses to the owner and took the train for home, landing that evening at Toronto, with my dog. We had become great friends by this time, and he was also a prime favorite at the hotel and became the "Star Boarder" and pet of every one in the house.

This was the last trip I made that winter, and as there was to be no more traveling until we started out with the fall goods in May, I looked forward with

pleasure to a restful, quiet time in Toronto for the following two months, enjoying the society of the many kind friends I had in that city, and getting ready for the fall trade. Mr. Glassman very kindly told me as I had had a rather strenuous winter of it, I was at liberty to take a few days off whenever I wanted to go out with my friends, and advised me to do so, and go and have a good time, which I did, and a little later in the spring spent a good part of my time on the beautiful Toronto Bay, boating and fishing.

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And with that, grabbed one of my revolvers and fired

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CHAPTER XVII

ENCOUNTER WITH A HIGHWAYMAN

IN all my travels I never visited a city where the people are so universally enthusiastic over aquatic sports as are the inhabitants of the City of Toronto. As spring approaches you can see great numbers of them on any fine day scattered along the wharves and docks watching the ice as it slowly disappears from the bay, so that they can resume their favorite pastime in rowing or sailing over the placid surface of the beautiful sheet of water called the Toronto Bay. Spring has arrived, and instead of everything being dormant, as it has been all through the long winter on the waterfront, all is now bustle and activity, getting ready for the boating season.

Quite a party of us, young men and women, were watching the ice slowly floating out through the lower gap one beautiful April afternoon. We decided that it would all be gone by the following Monday, and agreed to have our first boating party on the afternoon of that day. The party consisted of Chris, Charley Hurd, Susie Ralston, Nora and Bessie Langhan and myself. Chris and I owned a very fine skiff, large enough to carry six persons comfortably. We had just received it back from the man who had overhauled and refinished it from stem to stern. Charley Hurd owned one which was almost its mate. They

were a splendid pair of boats. We decided to invite a number of others to take up the capacity of both skiffs—three boys and three girls to each boat.

The Misses Langan invited the boating party to take tea at their home the following Monday evening, when they returned from their cruise. When we met at the wharf the following Monday afternoon, as agreed, sure enough the ice had disappeared; not a vestige of it was to be seen, so we entered the boats, Chris and I at the oars in our boat, with Susie Ralston at the helm; Charley Hurd's skiff followed in our wake. We had a delightful time on the water, making the circuit of the bay twice; but as the air was chilly, concluded we had had enough for the first boat ride of the season.

When we arrived at the Langan's we were ushered right into the dining-room and took our places at the table, where we were provided with a most charming supper and an abundance of everything. We were all mighty hungry and we did ample justice to the supper. Seated next to me at the table was a very lovely and charming young lady—one of the invited guests to the boating party; she was Miss Lizzy Gillman, of Brantford, a most vivacious and witty girl, besides being extremely good looking. In course of conversation I told her I was about to start on a business trip North, but would branch off at Owen Sound and drive down the Garafraxa Road to Guelph, afterwards taking in Simcoe and Brantford. "Do you think you will be in Brantford toward the latter part of June?" she asked. "Yes, Miss Gillman," I replied, "it will be just about that time that I expect to reach Brantford."

"The reason I asked you the question, Mr. Arling, was that we always have a garden party at our home at about that time; I want you to drop me a line as soon as you find out the exact date that you can be in Brantford, and I will try to arrange matters so that you can be with us, for I am anxious for you to come." I assured her I would keep her posted as to my movements and immediately after hearing from her I would start for Brantford.

Susie Ralston was one of Toronto's leading sopranos, while Lizzy Gillman had a very fine contralto voice. During the evening they entertained us with both solos and duets, and, as Chris had a beautiful tenor voice, I sang baritone; we also contributed to the music of the evening, rendering a few of the duets which we were in the habit of singing together.

It was fully midnight before the impromptu concert was brought to a close and we started for home. To my sorrow, I detected one note that was not in tune, and out of harmony with its joyous surroundings, and that was: I noticed that Chris avoided meeting Susie Ralston, rarely turning his eyes in her direction during the whole of the evening. This made me feel very sad, for I was sure they had been engaged for some time. Although Susie appeared to be happy and enjoying herself, I could easily see that the smile on her face was forced. I always knew that she was very much in love with Chris, and thought he was with her. What the trouble was I could not fathom. Subsequently, Charley Hurd told me that while I was out on the road Mary Winton had given a dance and supper at her home in "Queen's Park" and that Susie

had danced three or four times in succession with Harry Latham. He was a good-looking fellow, a cashier in one of the banks, but not liked by other men and looked upon as a sort of a cad. Chris had taken umbrage at this and upbraided her for doing it. She resented his right to dictate to her as to her actions, they quarreled on the way home, and Chris had not called on her since. I had noticed all the evening that poor Susie was fretting about something, for whenever an opportunity presented itself she would manage to sit by me as if asking for my protection or my intercession for her. I was placed in a very delicate as well as an awkward position and I did not know what to do.

At last we said good-night to our kind, hospitable hostesses and started for home in the moonlight, carrying the music with us out on the Kingston Road, and sang in chorus all the way home. Before saying good-night to Chris, I said to him, "Old man, do you know that I feel mighty sorry to notice that you and Susie do not appear as friendly as usual? I sincerely trust that nothing of an unpleasant nature has arisen to mar the happy relations that I always thought were eventually to culminate in your marriage. Pardon me for saying this, but I think so much of you both, that it is a matter of the very deepest concern to me." Chris did not say anything for a short time. He seemed to be perplexed, and at the same time he looked angry. At last he said, "Jack, Susie Ralston and I were engaged to be married, but that is a thing of the past. The engagement is broken off; I have returned her letters to her, and from now on, she will be nothing to

me. I shall esteem it a favor if you will never mention her name to me again. If any one but yourself had spoken to me as you have, I would have answered them in a very different way; so please let the matter drop forever." I saw there was no use in my trying to prolong a conversation which seemed so objectionable to him, so I dropped it, bidding him good-bye, as I expected to leave for the North the next day, and we parted.

The next day, as I entered the warehouse, Mr. Glassman was waiting for me at the office door and invited me in. As soon as I was seated, he asked me how long it would take me to get ready to start for the North and West. I told him I had everything ready then and could leave on the afternoon train; which I did, and arrived at my first stopping place (Newmarket) that evening. Of course I saw Mr. Simonds at once and after finishing my business with him resumed my journey through the North, visiting every town and village on the railroad. And then, with my team of Canadian ponies, took in all the back country from Collingwood through to Kincardine. I called at the Rondell Inn on my way, and was agreeably surprised at the transformation which had taken place not only in the road-house and its surroundings but in the occupants of the hotel. Mrs. Rondell and her daughters certainly did give me a very warm reception and were mighty glad to see me. The buildings, fences and barns had all been freshly painted. The inn looked the picture of cleanliness in its new garb of spotless white with green trimmings and moss green roof. The barns and outbuildings had also been

repainted as well as the fences, so that there was an air of thrift and prosperity pervading the whole place. Mrs. Rondell and her daughters looked so happy, and delighted to be enabled to let me see that they were prospering. Of course I had the dog with me which they had given me on bidding them farewell the time of the big storm. I had christened him "Blizzard" and took him into the house to introduce him to his mother, but she spurned him. Blizzard was so good-natured about it that she at last relented, and they had a great romp together that evening in the sitting room.

After supper was over we sat until late, chatting and relating our experiences since we last met. They all had so much to tell me that I allowed them to do the best part of the talking, for they all had something to say about their new start in life. Mrs. Rondell treated me as though I was her own son and the girls as if I were their brother. I was more than delighted to find them looking so happy and contented. On looking at my watch I discovered that it was near midnight, and, as I wanted to make an early start in the morning, I bade them good-night and retired to my room, which the girls had christened "Jack's Room," for I had occupied it on my first visit; but what a change had taken place in its appearance since then. It certainly looked very comfortable and inviting with its pretty chintz curtains, carpet, and many little homemade adornments scattered around the room and on the walls; a large bouquet of wild flowers on the table in the centre of the room helped to make the room look cheerful and the atmosphere fragrant.

I was up early in the morning, but early as it was the Rondells were up before me and had a very appetizing breakfast prepared and ready to serve. As soon as breakfast was over, Bob, the hostler, brought my ponies around to the front door and before getting into the wagon, handed Mrs. Rondell the money for lodging, which she strongly objected to taking, but I succeeded in leaving a five-dollar bill in her hand as I was bidding her good-bye and, with many expressions of gratitude and good wishes from both her and her daughters, drove off leaving them standing on the veranda of the hotel before waving their hands. When I passed the bend of the road and they were lost to view. But the difference at the parting was remarkable. The first time I left four forlorn, discouraged women, but this time the same women were cheerful, bright and happy, filled with a new faith, waving their handkerchiefs in farewell and wishing God speed on my journey. It certainly warmed the cockles of my heart to see it.

The day was so fine, the roads so good, and the country landscape so beautiful that even the ponies caught the inspiration and carried me over the road to Southampton in jig time. The next day I concluded my business here and was enabled to leave for home that afternoon. When I got through Gardiner I struck across through the back country, visiting the places on my itinerary, and in due time reached Green Sound.

The proprietor of the hotel came up to me just as soon as I drove up to his door—he was an old acquaintance of mine—and asked me where I had driven

from. I told him I had left Kincardine about two weeks back and had driven across the back country. He looked rather surprised, and said, "Were you not afraid of meeting Townsend and his gang?" I said I was not. "Well," he said, "he and his cut-throat gang have held up a lot of people round here and the last holdup was in the big woods or forest which I had passed through. Townsend had the whole countryside scared almost to death. Even the mothers of boys who liked to stay out late at night, by telling them that Townsend was in the vicinity, could so frighten them that they were glad to take shelter in the house. This Townsend was an outlaw and received the credit of having committed three deliberate murders and had been sentenced to be hanged, but in some mysterious way had made his escape. Since that time he had been hiding away in forests, swamps and mountain districts until he had drawn to himself all the outlaws and murderers in his vicinity who had not been apprehended by the authorities or had broken jail and escaped. Various estimates of their numbers were made, some saying he had as many as seventy-five in his gang, although no one knew for a certainty how many there were; but every crime that was committed for a long time was attributed to him, and many crimes were committed and the perpetrators escaped punishment by being the first to advertise the crime, putting the responsibility on Townsend, and stories of his crimes increased as they traveled, by exaggeration, so that if Townsend had committed one-half of the murders he received credit for, it would have taken up all his time, and the poor man would not have had time to

even eat his meals in comfort. There is no doubt but that Townsend and his gang had thrown a mighty big scare into the North Country and part of the West, for everywhere I traveled, the first question that was put to me at every town, village or crossroad that I called at, was: "Did you meet Townsend?" or, "Were you held up by Townsend?" I did not take much stock in the wild rumors I heard at every hand, and just traveled along with my ponies and my dog Blizzard as if Townsend never existed.

Well, at last I got away from the many excited people who were asking me all kinds of questions and went into the Owen Sound Hotel to get my letters and answer my mail. I received a letter from Mr. Glassman giving me instructions to drive from Owen Sound to Guelph, over the Garafraxa Road, a splendid piece of macadam and the finest road in that part of the country, a drive of about seventy-five miles. I was mighty glad to drive over this road, as I had heard so much about it, so the next afternoon I started, and I can assure you it was a refreshing change after the experiences I had just passed through on the mud roads of the back country. The ponies thought it fun to travel over this road, it was as level as a billiard table.

I called at all the towns and villages scattered along this road and arrived at Guelph on a very fine day in July. A trunk full of fresh clothes met me here from Toronto and I can assure you I needed them after two or three months traveling over mud roads, and when dry, simply smothered in dust. After a fine bath I donned my new togs and had lunch. I walked

over to Mr. Granger's, met him at the front of his store and he invited me into his office and gave me a very hearty reception. He seemed mighty glad to see me, as I was to see him. He slapped me on the back and said, "Now, my boy, sit down and tell me all about it. You know I am an old traveling man, and although I have not been on the road for a good many years, yet I am still very fond of hearing about everything that is going on, especially in the North, for I stumped that ground for a good many moons."

So I sat with him all the afternoon, telling him of my many experiences. I told him how nicely Mr. Simonds, of Newmarket, had treated me and what a good customer he had been ever since, and how well he had spoken of him. Then I described to him the trip to Penetanguishene and how nearly I came to losing my life in the great storm, of the kindness meted out to me by the hotel man and his wife at Coldwater, and what a kind reception I received from Mr. Glassman and the other members of the firm on my return to Toronto. I also told him of the many happy days I spent at Toronto and of the efforts of my friends to make me enjoy myself while off duty; and then I described my horror at the condition I found the Rondell family in when I was storm-bound at the Rondell Inn for four days,—Mrs. Rondell and her three daughters on the verge of starvation; how the neighbors came to the rescue as soon as their condition was made known to them, and contrasted that with the happy, contented position I left them in just three weeks back.

Of course, I told him about Blizzard and the ponies, and he wanted to see them right away. He was greatly

interested, and seemed to enjoy listening to me describing my life and experiences on the road. He then told me to go back to the hotel and lay out my samples and that he would run over at eight o'clock and go over them with me. But after a little coaxing on my part, I got him to change this programme and to come to the hotel at six o'clock and take supper with me.

On my return to the hotel I ordered a first-class beefsteak supper, with all the fixings, which we both enjoyed immensely, and then spent the whole evening together in my sample room. As soon as we entered the sample room I handed him a list of special prices and told him to help himself—which he did, and the next day handed me the largest order I had ever taken, which he had made out from the memorandum he had taken the night before.

I invited him to come out with me for a drive, as I wanted him to see my ponies in action. I hired a very pretty double buggy; it was a new one and was quite a stylish-looking affair. My own harness was of the very newest design, all hand-sewed and trimmed with silver mountings and made of the finest patent leather. So I had my ponies hitched to this handsome buggy and drove to his house for him. As soon as Mr. Granger saw the outfit he almost went into ecstasies over it and said he thought it the prettiest turn-out he ever saw. We took a very long drive through the country and he was perfectly delighted with the ponies; they trotted so beautifully together and were such fine travellers. Blizzard was with us and came in for a good share of petting. After we had covered about twenty miles I drove him home again and he said he

never remembered having had such a beautiful drive. I thanked him over and over again for the magnificent order he had given me, bade him good-bye and the next morning made an early start for Galt.

After working up the trade in Galt, I called on all the towns and villages on that route, and on Friday evening arrived at Simcoe. I had a good-sized mail waiting for me here and among the many letters was one from Lizzy Gillman, of Brantford, giving me a cordial invitation to a garden party to be held at her home the following Monday evening (she was the young lady I had met at supper at the Langhan home after the boating party, on the bay). And I decided to drive to Brantford the next evening (Saturday) as the nights were almost as bright as day, the moon being at the full.

I finished up my business the next day at Simcoe and at the supper table that evening, I was dining with the proprietor of the hotel, George Burtram, I told him I was going to drive to Brantford that evening and would start at eight o'clock. "Why, Arling," he said, "you surely are not going to take the risk of driving through the big cedar swamp to-night?" I told him I had heard so much of Townsend that I was sick of the name; and had driven through so many swamps, forests, and over mountains where everybody said I was sure to meet Townsend and his gang, and had never caught sight of him, I was almost skeptical enough to say that I did not believe that there was such a man or gang in existence. But, Townsend or no Townsend, I was going to make the trip; and make it that night. When he found out that I was really bent

on going, he said at first he thought I was crazy; but as I had fully determined to go, he would lend me one of his Colt's automatic revolvers. I laughed at the idea, but to humor him I took it, although I had a fine thirty-eight Colt's of my own in my trunk. I told him of it, but he said I ought to have two, and advised me that as soon as I entered the eleven-mile swamp to take the guns out of their holsters and lay them down on the seat of the wagon—one on each side of me, where I could get at them quickly if I needed them.

So at eight o'clock I started for Brantford; a lot of fellows were standing in the front of the hotel and when they saw me drive off, headed for the Brantford Road, they said I was a blamed fool; but if I wished to take the chances, why that was my business, but that they wouldn't do it for a farm. Of course they all thought, and really believed, that Townsend and his merry men were encamped in the swamp. But I did not, and that was the difference between us. It was a lovely night; the moon was shining brightly in a cloudless sky, and the firmament was studded and bedecked with millions of twinkling stars; but it was quite cold for midsummer; so much so, that I had to wear my overcoat. The roads were fine and smooth. It was a fine corduroy road that ran straight through the swamp and the logs were well covered with gravel and rolled so that the driving was light, and, as the ponies were feeling good they were traveling at a fast clip.

Just as we got to the middle of this lonely swamp road, a man stepped out from the cedar trees which lined both sides of the road, and stood with his arms

upraised, and yelled out: "Hold on, young fellow, I am going to take a ride with you." I yelled back at him: "Not much, you see not!" and with that, grabbed one of my revolvers and fired. I did not try to hit him, but fired right over his head, and let the ball pass him so close that he could almost feel it; for I was a dead shot, and could have hit him if I desired. He never uttered another word, but darted back instantly into the woods where he came from. But the shot had a wonderfully inspiring effect on the ponies. They had never heard a gun fired up to that time. They just made one jump, clean into the air, and when they landed they had the bits firmly grasped between their teeth and were off. I could not hold them, but tried my best to guide them and keep them on the straight road. Blizzard looked upon it in a different light and thought it was all fun, and kept up an incessant barking, jumping up and down in the wagon and making a great noise. This all added to the fright of the ponies, and they just flew over that road as if "Old Nick" was after them—never stopping for one moment until we emerged from the woods and swamp at a little village named "Scotland," and came to a dead stop right in front of the hotel. There were a lot of saddle horses tethered in front of the hotel and they tried to stampede, being frightened at the noise made by my outfit, and the noise we kicked up brought the owners of the horses out in a hurry to find out the cause of the racket. They turned out to be a "Sheriff's Posse," all well armed, and said they were going to try and bag Townsend and his gang, as they were quite sure they were camped in the swamp. After hearing my story and the experience I had coming

through, they were more convinced than ever they were on the right track, and mounted their horses and were off in a gallop to try and nab them.

Without any further excitement I arrived at Brantford. At breakfast next morning I met two very old friends at the hotel table—both traveling men from Montreal,—Bill Jackson and Tom Moran. After breakfast, we started for a walk along the banks of the river. As it was still quite chilly, I had kept my overcoat on, and on putting my hand into the pocket I discovered that I had not taken my revolver out of the pocket, where I had placed it the night before. Jackson and Moran were amusing themselves finding small flat stones and making them skip along the surface of the water. At last I got interested myself in the sport and took a hand in it with the rest. Moran and I spied a perfectly smooth, flat stone about the thickness of a silver dollar and about the same size; we both jumped for it at the same time, but in stooping down to pick it up, the revolver dropped out of my pocket with the handle pointing downwards, and, in falling, the hammer came in contact with a rock as it reached the ground, causing it to discharge; as I was stooping over it at the time, with my left hand almost touching the barrel, the ball passed right through my hand, entering between the third and fourth finger and without breaking a bone, passed upward clean through the hand and came out near the wrist. No bones were broken by the ball in its passage through the hand, but several arteries were severed. I was wearing a low-cut white vest and a white shirt at the time, and a small piece of the flesh that was blown off the back of my

hand landed on my shirt front, right over my heart, and the blood was trickling down from it. Knowing I was shot through the hand, though I felt no pain, nothing but a dull throbbing sensation produced by the wound, I thought I was surely shot through the breast as well, when I saw my blood-bespattered shirt front. So I called out to Jackson and Moran, "Boys, I am afraid I am done for; I think the ball has penetrated my breast!" But as soon as Moran removed my shirt, he found that it was not so; that the only wound I had received was in my hand, and that was bleeding very profusely. Both Moran and Jackson used up all the handkerchiefs we had between us in trying to stop the flow of blood, but without success. So we started to walk back to the hotel to get medical assistance as soon as possible.

We had noticed some small boys playing near by before the accident occurred, but they had disappeared. But just as we started to cross the bridge near the city we saw the chief of police and four policemen coming toward us, and the boys we had seen, heading the procession. When we met at the center of the bridge, the chief stepped forward and told us that we were under arrest. Moran asked him what he had arrested us for, and the chief replied: "For fighting a duel with pistols." It appears that as soon as the boys had heard the shot and saw me fall, they had run all the way to the city and told this story to the police. Of course Moran and Jackson made explanations, which were perfectly satisfactory to the chief and he made an ample apology. As soon as he and his men discovered that I was badly wounded, they did everything in

their power to help me to get to the hotel as soon as possible.

The chief sent one of his men forward to find a doctor and have him at the hotel as soon as we got there. I was very weak from loss of blood and needed all the assistance they could give me. It was a mighty fortunate thing the chief and his men were with us; as it was Sunday and the people were just coming home from church and thronged about us in such crowds that if it had not been for the police, it would have been impossible for us to have gotten to the hotel; the curiosity of the crowds was so great on seeing the chief of police and four policemen escorting a wounded man and his two companions. We were surrounded by a vast mob of curious people at once, and the chief and his men had a hard time in stemming the tide, and, as they pushed them back, they fell in behind forming quite a procession all the way to the hotel.

I was taken to my room immediately and the doctor began at once to examine the wound, probing for the bullet through the wound in the back of my hand, thinking that the bullet was in, or near, my wrist. I had not taken an anæsthetic and the pain was very severe. I could stand it no longer, and asked him why he did not probe toward the front of my hand between the fingers, and as soon as he reversed the direction of the probe, he discovered that the ball had passed clean through the hand from this point and had made its egress just below the wrist. The blood had coagulated where the ball had entered between the fingers and covered up the wound where it had entered. It never penetrated his thick brain that it was possible

for the ball to enter any other place than the back of the hand where he first discovered the wound; and he put me to all this unnecessary pain. He then washed my hand, removing all the clotted blood (which he should have done in the first place), before beginning to probe for the bullet.

I lost confidence in this country doctor at once; but when he told my friend Moran that he thought it would be advisable to amputate my arm between the wrist and the elbow, I was more convinced than ever that he did not know his business, and I told him at once that neither he nor any other doctor would be allowed to amputate my hand. "But," said the doctor, "are you aware that if mortification sets in (as it is apt to do in hot weather) that it may cost you your life?" I replied that if it did, then I would die with both hands on; and I was prepared to take all the risk. He seemed to be much annoyed that I would not allow him the pleasure of removing my hand, but I preferred to reserve to myself the pleasure of keeping it on. After this little passage at arms, he again washed and dressed the hand, bandaged it, and put it in splints; as soon as he left, I made Jackson and Moran promise to put me on the early morning train for Toronto; for I was afraid that during a period of unconsciousness he might amputate the hand. He certainly had me in a very nervous state, and, having lost so much blood, I was easily frightened.

So they woke me up out of a sound sleep next morning at five o'clock, and took me to the train in a comfortable carriage. As I was well acquainted with the conductor of the train, as soon as he learned the facts,

had a comfortable bed made up for me in the day coach, as there was no sleeping car attached to that train. Shortly after the train started I began to feel quite light-headed, and, for the first time in my life, I fainted right away. There were some very kind-hearted ladies on board and they took charge of my case at once. When I recovered consciousness, I found a number of them standing around my bed; and to my utter surprise I found one of them to be Lizzy Gillman. She had heard of the accident, and called at the hotel the night before to find out the particulars. The proprietor of the hotel introduced her to my two friends, Moran and Jackson, and they told her all about the accident and as to my condition, but said they were both afraid to let me travel alone to Toronto. She relieved their minds at once by saying, "Why, gentlemen, I would not think of allowing such a thing to happen; I will go on the same train and will remain with him and see that he is properly taken care of until he reaches Toronto." Then she told them that she was to have had a garden party that night and that I was to have been one of the guests, but that on account of my accident had postponed it to a future date; and hoped they would be in the vicinity of Brantford at the time, and gave them both a hearty invitation to be present—which they both gladly accepted. Anyhow, I was well fixed for nurses, with Lizzy Gillman bossing the job, and, from what I heard subsequently, I sorely needed their help, for I had fainted several times between Brantford and Toronto.

We arrived at the city at noon. Chris had been informed of the accident by wire and was waiting at the

station with a doctor, to meet me on my arrival. The doctor accompanied me to my hotel and gave me every attention. When he had removed the splints and bandages and had thoroughly cleansed the wound, he simply said that I had lost considerable blood and had suffered a good deal of pain which affected my nervous system, and, being very weak, I must remain in bed for three or four days and take a good rest and I would be right as a trump in a short time, but would have to keep my arm in a sling for a month or two. He denounced the Brantford doctor for ever suggesting the idea of amputating my hand and said it was a clean shot wound and there never existed a reason for taking my hand off. He was a fine fellow, and had me on my feet before the end of the week.

As the traveling was now over for the season, I had not lost any time by being laid up from the effects of the accident, and was at liberty to take it easy and nurse my hand.

Chris, Charley Hurd, and some other fellows, with a number of young ladies, arranged a series of drives, garden parties, boating parties and entertainments of various kinds for my entertainment; so that I did not have much time to indulge in the blues, for something was on the cards all the time to take up my attention, and they certainly did give me a most enjoyable time.

During the three weeks I spent in Toronto, before leaving for another trip on the road, I took advantage of an opportunity which presented itself, to have another talk with Chris about Susie Ralston. I had hardly broached the subject when Chris said, "Now, Jack, please cut that out; I have finally made up my

mind, and it is all over between Miss Ralston and myself and you will greatly oblige me by not referring to that subject again." And as I saw that he really meant what he said, much to my sorrow, I had to drop it; for I could easily see that it only annoyed him. My hand healed up very rapidly, and in a few weeks was as well as ever.

CHAPTER XVIII

SUCCESS AS A COMMISSION MERCHANT

MR. GLASSMAN called me into the office one morning and informed me that our western man was again laid up with his old complaint (rheumatism) and would be confined to his bed for some time; he asked me to take his trip over the western route and would like me to start if possible the following Monday morning, making my first stop at Guelph, and covering the whole of the western territory.

So I boarded the early train on Monday, reaching Guelph by ten-thirty; Mr. Granger being my only customer in that city, I called on him at once. I spent two whole days with him and the order he gave me was a surprise—amounting to over six thousand dollars, the largest order ever received by our house from a traveling salesman. Mr. Glassman simply overwhelmed me with congratulations in his reply to my letter in which the order was inclosed. I worked very hard, early and late; it was straight business from start to finish on that trip. Mr. Glassman and the other members of the firm showered me with compliments on my return, saying that it was the most successful trip ever accomplished by any salesman from their house. I had had such a strenuous time on the trip, I really needed a rest, and Mr. Glassman advised me to take one for two or three weeks.

I had worked very conscientiously for Glassman & Company for the past two years; but in all that time had never asked them for an advance in my salary, although Mr. Glassman had twice during that time given me a raise of one hundred dollars. But I had been working for a record, although quite well aware of the fact that I was earning a great deal more money than what I was receiving for my services; and I thought that the time had arrived to bring the matter squarely before them, now that they had all admitted that I had accomplished more than any salesman they had ever employed. But I did not want to hurt Mr. Glassman's feelings in making my request, for he had been very kind to me and I appreciated his friendship.

A few days later I was in his office, and said to him, "Mr. Glassman, I am no longer the young boy you engaged to travel for you two years ago; but by hard work and persistent effort have gained experience and to-day, according to your own admissions, I am doing more business, and, as a consequence, making more money for you than any man you have ever employed as a salesman. And still you are paying three times the amount of salary to some in your employ that you are paying me, and admitting at the same time that my services are more valuable to the business than theirs. Is this right? I have made a great deal of money for you during the last two years, but am still receiving the wages of a junior traveler. But I think the time has arrived when I should receive remuneration for my services commensurate with my earning capacity and not according to my age."

Mr. Glassman gave me a very courteous hearing

until I had finished talking and then said: "My dear Arling, you know we all appreciate your efforts and acknowledge your abilities, but you must remember you are only twenty-two."

"Mr. Glassman, that is the very point I am trying to make," I replied; "age, to my mind, has nothing whatever to do with the argument,—but the value of service rendered. I only ask to be paid for what I earn." Mr. Glassman simply smiled, for he knew I was right, and asked me the question: "What salary do you think you should have?" "Twenty-five hundred dollars, Mr. Glassman," I replied, "for I am earning it." He almost gasped when I mentioned this sum. "My dear boy," he replied, "if we were to advance your salary to the amount you mention, we would have to increase the wages of every single man and boy in the house. We have men in our employ that have grown gray in the service; they are not asking any advance in their salaries; then why should you?"

"I have answered that question," I said, "and the answer is, as you very well know,—I am earning it. If I can make from eight to ten thousand dollars a year for your company, I think it reasonable to suppose I could at least earn one-third of that amount working for myself. But as we do not seem to look at the proposition from the same viewpoint, I think the only thing for me to do is to hand you my resignation; but, in doing so, I wish to thank you for all your kindness to me ever since I entered your employ. My intention is to handle a line of goods that will in no way conflict with yours, so that we can always

meet on the same friendly terms that we do now, for I value your friendship more than I can tell you; and, if you would only add to your past kindnesses by giving me a letter which I could use as a reference; this would help me very much in New York to secure the agencies I am after." I also told him of the class of goods I wanted and he promised to write me the letter at once; and added that he was extremely sorry to have me leave, and urged me to talk the matter over with Chris before I made a final decision, but, in any event, to come in and see him again before long. So I parted with Mr. Glassman on very good terms, regretting in one way that I had to sever my business relations with such a perfect gentleman.

Mr. Thorburn was the American Consul at Toronto at this time, and I was a frequent visitor at his home, as his two sons and I were very good friends. When I had finally made my arrangements to start for New York, I called on Mr. Thorburn and was shown into his office; I told him that I had resigned my position as traveling salesman for Glassman & Company and of my intention to visit New York to try and secure agencies for certain lines, to act as their representative in Canada. He asked me if I was sure I had been well advised in taking this important step. So I outlined to him the conversation I had had with Mr. Glassman, word for word, as near as I could remember it. Mr. Thorburn said: "Why, Jack, I had no idea that you had made the turnover for Glassman & Company that you say you have, and I really think you are right; if you can make ten thousand a year profit for Glassman & Company you can surely make one-quarter of

that amount for yourself. I have a very old and a good friend in New York City, a Mr. Wyman, of the Dun-Wyman Mercantile Agency—he is an old Toronto boy. I will give you a letter of introduction to him with much pleasure. I will also write him a personal letter and mail it to-night, which will prepare him for your coming. When do you expect to start?" I told him I expected to leave the following Monday morning. He said, "That will just work out fine, for my letter will reach there in the Sunday morning mail and he will get it with his letters on Monday morning."

I had never visited New York, but always had the desire to go there; and now that my ambition was so soon to be gratified, I was all excitement until the day arrived when I was to make the start. I took a great deal of pains to see that my wardrobe was in good condition and up-to-date; for I had always worked on the principle that a well-groomed man, other things being equal, had the advantage.

The following Monday morning I boarded the steamer "Chicora," crossed the lake, connecting with the train at Lewiston for New York, and arrived there that evening.

After breakfast next morning at the Astor House, I walked up Broadway to Dun, Wyman & Company's offices; I handed my card to a page at the door and asked him to deliver it to Mr. Wyman personally. In a few moments he returned and conducted me into Mr. Wyman's private office. Mr. Wyman met me at the door and handed me a chair next to his own and said: "So you are the young man my friend, Mr. Thorburn, of Toronto, has been writing me about; I have just

received his letter in this morning's mail; your name is Arling, is it not?" "Yes, sir," I replied, "and Mr. Thorburn gave me another letter addressed to you, and told me to hand it to you myself," and I handed him the letter. As soon as he had read the letter, he said: "I see by the letters Mr. Thorburn has written, that you have come to New York on some business project, but he does not say what it is. Now, Mr. Arling, what did you come to New York for? and if I can serve you in any way, it will give me pleasure to do so."

So I gave him a brief outline of my business experience in Canada, and to prove my statements, handed him my order books so that he could see for himself the amount of trade I had secured for Glassman & Company. He then suggested that I should jot down on a piece of paper the classes of goods I thought there was a large demand for and that I was sure I could place in quantities in Canada. When I had furnished him with this memorandum he told his messenger to call Mr. Anderson, the chief clerk, into the office; Mr. Anderson came in at once, and Mr. Wyman introduced me to him by saying: "Mr. Anderson, this is Mr. Arling, of Toronto. He is a friend of my old college chum, Thorburn, of whom you have heard me speak. Thorburn has written me a very strong letter in which he says that if I can do anything to help Mr. Arling secure the business connections he is trying to form, he will esteem it as a personal favor. Now, Mr. Anderson, I want you to take Mr. Arling in charge while he is in New York and help him in every way that you can; first of all, I want you to find out the names

and addresses of the leading manufacturers in the lines Mr. Arling has enumerated; they will all have offices in this city,—and invite the agent in charge to call at my office to-morrow morning at ten o'clock. They can then meet Mr. Arling; he can then present his proposition, and I think it will meet with their approval. I also wish you to put yourself at Mr. Arling's disposal while he is in the city, and do all you can to help him; for he has my absolute confidence—as no one could get my old friend Tom Thorburn to write the letter he has written me about Mr. Arling unless he was sure of his facts."

"Now, Mr. Arling, go with Mr. Anderson to his office; post him thoroughly on what you want and he will make all necessary arrangements as soon as you give him the facts to work on. In the meantime, while Mr. Anderson is doing this, you might take a run out and see some of the sights of New York; but be sure to be here at ten o'clock in the morning to meet the gentlemen invited by Mr. Anderson to the conference."

As soon as Mr. Anderson became acquainted with my plan, he dictated letters to each of the manufacturers' representatives whose names and addresses he copied from the files, inviting them to call on Mr. Wyman the next morning at ten o'clock, and sent the invitations by special messengers.

"Now, Arling, we have done all we can for to-day," said Mr. Anderson, "and if you wish, I will be glad to go out with you and show you a bit of New York. What do you think of it?" Of course I thanked him and at once accepted his kind invitation. He had a carriage and driver waiting for us at the door. We

drove from one point of interest to another all the morning, and at one o'clock he took me to his club and had a fine lunch. In the afternoon, we boarded a steamer for Coney Island; took in all the sights there, dined at the Manhattan Hotel, spent the evening watching the fireworks and listening to the music of one of New York's best brass bands. It was a day of unalloyed pleasure and I was more than grateful to both Mr. Anderson and Mr. Wyman for their hospitality and helping me to perfect my business arrangements, which of course I could not have accomplished unaided.

The next morning I met Mr. Anderson at his office at ten o'clock. He gave me a very warm handshake and a kindly smile on greeting me, and hoped that I had had a good night's rest after the strenuous day he had helped to give me the day before, trotting me around New York. I told him that I would always feel indebted to him, for I had never enjoyed a day's outing so much in my life and it would give me something to think about for many a long day.

In a short time, the six representatives of the manufacturing companies to whom Mr. Anderson had written the day before, arrived. Mr. Anderson introduced me to each one as they entered the office. They all looked a little bit surprised at my youthful appearance. Mr. Anderson asked me to step into the next room for a few moments as he wanted to have a few words with them alone.

In my absence, Mr. Wyman walked in and had quite a talk with them and read Mr. Thorburn's letters in their hearing; also informing them that in several

conversations he had had with me, I had corroborated all Mr. Thorburn's statements by producing documentary evidence which proved all he had said. Mr. Anderson also assured them that he was convinced that their interests would be perfectly safe in my hands.

I was then called into the office by Mr. Anderson and asked to repeat what I had told Mr. Wyman and himself of my business experience in Canada; which I did—I also said that by coming into close touch with some of the largest dry goods merchants throughout the country I discovered that a very large turnover could be made in their several lines, were it possible to sell the goods direct to the merchants in Canada at first hand, thus eliminating the profits of the middle man; that I was prepared to sell their goods for them to the Canadian trade direct and all the extra profit the merchant would have to pay was the five per cent commission which I charged for selling the goods.

After a short conversation among themselves, they decided my arguments were good, and to give me the agencies for their several lines for Canada. Mr. Anderson made out a rough draft of the agreement, which was satisfactory, and it was handed to the firm's lawyer to make out seven copies which were subsequently signed by each of the representatives and myself.

That afternoon, six bundles of samples arrived at my hotel; a complete line from each one of the manufacturers for whom I was now the accredited representative for Canada. I felt so thankful that the great problem was solved which had been racking my brain for the past twelve months. My only anxiety

now was to get back to Toronto as soon as possible, go to work and produce results and prove that I was worthy of the confidence placed in me by Mr. Thorburn, Mr. Wyman and Mr. Anderson, as well as the representatives of the manufacturers who had intrusted me with their business.

The following morning I called on Mr. Wyman and Mr. Anderson to say good-bye and thank them for their great kindness. I succeeded in doing it, but not to my satisfaction, for my heart was full to overflowing with gratitude which my lips were unable to express. But they understood how I felt, and wished me all kinds of good luck as I parted with them.

Shortly after my return to Toronto I wrote letters to both of them and I am sure that on reading them they realized I was not ungrateful for what they had done for me.

I very soon found an office to my satisfaction and the very next day called on the proprietor of the largest dry goods house in the city—a fine Christian gentleman—one whom I had known for some time; after explaining my business by informing him I had been appointed the Canadian agent for six of the largest manufacturing houses in the United States and giving him quotations, which were so much better than he had been paying for the same goods, he became interested at once and called the two buyers for this class of goods into his office and between them they made out orders for goods which netted me over six hundred dollars in commissions. I was more than glad to be able to forward orders to each of my houses inside of ten days after leaving New York.

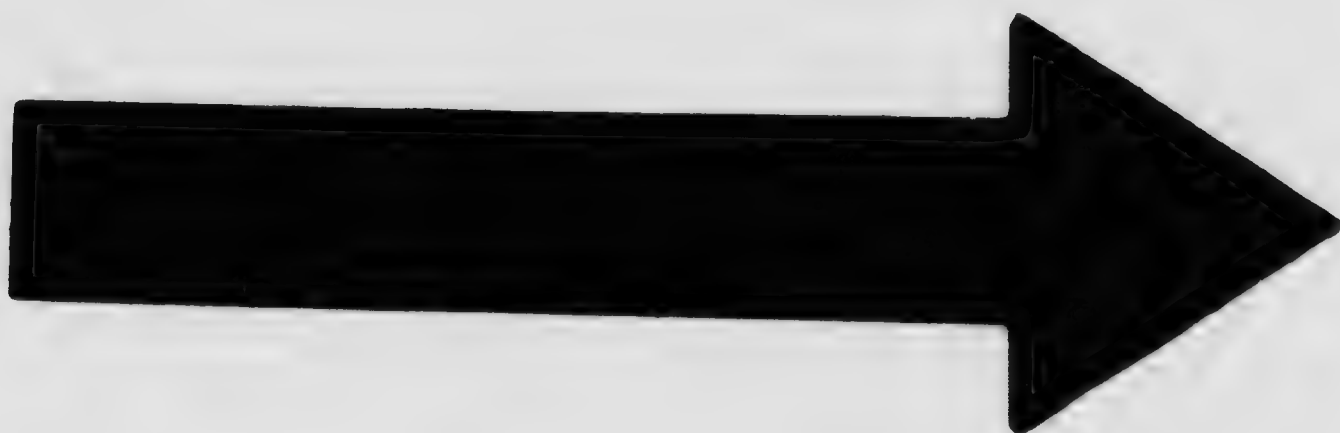
I must admit that I began to feel my head swell at the success which crowned my efforts during the following few weeks, for I had sold a much larger quantity of goods than I ever had anticipated and received such flattering letters from my New York houses that I had to take myself to task one evening when sitting in my room, after having had a very successful day, and said to myself: "If a little extra prosperity is going to swell your head and make you proud, it were much better had you not met with it," and decided that evening for all time, that I was not going to allow either prosperity or adversity to make any difference in my actions, but would try to meet all conditions as they presented themselves like a man, and not allow them, in the slightest degree, to alter or interfere with my feelings or actions.

A few days after this heart-to-heart talk with myself, I met Mr. Glassman at the door of his warehouse. He shook hands with me very cordially and invited me into his office. "Why, Arling, my dear fellow, I am very glad to see you, for I am certainly glad to hear you are doing so well! Now, tell me all the news, particularly as to your welfare, for I am more than anxious to see you do well." "Yes, Mr. Glassman," I answered, "I am certainly doing much better than I had any reason to expect in so short a time; I was satisfied I could make a success of it if I could manage to get hold of the right agencies; but through the kindness of Mr. Thorburn, the American Consul, I was introduced to Mr. Wyman, of the Dun-Wyman Mercantile Agency, New York, and through his great influence I was enabled to accomplish in a

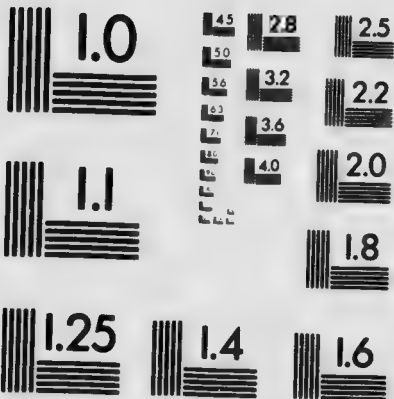
few days what I thought would have taken me months to achieve. Mr. Wyman and his chief clerk, Mr. Anderson, put me on a solid footing at once with the cream of the manufacturing industries in the United States, for the lines I was interested in. This gave me the start I had wished for so long and I am building up a fine connection with the large trade. I have only been working for six weeks, and yet in that time I have cleared one thousand dollars in commissions. I am trying hard to prove to Mr. Thorburn, Mr. Wyman and Mr. Anderson that their confidence has not been misplaced. But the most beautiful part of it all is, that these gentlemen seem to be as much pleased at my success as I am myself."

Mr. Glassman congratulated me on my bright prospects, but warned me not to allow a little financial success to spoil me; for he said it had been proved that thousands of men were able to struggle along through adversity where but few could stand prosperity. I told him I had already taken myself to task on that very subject, and was going to try hard to remain normal. He bade me good-bye and urged me to call and see him again soon; and, if I needed a friend, or advice at any time, to come to him.

I liked the business and it went on prospering, so that at the end of the first six months I had cleared three times as much money as Glassman & Company had paid me for a whole year's service.



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CHAPTER XIX

UNEXPECTED RESULT OF SYMPATHY

ONE evening I was walking along King Street and a young man, or boy, I should say, for he was only seventeen, accosted me. He was a nice-looking lad with a good, honest-looking face and large blue eyes, but had the appearance of having passed through hard times. I asked him what he wanted. He hung his head and said he was hungry and had not eaten a bite that day. His appearance certainly bore out the truth of that statement.

I looked him over carefully and asked him where he came from. He said he had been brought out from England two years ago, with three hundred other boys, by Miss Rye. "Miss Rye" was a philanthropic English lady who picked up homeless lads on the streets of London and other large cities in England, and brought them out to Canada or Australia and bound them out to farmers; and most of them turned out well and became good citizens. But he said the farmer and his wife to whom he was bound were very cruel and treated him so badly that he had run away and had stolen rides on railroad trains and farm wagons, but at last had arrived at Toronto early that morning. He had tried hard to get a job, but failed; and as he had no money he had not had anything

to eat since the night before. So I told him to come along with me; I took him to a cheap restaurant on York Street and ordered a good meal for him; I watched him, without his noticing that I was doing so, and he certainly ate more like a hungry dog than like a human being. I became very sorry for him. I allowed him to eat all he could hold; and then walked along the street with him and questioned him as to his history.

He was so frank, and apparently sincere in all that he said, I became greatly interested in him; and the thought came into my mind: "Other men, perfect strangers, have been mighty kind to you and have given you a good start in life; now, why not pass it along—as you promised yourself you would do, if you had a chance—and help this poor, homeless English lad." I asked him his name and he said it was "Walter Owens."

"Now," said I, "Walter, if I try to help you, will you try to help yourself?" He said, "Oh, sir, if you will only give me a chance I will do all I can to please you and will certainly try my best to do what is right." So I told him I would; and if I found that he behaved himself and was worthy, I would put him in the way of making a man out of himself.

I then took him to a ready-made clothing store and fitted him out with a complete outfit from his new shoes to his hat. The storekeeper told me of a clean, moderate-priced boarding house near by, where I secured a room for him with board. I told the landlady his story and asked her to look after him. I then advised him to take a bath at once and go right

to bed and have a good sleep; and in the morning to put on his new clothes and meet me at my office at eight o'clock. I paid the landlady a week's board in advance and left him in her hands.

I was wondering if he would turn up in the morning and make good as he promised; but, sure enough, when I arrived at the office the next morning, there he was standing at the door waiting for me. He made a very presentable appearance in his new outfit and was really a very nice-looking boy; he was clean and neat, his hair nicely combed and brushed, with scarf neatly tied, and his face all wreathed in smiles; he came forward and said, "Mr. Arling, I will never forget your kindness to me last night and for giving me this chance; for if it had not been for you, I really think I would have starved." I took him up into the office and had a long chat with him and wound up by saying that I had decided to employ him; and, if he behaved himself and acted right, I would try to make a good man out of him; and then told him what his duties would be and gave him instructions how to begin.

He started in with a rush and seemed most anxious to please me in everything and whenever I showed the slightest appreciation of his efforts, it seemed to nerve him on to try and do better; I never set him to do a single job that he did not do his level best to finish to my complete satisfaction. He was at my heels wherever I went, and was always pleased when I allowed him to go to the hotel with me and if I had any chores to do of any kind, he was only too glad to do them. I was living at the Rossin House at this time;

sometimes I did certain work in my room after dinner in the evening, and when he knew that I had taken any work home with me that I had not been able to finish during the day, he would never fail to turn up and ask to be allowed to help me; and if I had nothing for him to do, of his own volition he would take my clothes out of the wardrobe and bureau drawers, brush and whisk them well, and as I had shown him how to fold them up and put them away, he became an expert and could do the job as well as I could do it myself. He always had my shoes and rubbers polished and cleaned, and they were ready for use at any time. He kept himself busy constantly doing something for me, without my telling him, and attached himself to me to that extent that everybody in the hotel knew him as my boy, and called him "Arling's Tiger," and all pronounced him the most faithful lad they had ever heard of.

This had been going on for months; he never seemed to grow tired of trying to show me that he was grateful for what I had done for him. One evening I told him I would not need him that night, as I was going to a very large affair, or, as they called it, an "At Home," at a friend's house, and as I might not get home until late, I would not need him that night. But as Barnum's Circus was in the city, I handed him fifty cents and told him to go there and enjoy himself. He thanked me for the fifty cents and started off in great spirits for the show. I then put on my dress suit and took a cab and started for Queen's Park, where the home of my entertainer was situated. I met some very lovely people there, for the first time, from Ham-

ilton, Dundas, Brantford, Peterboro and other places, nearly all the near by cities and large towns had representatives at this very large function. The house and grounds were very beautifully illuminated and it was one of the most largely attended affairs I was ever invited to. There must have been at least four hundred people scattered through the house, and its spacious grounds, enjoying themselves in different ways. A very large marquee with a polished cedar floor had been erected on the lawn, where scores of couples were enjoying themselves dancing to the music of an orchestra of twenty pieces. It was certainly a brilliant affair and the guests did not begin to depart until the early streaks of dawn began to appear. I arrived home at my hotel at about four o'clock in the morning, and as soon as I entered my room I discovered that some one had been there ahead of me and had removed, or stolen, the whole of my wardrobe and belongings; I had rather an extensive wardrobe, too, and considerable jewelry, as well as two very fine trunks; but everything was gone, with the exception of an old trunk in which I put my soiled linen for the laundry. This trunk was partially filled with soiled linen, but underneath the things I had stowed away was two hundred dollars in silver money which I had not been able to bank that day. Of course the thief, or burglar, did not get this.

I rang my bell and the night clerk and night watchman came up and were thunderstruck when they saw the condition of my room and discovered the extent of my loss. They at once woke up the proprietor of the hotel and brought him up to my room. I was just as

much at sea as to the solution of the affair as they were. The proprietor of the hotel immediately sent one of his men to the Central Police Station for a detective officer, and in a few moments returned with Detective Short, who began as soon as he entered the room asking me questions as to who had access to my room, when I had left it last, and as to the condition it was in when I started out the evening before. Then he sent for the two colored porters who were on duty the evening before, and as soon as they arrived asked them who had taken the trunks from my room; but they positively declared that no trunks had been removed to their knowledge. The detective was absolutely mystified. I had to borrow a business suit; fortunately my tailor happened to have one which he had just finished for another customer, who, on hearing of my plight, kindly allowed me to have it; for I did not have a single suit of clothes to wear to the office, as every suit was missing but the dress suit I had on the evening before. The measurements of the borrowed suit were exactly the same as mine, so the tailor induced his customer to let me retain it and he would make him up another at once.

When I arrived at the office Walter was waiting for me at the door and expressed the greatest surprise when I told him of the robbery, and denounced the perpetrator of the deed as the meanest scoundrel he had ever heard of. He advanced the idea that it must have been one of the other boarders at the hotel who had stolen my wardrobe, as no one had seen the trunks leave the house and they could not possibly have been taken out without the knowledge of the hall men, and

they had positively declared they had not seen them removed.

Detective Short came in very soon, and put Walter through a regular third degree examination; but he stoutly declared he had gone to the circus immediately after leaving me and never once went near the hotel. He at last began to cry and called on God to strike him dead if he had told either myself or the detective anything but the solemn truth. And so it remained a mystery for some time.

Three or four weeks after the robbery I was in a hurry closing my mail for the day and just before locking up I remembered that I had to buy some underclothing before going back to the hotel; and before closing the safe, I took two ten dollar bills out of the cash box and put them into the breast pocket of my overcoat which was hanging on the rack. I then went back to my desk, pulled the lid down and locked it. Walter, in the meantime, had covered up all the goods on the sample tables with the long cambric sheets which we used for that purpose; as soon as he was through I picked up the letters and we walked out of the office together, and I locked the door and put the key in my pocket.

He and I went down the two flights of stairs and emerged on King Street. As soon as we got out into the fresh air, I found that it was very cold, and I had not brought down my overcoat with me; so I handed the office key to Walter and told him to run upstairs and fetch my coat. He started off at once and ran up the stairs, but I had to wait for quite a little while before he returned, and when he did come down I

asked him what kept him so long. He said he found that some of the samples were not thoroughly covered and he remained long enough to cover them properly. I thought no more about it, but bade him good-evening and walked down town to attend to my shopping.

When I had completed my purchases, I took out my purse to pay for them and found that I did not have enough money, but then thought of the two ten dollar bills which I had put in the breast pocket of my overcoat, and found that there was only one bill in my pocket instead of two; and I was positively sure I had put two ten dollar bills into my overcoat pocket, and could not imagine what had become of the second bill. For the first time since the robbery, it flashed into my mind that Walter had taken it, for he had seen me put the bills into the pocket of the overcoat and then hang it on the rack. I immediately walked over to the Central Police Station and met Detective Short coming out of the door, and told him what had happened. He said at once: "Do you know, Mr. Arling, I have suspected that boy from the very first, and have

been watching his movements ever since the first morning I questioned him at your office. Let us go to his boarding house immediately, before he has time to change his clothes." We met Walter sitting on the stoop in front of the house, and, without any preliminaries, Detective Short said to him: "I want you to come up to your room as we want to speak to you in private." He made a movement as if going to make a run for it, but Detective Short grabbed him by the arm and in a very different tone of voice said, "Come in, sir! We will have a lot to say to you now."

We took him up to his room and the detective closed and locked the door. Walter's face changed at once from the habitual smile to one of intense anger and he said, "What do you want of me, anyway?" The detective said, "I want that ten dollar bill you abstracted from Mr. Arling's overcoat pocket; hand it over at once!" As Walter hesitated, the detective told him to hold up his hands, and without the slightest hesitation, went through his pocket. The first thing he took out of his hip pocket was a good-sized revolver, and handing it over to me, said: "Do you think, Mr. Arling, it is at all necessary for a boy like this to carry a thing of this kind in his pocket? I think not! We will now find the ten dollar bill." He made Walter strip,—but found nothing. He then said, "Now, young man, take off your shoes and stockings." As Walter refused, he tumbled him over on the bed and soon had them off and right up in the toe of his right shoe found the ten dollar bill.

"Now," said the detective, "what have you done with all the clothes and other things you stole out of Mr. Arling's room? and, I will tell you right now that if you own up to the robbery and make a full, clean breast of it, giving us all the facts, and who helped you to carry the trunks out of the room, it will go easier with you when you are tried before the magistrate." Walter saw that the game was up, and, begging for mercy, made a full confession. He said he had stood in the street the night of the robbery and saw me leave the hotel in a cab; and about an hour afterwards walked in and told the two hall men that I had received a telegram to leave on the ten o'clock

train that night for Montreal, and that I had sent him to pack up my two trunks and as soon as they were packed he would let them know and they could come up to the room and help him down with them. He said that every one in the hotel knew that he was my boy, and no one interfered with him. The two porters carried the trunks downstairs and loaded them on an express wagon which he had hired, and he got up on the seat with the driver, and they drove to his boarding house. He found that there was no one in the house at the time, so they carried the trunks up into the attic; for it was seldom entered by any one and he knew they would not be discovered, it was so hard to get at.

Among other things which he had taken the night of the robbery was my large traveling satchel, which he left in his room for several days so that the landlady would get accustomed to seeing it. He afterwards told her that I had given it to him; and, of course, as her suspicions were allayed, he had no trouble in taking the clothes out,—a few at a time, in this satchel, and disposing of them or pawning them. The detective then went up to the attic and found the two trunks, but they were almost empty, but did find several pieces of my jewelry, and a number of keepsakes which I prized; these, of course, I took away with me. Walter had stowed them away at the back of one of the bureau drawers, and in the satchel. The detective put all the things into the two trunks, with the exception of the jewelry, and as I had the keys, I locked them.

We then called the landlady up to the room and told

her the whole story. She at once turned on Walter like a wildcat and said, "So you are the thief that has been robbing the rooms of the other boarders, are you?" She said that ever since Walter had come into her house, things had been missed by the other boarders, and Walter himself had lodged the greatest number of complaints, but at the same time had acted so nice about it all, and sympathized so deeply with those who had been robbed and was so active in trying to find out the thief, and even offered to sit up at night and watch the house while the others slept, that no one for a moment had suspected him. She denounced him as an ingrate for the way he had treated me; after lifting him out of the gutter and feeding him and clothing him when he was a homeless beggar. She was so inflamed with anger and indignation, that I really believe she would have half killed him had the detective and I not interfered.

Walter was taken to the police station and locked up. The next day he was brought into court and tried for his crimes. A large part of my wardrobe had been recovered and was piled up on one of the tables in the court room.

It came out during the trial that Walter was an old offender and had been convicted of theft on several occasions. The judge sentenced him to ten years at hard labor in the Kingston penitentiary.

Of course I would not wear the stolen clothes again. So they were sold by one of the court attendants to a second-hand clothes dealer for thirty dollars, which I gave to the detective.

I visited Walter at the penitentiary several times

during his incarceration, but he simply scowled at me and acted as though he thought I had done him a great injustice. After serving his full time he was liberated with two other convicts, and, the very night of the day they obtained their freedom, they broke into a wholesale grocery warehouse and were caught red-handed in trying to blow open the safe.

Walter was again tried, and, on account of his previous convictions, was sentenced to twenty-five years in the same institution he had been liberated from only a few days previous; and only tasted the sweets of freedom for twenty-four hours.

CHAPTER XX

KATY—AND HER SISTER

I HAD succeeded beyond my best expectations in the commission business. The American manufacturers, whom I represented in Canada, were more than pleased with my efforts and lost no opportunity to let me see that they were more than satisfied with all I was doing for them. I had worked up a fine connection—principally with the large wholesale trade; and, as a consequence, I only visited the cities and large towns, and did not require to be on the road more than one-half the time; the other half of course was spent in Toronto, with an occasional run down to New York. I had become acquainted with a great many very nice families in Toronto and was invited out (but always with Chris) a great deal; for we were noted all over the city for our singing together both duets and solos, and, added to this, we were both considered pretty good story tellers. On one occasion of this kind, in the course of the evening, Chris, Tom MacCutcheon, Charley Hurd and myself, were having a chat in one corner of the large parlor; we four were very great friends and always chummed together. As usual, we were talking about boating and decided that yachting was the best summer sport in the world. At last I said, "Boys, what's the matter with our owning

a yacht of our own?" "Mac," for that is what we always called MacCutcheon, and Chris, became quite enthusiastic over the suggestion at once; but Charley Hurd did not seem to enthuse quite as much as they did. By and by he started off and began chatting with some ladies at the other end of the room; but we kept up the conversation on boating, and yachting in particular. I told them I was going on a trip very soon to Montreal and intended calling at all the large cities and towns in the East on my way back, including Kingston.

Mac said, "Jack, if you are going to Kingston why not go and see O'Gorman (he was the leading yacht builder in Canada), for I have known him since I was a small boy and if we order a yacht from him, I am sure he will turn us out a fine boat; one to be proud of, and at a reasonable price. You know Kingston is my home; mother lives there still, in the old homestead next door to O'Gorman's; his son and I are of the same age and we were constantly together until we grew up. He went to Montreal and I came to Toronto. When you see O'Gorman, Jack, be sure and tell him that you want a yacht for Chris, yourself and Tom MacCutcheon, and when he hears that I am to be one of the owners, he will certainly do the right thing by us." So we decided to purchase a yacht and have it ready for the next season's boating.

After this decision was finally arrived at we turned our attention to the great throng of people who were passing through the parlor in which we were sitting. For some little time back Chris acted as though he had lost all consciousness of our presence, and was

looking very intently at some object or person at the other side of the room; his eyes fairly glistened with the intensity of his gaze. I said to Mac in a sort of a stage whisper, "What in the world has come over Chris? He seems stage-struck." "Why!" said Mac, "don't you see that new beauty from Ottawa? I mean the one talking to Charley Hurd. Charley is fascinated with her and is at her beck and call all the time. I heard only yesterday that they were engaged to be married." I looked, as directed, and sure enough, she was a very beautiful girl of about twenty, medium height, with a wealth of light auburn hair slightly tinged with gold and done up in a high, coquettish style by some skillful French coiffeur, which made her look much taller. She carried herself very erect, with her head thrown back, so that her handsome face could be seen by everybody present. She had large hazel eyes, bow-shaped lips, though rather thin, but when parted in smiling or laughing, disclosed a most immaculate set of teeth, as white and even as Oriental pearls; her complexion was rather florid if anything; she was most beautifully gowned in a white satin dress trimmed with white lace, and long train. The only thing about her appearance which I did not really like was her walk; she seemed to glide rather than walk, with very short light mincing steps as if her feet hardly touched the ground, but carried her shapely figure with the air of a queen.

She certainly seemed to have the faculty of drawing men to her side by some magnetic influence and held them so that they considered themselves amply repaid for their attentions to her, if they only received

a smile or a nod occasionally. But I noticed at the same time that she did not seem to have the same drawing powers, nor was she able to exert the same influence over her own sex, which she exercised to such a large degree over the men, for there were but few ladies in her immediate vicinity.

Chris seemed to have made up his mind to a certain course of action, and left us in a most uncere-
monious fashion and went into the next room. In a few moments we saw him return with the hostess of the evening, Mrs. Wheaton. She was leaning on his arm, and he conducted her directly to the corner of the room where Miss White (for that was her name) was entertaining her coterie of admiring swains. Mac and I walked over to see what was going to happen. Mrs. Wheaton said, "Miss White, I am very anxious to make you acquainted with a very dear young gentleman friend of mine. Allow me to introduce you to Mr. Chris Arling. Mr. Arling, Miss White." "Why, Mr. Arling," said Miss White, "I am charmed to make your acquaintance. None of my lady friends have even volunteered to introduce us! I am much afraid they feared I was going to run away with you and steal you from them, for certainly every one I have met so far, among the ladies, at least, seem to think they have a little mortgage on the Arling brothers; isn't that so? and I really wanted to meet you." Chris was a very handsome fellow, but rather susceptible; and seemed greatly pleased that she admitted the desire to make his acquaintance. They very soon got into an animated conversation and she monopolized Chris for the rest of the evening, much to the

apparent disgust and resentment of the rest of her many admirers. Mac and I were not introduced, nor did we seek an introduction; but returned to the seats in the corner of the parlor where we were having such a nice conversation. We both noticed the intimacy which sprang up so suddenly between Chris and Miss White; I certainly became a little bit anxious on Chris's account, for I perfectly well knew how easily he could fall to the wiles of so beautiful and fascinating a young woman as Miss White appeared to be; and who seemed to have the power to charm or cast a spell over the men who came inside her circle of acquaintance. So I began to size her up, as we boys used to say. She did not seem to have the wholesome, sincere charm of manner I admired so much, and possessed by so many of the young girls who made up the bulk of my acquaintance. So I said to Mac, "What do you think of Miss White?" "Why, Jack, that is rather a poser," he replied; "I would hardly like to express an opinion, for I really am not acquainted with her; of course I have seen her several times at the houses of different friends, but have usually been engaged in conversation with somebody else, when there was a possibility of an introduction." "Well," I said, "that is tantamount to saying you do not want an introduction to her, is it not?" He replied: "Perhaps you are right, Jack, but somehow I have got it into my head that she is not sincere; and I abhor insincerity." "That is just the conclusion I have arrived at myself," I said; "she is certainly proud, haughty, imperious and vain. And that being the case, she must also be selfish; and all these, in my mind, are

unpardonable sins; but in saying this I hope I am not doing her an injustice."

"But," said Mac, "she belongs to a good family; her father is a celebrated physician; her mother is a beautiful woman and appears to be a very amiable lady. They are stopping at the Morrisons' and I hear that Mrs. White's sister is married to the elder Mr. Morrison; so they must be nice people, don't you think so?" "Yes, Mac," I said, "that may all be very true, but, after all, family connections have little to do with individual character. Sweet, wholesome, sincere girls are generally beloved by those of their own sex; and I fail to see many of our nice girls making much of a fuss over Miss White. She seems to be able to draw men to her all right, but not girls—and girls know girls a thousand times better than we do." It is a strange thing to admit, that here I was twenty-two years old, and was acquainted with scores of nice girls and liked and admired them all, and was fond of their society, and yet had never fallen in love with any of them up to that time. The only time I ever came near to it was with Susie Ralston, Chris's fiancée, after their engagement was broken off, but she was so much older than I, it was out of the question. Yet I do not believe I was really in love with her, but allowed myself to grow fond of her for the reason that I thought she was to have been Chris's wife. So that when the engagement was broken off, I felt so sorry for her and sympathized with her so deeply that for a while I really thought I was in love with her; but it was a mistake, for I had never been in love with any one.

A few days later I was walking down Yonge Street,

when I came face to face with Mr. and Mrs. Morrison, Mrs. White and her daughter, Miss White; they were out on a shopping tour. Mr. Morrison had always expressed a kindly feeling of regard and friendship for me, but was particularly fond of Chris, and frequently said he considered Chris the most intelligent and the brightest young business man in the city of Toronto. And of course in entertaining the Whites at his home, and his wife being Mrs. White's sister, he had lost no opportunity of sounding the praises of Chris in their ears. Mr. Morrison hailed me and said, "Jack, you are the very boy I wanted to see, for I am anxious that you should meet Mrs. White, my wife's sister, and also her daughter, Miss Mary White," and introduced us there and then. Mrs. White was a very handsome woman of forty or forty-five. She was tall, and carried herself very erect; extremely dignified, and, like her daughter, I could easily see, conscious of her good looks, which of course made her proud and vain; but at the same time, unlike her daughter in this respect: her face possessed a look of kindly sympathetic amiability. She expressed her great pleasure at meeting me, saying that she had met Chris frequently during the past few evenings at the Morrison house, and sincerely trusted that I would make it a point to call and see them often during their visit to the city.

Then it was Miss White's turn, and, in her gushing way, said that she was simply delighted to meet me, for having formed the acquaintance of my brother Chris, and finding him such a magnificent fellow, and such a general favorite with every one, she was sure

we would become fast friends very soon. Then she took my arm and insisted I should walk with them for a while, for they were in no hurry to go shopping. She was certainly a great talker, but the subject of her conversation from the time we met until we parted, was "Chris." She thought him such a lovely man, perfect in almost everything, and kept sounding his praises to such an extent that I could hardly get in a word edgewise. But at last I did get a chance, and began by telling her of the many nice people who lived in Toronto and how kind they had all been to Chris and myself, and not only to us, but to our two chums, and in this way gradually brought in the name of Charley Hurd. "And who are your two great chums?" she asked; "I would so much like to meet them." I told her that one was Tom MacCutcheon and the other Charley Hurd. "Oh!" she said, "do you know Charley Hurd?" I said I not only knew him, but, if it had happened that he had been born a girl instead of a boy, and I knew him as I know him now, I am sure I would have fallen in love with him; for I considered Charley Hurd one of the most lovable men I had ever met and that Chris thought as much of him as I did; and that we four were fast friends. "But," I said, "what in the world is the use of my telling you anything about Charley Hurd, for I hear you have known him longer than I have,—what do you think of him?" She said, "You know his family and mine have been intimate for many years. Charley and I were boy and girl together, and constant playmates as children; he is a nice little fellow, and I like him in a way, but the story floating around that I am engaged to him is

simply nonsense. I am heart free. But," she added, "when the right man comes along, I may become engaged, but not until then; for I could not think of marrying any man that I did not love with all my heart." I said good-bye to them in front of one of the big drygoods shops, but not before she and her mother had extracted a promise from me to call on them very soon.

I very soon began to notice quite a change in the relations existing between Chris and Charley Hurd. Chris seemed to avoid meeting Charley as much as possible, and Charley began to wander off by himself looking low spirited and despondent. As Chris now spent all his spare time at the Morrison home or out driving and boating with Miss White, Mac and I were left to ourselves and saw but little of them; but we missed them very much. I cannot help saying that the sympathies of both of us were with Charley Hurd, and we thought he was being treated badly by Miss White, for it was well known by all that she and Charley were engaged.

Mac and I would go out together almost every bright evening and have a row on the bay, and, as our thoughts were usually running in the same channel, would frequently allow the blades of the oars to rest on the water, letting the boat drift while we talked of the possibility of Chris's marrying Mary White. Mac said it was a foregone conclusion, as anyone could see that she had dropped Charley Hurd, for she hardly noticed him now, and that both she and her mother, backed by the Morrises, were leaving no stone unturned to land Chris. And as Chris seemed

to act as though he wanted to be landed, he felt sure the engagement would be announced before very long. I really did not like the idea of their marrying, but did not see how I could prevent it, and had to let matters drift along and shape themselves.

Mr. Morrison was a very old friend of my Uncle and Aunt Durand, and had succeeded in making them believe that Mary White was one of the loveliest characters in existence, and that her family came from the oldest and best stock in Western Canada. Her father, Doctor White, was honored and respected by every one, and her mother the most amiable, beautiful and accomplished woman in their part of the country; and that by marrying her, Chris would marry into one of the most exclusive families in the City of Ottawa. In this way, he won them over to his way of thinking, but, at the same time, I knew that they would have much preferred his marrying Susie Ralston; but now they espoused the cause of Mary White, and nothing was too good to say about her, or do for her. Chris heard nothing at the table, or in the house, but the praises of Mary White and her high-toned family. Aunt Rebekah gave a very largely attended function in her honor and invited every friend that she had to it, lavishing all kinds of attentions on her in the presence of the guests.

So Chris's infatuation increased by leaps and bounds for Mary White, and he felt that life would not be worth the living without her, and, that very evening, while strolling through the rooms with her on his arm, he conducted her into a small sitting-room at the end of the hall upstairs, and during a tête-à-tête which

they were enjoying alone and unobserved by any of the guests, he proposed to her—and she accepted him immediately.

After Chris and Mary White had really become engaged, she and her mother were in Toronto a great deal. I was pretty busy at this time and did not see much of them unless I ran across them by accident on one of their shopping tours. Coming out of my office one morning, I saw them at a distance walking in my direction. I had had many conversations with Mary White, but she rarely mentioned her sister by name, but always alluded to her as her "little sister," and of course I imagined she was only a small child; but this morning I noticed they had another young lady with them, and as soon as we met, Mrs. White said, "Jack, this is my youngest daughter, Katy; Katy, this is Mr. Jack Arling—Chris's brother." After shaking hands with her, I still kept looking at her in surprise, as I had always pictured Mary's sister, in my mind's eye, as a very small girl. Mary said, "Why, Jack! what are you staring at Katy so hard for?" "I must really beg Miss Katy's pardon," I replied, "but you must bear in mind you always referred to your sister as a little girl, so I was only prepared to meet a young child; but instead, I find myself confronting a charming young lady." She was really a very pretty girl of sixteen, with a most luxuriant head of light-brown hair slightly tinged with gold; she had bright, sparkling eyes of light blue; a high, broad, intellectual forehead; rosy cheeks, lips like two red cherries, and blessed with a well-knit, shapely figure. She was dressed in a blue broadcloth walking suit, trimmed with

gold braid; and I thought her a perfect little picture. Her mother and sister walked ahead and she and I walked together behind them. I was charmed with the absolute sincerity which characterized her every utterance, and the total absence of criticism in her conversation. She did not derive her pleasures from society, nor indulge in their small talk, but talked of things, not men and women. Her mind, I discovered, was well stored with facts which she had gleaned from the study of good books. In fact, she was a species of girl I had not come in contact with up to that time.

On arriving at one of the large dry goods stores, Mrs. White said she was sorry to have to say good-bye to me, as this was their destination. But Katy did not seem to be so obsessed with shopping as they were, and suggested that she and Mary go in and attend to their buying while we continued our conversation and promenade. So they went into the shop, and Katy and I walked and talked for fully an hour.

Just before we returned for her mother and sister, I asked her if she was fond of boating. "Indeed I am not," she replied, "for I am very much afraid of the water." "And how about driving?" I asked. "Mr. Arling," she replied, "I am passionately fond of driving, for I love horses; but I do not have much time to drive, for you know I am the housekeeper at home and that takes up all my time." I told her I had a beautiful pair of Canadian ponies, playful as kittens, and great travelers, and if she would like to have a drive at any time while in Toronto, I would be delighted to take her out and show her some of Toronto's surround-

ings. "Mr. Arling, it will give me great pleasure to go driving with you if mother has no objections."

The moment we met her mother and sister coming out of the shop, she said, "Mother, Mr. Arling tells me he has fine pair of ponies and wants me to go out driving with him; when can I go?" Mrs. White gave her permission to go the next afternoon. So I called for her the next afternoon just after lunch; the ponies were in fine fettle, for they had not been out of the stable for two days and we made a fine appearance with my new buggy and harness, for altogether it made an up-to-date and stylish outfit. Katy was delighted, and was in love with the ponies at once. During the afternoon she confided to me that I was the only young man she had ever walked with on the streets unless accompanied by her mother, or someone else; and that I was the only man she had ever driven with excepting her father, and told me that he was a great lover of horses. I suggested that as she was only going to be in the city for a few days, I should be pleased to take her out driving every afternoon, if her mother did not object.

Mrs. White came out to meet us on our return and asked Katy how she had enjoyed her drive. "Do you know, mother, I never had as nice a drive in all my life," replied Katy, "they travel so beautifully together. Mr. Arling says that he goes out for a drive every afternoon and if you are agreeable, he will be glad to take me with him for the few days I am here." Katy was delighted when her mother gave her consent, and I left her feeling very happy on promising to call for her the next afternoon.

All the way home I was trying to solve the problem, how it was that such a perfectly honest, truthful, absolutely sincere young girl, as I knew Katy to be, could possibly grow up in the same atmosphere with such proud, haughty, imperious women as Mrs. White and her eldest daughter, Mary. But I was soon enabled to account for the dissimilarity. The following Sunday I saw a rather stout but short gentleman sitting in Mr. Morrison's pew; his extremely large head and bushy gray hair first attracted my attention; but on closer examination I noticed that his forehead was very massive, with large reflectives protruding from each side. He wore a full beard, had heavy eyebrows and large dreamy-looking eyes, and the stooped shoulders of the student. His whole facial expression denoted benevolence, sincerity and generosity.

When the service was over Mr. Morrison beckoned me to come over to his pew. "Jack," said Mr. Morrison, "this is Doctor White, Mary's father. Doctor, let me introduce you to Jack Arling, Chris's brother." The doctor took my outstretched hand in both of his and in a kind fatherly way said, "My dear boy, I am certainly very glad to meet you, for I have heard nice things about you and hope to see a good deal of you, now that Chris and Mary are to be married. I hear you travel a great deal and would be delighted, the next time you come to Ottawa, to have you as my guest." I thanked him for his kind invitation and told him that I expected to go East in a few days and would be sure to call to see him and his family.

Shortly after this conversation I went to Montreal,

and on my way West from that city, I stopped off at Ottawa and put up at the Russell House. After making a few business calls, I drove up to pay my respects to Doctor, Mrs. White, and their two daughters. I was received very cordially by Mrs. White and Mary. They were both very beautifully dressed, as if expecting callers. Mrs. White had been doing some fancy work and Mary was reading a novel which she still held in her hand. The doctor then walked into the room and seemed very much perturbed when I said that I was stopping at the Russell House and asked me why I had not driven straight to his house on my arrival. I replied that I had considerable business to transact in Ottawa and thought I could do it better in a room in the hotel, but just as soon as I was through with the business, I would very gladly accept his kind invitation and would come up and stay with them for a day or so.

We were having a nice chat together, when Katy walked into the room. She wore a tight-fitting tweed suit, and over this a white apron reaching to the end of her skirt, and dangling from a chain attached to her belt was a large bunch of keys. The contrast between the way she was dressed and that of her fashionably gowned sister was most marked. She simply walked into the room and held out her hand and said; "How do you do, Mr. Arling? I am certainly very glad to see you; how are the ponies, and how is Blizzard, your nice dog, getting on?" But before I had time to reply, Mary said: "Katy, are you not ashamed to come into the parlor to meet a gentleman caller dressed as you are, and wearing an apron?" "I cannot see that

my dress is very far out of the way," replied Katy; "I was busy when Mr. Arling called, and could not come at once, for I was buying supplies from the vegetable-man and had to complete my purchases, or you would not have any fresh vegetables for dinner; but I am now through, and I got hold of a very nice supply." I was much pleased with the honest sincerity of Katy's reply, and could not help noticing the look of affectionate admiration bestowed upon her by her father when she replied to her sister Mary's criticism.

In a few moments the doctor, Katy and I were in the midst of an animated conversation; Mrs. White seemingly did not enjoy listening to our talk, for it was principally on horses and dogs; for the doctor was a great lover of horses. "I know a liveryman who has a mighty fine pair of horses," said the doctor, "and if you can get through your work by to-morrow morning and come up here and lunch with us, we will go out for a sleigh drive in the afternoon. What do you say?" I told him I thought it quite possible I would be through by that time and would be glad to go with him. Katy was radiant at the prospect and promised to have her housework finished and everything out of the way by that time. But Mrs. White said, "Surely, Doctor, you do not intend to hire that pair of wild horses which you took us out driving with some time ago?" "Certainly!" said the doctor, "those horses are not wild, they are simply full of life and good spirits; but if you and Mary are afraid to ride behind them, I will take Jack and Katy along; for I want to let Jack see that all the fine horses are not raised in Toronto."

The next morning I moved my baggage up to the doctor's house and after lunch we started for as fine a drive as I ever enjoyed. The doctor thoroughly understood the handling of horses, the day was fine, and the sleighing good; and gliding over the well-beaten roads behind that pair of high-steppers was exhilarating pleasure. We drove for three hours and the doctor brought that pair of trotters back to their stable as fresh and vigorous as when we started out. Subsequently the liveryman told me that he would rather intrust his horses to the care of Doctor White than to any man in the city.

Katy was jubilant over the beautiful drive we had had and was bubbling over with delight all the evening. Mrs. White and Mary did not seem to enthuse quite as much as Katy, nor did they sympathize with her in the way she gave expression to her exuberant spirits. But I noticed that Katy received all the sympathy she required from her father, for it was not hard to perceive that he fairly worshiped her. He had taken Katy under his special care and had taught her many things; the knowledge of which I think would have added to the charm of Mrs. White and her daughter Mary, had they possessed the same sincere, teachable spirit that Katy had. Katy was like her father in almost every respect: whole-souled, sincere, frank, and absolutely truthful. She and her father were constant companions, devoted to each other.

The longer I remained as guest at the White home, the better I became acquainted with Mrs. White and her daughter Mary, and the more I saw of their similarity of dispositions and tastes. They were abso-

lutely alike in character, ambition and desires. Both of them proud, haughty, imperious, worshipers of wealth, and selfish. Mary and Katy were the only children of Doctor and Mrs. White, yet in disposition and character as far apart as the poles: one looking like, and taking after the father; the other, both in appearance and tastes, absolutely like the mother.

I had intended remaining but one day as their guest, but at their earnest solicitations I spent three days at their home. They were all more than kind and did everything in their power to make my stay a happy one. The whole family accompanied me to the railroad station on the evening of my departure for Toronto. I stood on the platform of the rear coach and could see them waving their handkerchiefs in farewell until the train turned a bend of the road and they were lost to sight.

CHAPTER XXI

SHIPWRECKED ON LAKE ONTARIO

ONE of the cities which I visited on my fall and winter trip of the previous year was the City of Kingston. And in accordance with the decision arrived at between Chris, MacCutcheon, and myself—on the night of the party at Mrs. Winters'—I called at the O'Gorman factory, and made arrangements with Mr. O'Gorman to build us a small yacht, with a carrying capacity of sixteen people. Mr. O'Gorman said he was pleased to have the order, for he was very fond of Mac as well as every member of his family, for he and the MacCutcheons had been great friends for many years, but he was sorry to say that the family had all passed away, and all that was left of them now was Mac and his widowed mother; but on Mac's account he would make us a yacht to be proud of; and that if I would allow the matter of price to rest, until the yacht was finished, he would then know the exact cost, and would simply add a commission to it, and would render us a bill which would be satisfactory, for he would not think of making a regular profit out of anything Mac was interested in. So I gave him the order for the yacht on these conditions, on his promising to have the yacht ready for sailing the following spring. And now it was early spring, being the middle



I caught him by the collar and yelled, "Jump, Mac, jump for your life!"

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of April, and we and all our friends were anxiously awaiting its arrival.

We had secured a fine anchorage in one of the small basins next the Yonge Street wharf, and any fine afternoon you could see Chris, Mac, myself, and frequently many of our friends, both ladies and gentlemen, at the front end of the wharf, and looking towards the lower gap—at the eastern end of the island—straining our eyes trying to make out a new yacht coming through from Lake Ontario, and heading for the Yonge Street wharf, and although she did not turn up until the middle of May, we were on hand to greet her. She certainly made a pretty picture sailing across the bay, with a full complement of sails all set and drawing; her polished white hull with a broad green stripe like a beautiful satin ribbon, and painted just below the taffrail helped to show off her symmetrical lines, every part of her hull brightly polished, so that she fairly glistened in the sun as she drew near to the wharf.

Mr. O'Gorman had fairly excelled himself in selecting her fittings; she was carpeted with a deep, rich crimson shade of velvet matting from stem to stern, and the seats were supplied with damask cushions of the same shade.

She had a Union Jack flying from the masthead, as well as a long streamer. We were all greatly pleased with her and pronounced her to be the most graceful and the most up-to-date yacht which had entered the Toronto harbor that spring. The crew which sailed her up from Kingston ran her into her berth, furled her sails and made her all snug for the night. The next

afternoon being fine, a few of us, including Chris, Mac, Charley Hurd and myself with some other fellows strolled down to the basin to have another look at her. Among the crowd looking on was a big burly, rough-looking fellow, named Wilson,—he was a hotel porter, and professed to be a great yachtsman and said that he had been a sailor for some years in the American Navy. Some of the boys suggested that we should go out for a sail, but as we were all oarsmen, and not one of us able to manage a yacht, decided to hire Wilson and have him take charge, and give us our first lesson in sailing. The yacht had only two sails, the mainsail and the jib, and of course only had one mast; she had no keel, but had a deep metal centerboard.

So Wilson and some others got on board—there was just ten of us in all; we helped Wilson run up the sails and we slowly glided out into the bay. The wind was very light and only came in occasional puffs. Wilson had the tiller and headed her for the upper gap, but sailed very slowly, for there was hardly enough wind to fill the sails, so it took us quite a while to sail round the bay and get back to our starting point.

When we arrived at the wharf all jumped out of the boat with the exception of Wilson, Mac and myself.

Mac was so infatuated with the first sail he insisted we make the circuit of the bay once more, but Chris and the other fellows said they could not go, as they all had engagements for the evening. Chris said it was getting dark anyway and urged Mac and I not to go out again but to wait until the days were longer and the atmosphere warmer. There was still quite a lot of ice floating about the bay, which made the air quite cool, but

as Mac still persisted, I agreed to go out again for one very short sail. The boys waved us an adieu as Mac and I with Wilson at the tiller started westward for another sail. Chris seemed quite perplexed, and stood on the dock for some time watching us, and as we began to move out into the bay he shouted to us to be very careful and not to stay out long as it was getting dark. The wind had freshened up in the meantime and we sailed round the bay in fine style but the longer we sailed the more Mac became infatuated with the sport and refused to have the yacht run into the basin.

So Wilson headed her again for the west to make another circuit of the bay. The wind was now coming down in sharp gusts, black clouds were gathering in the western sky, and we could hear the distant rumbling of thunder; by this time the yacht was leaning over on her side and cutting her way through the water in fine style. Mac was simply jubilant, and suggested that we should run through the upper gap out into the lake, and sail round the island. But we had no sooner entered the waters of the lake than we ran into a heavy swell, and the yacht began to pitch and plunge down into the trough of the heavy sea with each succeeding wave, but being so light the waves would lift her up like a cockleshell to the top of the next wave, which were getting larger and more threatening all the time.

Mac thought this great fun, not perceiving the danger—but I did—and also noticed that the storm was increasing in severity every moment. It was now getting very dark, and the thunder seemed to break right over our heads. The lake was brightly illu-

minated by this time with almost continuous flashes of lightning. I never saw such vivid lightning in all my experience.

Mac now began to realize for the first time that we were in a dangerous situation, and became quite nervous. I told him to keep up his spirits, that we would soon reach the lower gap and run into quieter waters in the bay; but this did not altogether assure him, for I could notice a look of terror on his face, when he thought I did not observe him. The situation now began to be most alarming, for I could see a great black mass of cloud moving steadily towards us, looking like an enormous mountain and traveling with lightning speed in our direction, blotting out everything with its inky blackness, and covering the whole of the western heavens, stretching out like a great octopus, taking into its greedy maw the whole of the waters of the lake in its advance, and rushing towards us in a seething mass of white, hissing foam. As we were only about a half to three-quarters of a mile from the island, I thought it time to turn and make for the lower gap before it was too late, and try and get into the quieter waters of the bay. Mac's terror-stricken face told me that he now fully realized our danger; and we both yelled to Wilson not to attempt going any further into the lake, but to turn at once and make for the lower gap.

I was tremendously afraid, for I knew that Mac could not swim; although I was a powerful swimmer myself and could easily have swam to the island, but the thought flashed through my mind that we were soon going to capsize, and if we did, how could we

save Mac? So I yelled again to Wilson to turn about and make for the lower gap; but I found that was more easily said than done, for Wilson had tied the mainsail down tight, and the wind was so fierce that the sail was bellied out to the bursting point, and instead of cutting the rope—as he should have done—he tried to bring her about as she was, by pressing hard down on the tiller; and just then the squall burst right over our heads and in a moment the yacht capsized. I had just time to jump into the heavy sea, and save myself from being smothered under the yacht—which was now upside down, and lying deep in the water, for the great weight of canvas held her down, and as she had no keel, there was nothing but the bottom of the yacht showing above the water. It had turned pitch dark; but I was enabled to see occasionally by the aid of the continuous flashes of lightning. On coming to the surface, my first thought was for Mac. I was swimming close to the upturned yacht, straining my eyes trying to find him. At last I caught a glimpse of his hands above the water endeavoring to clutch at some imaginary object. I at once seized him by the collar of his coat, and clambering up onto the bottom of the boat I pulled him up after me—but found him unconscious. I rolled him face downwards on the flat bottom of the boat and managed to make him discharge the water he had swallowed, which was choking him. He gradually came round, but was bleeding very badly from a bad wound he had received on the side of his head by being struck by the iron centerboard when he was carried under the yacht when she capsized. Subsequently, added to the pain and

loss of blood, the horror of the situation dawned on him, and it completely upset his reason. For he no sooner recovered consciousness—and discovered the plight we were in—than he began to scream; not with the hoarse notes a man shouting for help, but with the shrill, piercing shriek of a woman in despair. When at last I got him quieted down, I told him that if he would try and control himself I would swim to the island—only a half mile away—and secure a boat and come back for him. He seemed to agree to this proposition at once; so I divested myself of all my clothing, with the exception of underwear, trousers and one shoe, which I could not get off, and then jumped into the water, but the moment he saw me in the water—I presume in his weakened condition he thought I was going to desert him—for almost the moment I touched the water, he jumped in after me landing right on my back, and clasped me round the neck with both of his arms, and twisted his legs round my body, leaving me quite helpless. Of course we both sank at once, but on coming to the surface after quite a struggle, I had sufficient presence of mind left to take in all the air I could hold in my lungs, and then allowing myself to sink, he still clinging to my back clasping me round the neck and body with his arms and legs.

We sank to a good depth, when gradually his hold on me relaxed, and I came to the surface—and just in time—for a very few moments more would have finished me. I was almost suffocated, but gradually pulled myself together, and found the poor fellow floating face downwards, and again pulled him on the bottom of the upturned yacht more dead than alive,

where he regained consciousness again after some time. Our situation was now desperate, for the water was icy cold, as big blocks of ice were floating all round us, and I was chilled to the bone. Wilson was hanging on to the stern of the yacht seemingly all right, and I begged him to come and help me with Mac; but instead of doing so he pulled a big clasp knife out of his belt, and with an oath declared that if either of us came near his end of the boat, he would kill us. I saw at once there was no use in looking to him for help, and therefore directed all my attention towards helping Mac myself.

All this occurred in a very short time, and the storm was raging more furiously than ever; but I could still at times see the twinkling lights on the island, and oh how I did hope and pray that something or some one would tell the people—who were living so safely and comfortably in their homes—of our desperate condition! But I also noted that the lights were growing more dim all the time, showing we were drifting further away from the shore, and that the chances for rescue were growing smaller every moment.

The further we drifted away from the land the higher the waves became, as the yacht was still weighted down with the sails, which still clung to her submerged masts, instead of rising with the waves, the waves would pass right over her, and at last began to wash us off; this occurred several times but each time I managed to get Mac back onto the bottom of the boat.

But what I dreaded most of all was surely taking place—I was gradually getting the cramps—and just as I was pulling Mac up onto the bottom of the yacht—

and for the last time—a most terrific pain seized me in the right leg, my knee was drawn up, so that it almost reached my chest, and the foot was turned and twisted almost round—the pain was most severe—I shouted into Mac's ear as loud as I could: "Mac! you will have to arouse yourself out of this stupor (for we had not spoken for some time) that seems to have taken possession of you, and try and help yourself more than you have, for I cannot swim very much longer, for the cramps have got me in the right leg! Do you hear me?" I shouted, "so hold on for all you are worth, but if you find that you can't, and see a big wave coming down on us, wait until it is almost on top of us, then jump right into it! Do you understand? for it is our only salvation." He did not speak, but nodded his head—as if he understood—again I shouted; "if you do this you will come up right near the boat!" Very soon I saw a big wave making straight for us. I immediately got up on my knees and pulled Mac up into the same position and yelled: "Now, Mac, watch out, and the moment I give the word, jump! Do this or we are lost!" In a listless sort of a way he nodded his head. The wave was rushing down onto us like a great avalanche, and just as soon as I saw it towering right over our heads I caught him by the collar of his coat and yelled: "Jump, Mac, jump for your life!" and with that I jumped and tried to push him ahead of me into it—but he pulled back—and as I could not stay the impetus I had given myself I dived headlong into the wave. I soon came to the surface, but could hardly swim, as the cramps had attacked the other leg, and only had my arms to make headway in the water;

fortunately I came up close to the wreck which I grabbed, and held on with the clutch of a drowning man.

As soon as I got a firm grip on the boat, there was a great roar and crash of thunder accompanied by the most startling display of vivid forked lightning I had ever witnessed, illuminating the waters of the angry sea, which looked more like a caldron of seething foam or a wild northern blizzard, with blinding clouds of snow and ice, than like anything else I had ever seen. But above the roar of the thunder and the noise of the storm I heard one piercing shriek and by the aid of the lightning I saw the head and shoulders and the upraised hands of my poor dear friend Mac hurled along with lightning speed on the crest of that dreadful wave which engulfed him in its pitiless maw and buried him under the deep waters of Lake Ontario—and I saw him no more. For the moment the dreadful tragedy I had witnessed seemed to deprive me of the little remaining strength I had left and I almost resolved to give up the struggle, as further effort would be futile, and only prolong the agony of existence. I was in the water, and only my head and arms were exposed. My right arm was thrown over the sharp keel of the boat's prow; I held on there for some time, then the thought came into my mind that if I could only secure a rope I could tie myself on to the iron ring which was fastened to the prow, and used to make her fast to her moorings; and then at least my body would be found and give some little comfort to my friends. Then I remembered that there was an open locker right up in the bow of the yacht containing a small coil

of light rope—and I decided to secure it—the very thought of doing something seemed to give me a fresh supply of strength, and without hesitating for a moment, I dived right under the bow of the yacht and secured the rope, but came to the surface in a very exhausted condition. But thinking I had not long to live I twined the rope round my body with the most feverish haste, and then lashed myself to the iron ring in the prow of the yacht so tightly that there was but little chance of my being separated from it.

Gradually the pains caused by the cramps ceased as quickly as they came on; I also felt warmer in the water than when exposed to the air, but realized that I was being pretty badly pounded by the boat striking me every time the waves passed over her; for my body being lighter would always reach the surface first, then the sharp prow of the boat—as it emerged—would strike me in the breast, the shoulders, and sometimes the head, and this occurred so often I was pretty badly cut up and bruised; but all this caused me no pain, for I was lost to all sense of feeling. The fact is I was in a partial state of stupor (brought on by exhaustion), and intense pain, and had I not succeeded in lashing myself to the yacht, I would have been powerless to have exerted myself any further, and would have been lost.

I had a remarkable experience at this time; for a while I was lost to all sense of my surroundings, and my brain was in a whirl, conjuring up all kinds of strange fancies, my past life passed before me in panoramic precision, experiences long forgotten were brought vividly to my mind in their minutest details.

One in particular which I have never forgotten, that I was again a small boy in the old home in Montreal; the family were engaged at evening worship; I could plainly see father, mother, Chris and my sisters in the places they usually occupied in the family living-room; father was kneeling in front of his big arm-chair, and I was kneeling beside him, with his arm round my neck, as he offered up the evening prayer.

This scene was followed by experiences at the different schools I had attended. The big blizzard—in which I had nearly lost my life—the snow-shoe race in which Chris won the prize. Hunting and fishing expeditions in which I had taken part. Then I saw in imagination Miss Almy introducing me to her father at Boston—and the many sights I enjoyed on my visit to that city. I mingled again with all my friends at Toronto, visited at their homes, traveled all over Canada passing through the same experiences which had made up my life for the past few years, but I was awakened from my dream or reverie very suddenly, for I heard a man shouting at the top of his voice "Help! help!" and looking up I saw the white side of a large lake steamer passing us, and so close she almost ran us down.

Wilson, for it was he that was shouting, and at the same time trying to balance himself standing in an upright position on the bottom of the upturned yacht; he was waving his arms in a most frantic manner, and yelling like a maniac trying to attract the attention of the people on the steamer. But all this commotion produced no effect on me; I could see and hear everything that was going on, but could not utter a sound, and

did not try to, for I was perfectly indifferent. I knew that Wilson was shouting for help, but I was quite unconcerned, and did not care whether the help came or not. But in a few moments one of the steamer's boats, with the captain and four men on board, drew up alongside of our upturned yacht. The very moment the lifeboat came alongside of us, Wilson jumped into her and sat down on one of the seats. I saw all this seemingly as a disinterested spectator. I had not the slightest feeling of any kind in my body. I could see and hear everything which transpired but did not have the power to utter a sound. At last the captain spoke up and said to Wilson, "Are you all alone? is there no one else here but yourself?" "There is another man," said Wilson, "tied onto the prow of the yacht, but he has been dead for several hours." "Well!" said the captain, "we can take his body on board anyway, for his relations will be glad to have that." Though I heard every word of the conversation it did not interest me in the least, and was quite indifferent as to whether they took my body on board or not. I cannot describe my feelings, if I had any, by any other term than indifference.

"What time did your yacht capsize?" asked the captain. Wilson said that the squall struck us about seven o'clock in the evening, and immediately we capsized. "Why, man alive!" said the captain, "it is now two o'clock in the morning! You have been in the water seven hours!" So I must have been in that semiconscious state for at least five or six hours. They then shoved their boat along the side of our yacht, until they came to the place where I was tied

to the prow. The captain took his clasp knife and cut the lashings, lifted me out of the water, and laid me down very gently on the bottom of his boat, and threw a tarpaulin over me, of course thinking I was dead. "Poor lad!" he said, "his sailing days are over, that is one thing sure."

My legs were drawn up and bent so that my knees almost touched my neck, my left arm was twisted behind my back, the right arm remained in the same position in which they found me, raised and bent over the prow of the yacht, keeping my head out of the water; my whole body was perfectly rigid, my teeth clenched tight and my eyes fixed and staring.

When the lifeboat reached the steamer they hauled her up to the davits by block and tackle; the men lifted me out of the boat just as carefully and gently as they raised me from the water, then two of the ship's crew carried me to the center of the upper deck and laid me down under a canvas awning, covering me with a tarpaulin, and left me. I saw it all and realized what they were doing but was perfectly satisfied and absolutely indifferent; and even if I could, would have made no protest had they thrown me overboard into the lake. I heard the captain and the men talking all round me, but their conversation did not interest me in the least. I also heard them cross-questioning Wilson, and his perfect indifference to poor Mac's fate, and my deplorable condition did not excite my indignation in the least. Wilson was a large, heavily built, burly man; very strong and inured to hardships of all kinds, and although he had passed through this terrible ordeal and immersed

in the icy waters of the lake for seven hours, it had not affected him beyond giving him a bad chill. The captain had given him some dry clothes and allowed him to sit beside the boiler in the engine room, where he had gotten thoroughly warmed up; added to this they had given him two or three glasses of hot whiskey, and as he said himself, "he did not feel much the worse for the wear." Of course he had had no one to look after but himself; whereas the efforts I had put forth to save poor Mac had completely used me up. Mac was a much larger man than I was, almost six feet high, strong and heavily built, and the exertion was too much for me, for after keeping him up for over an hour and then witnessing his tragic death almost finished me, and I certainly would have died in a very short time had I not been roused from the great stupor I had fallen into by the shouts and yells of Wilson for help.

I had been lying on the deck for some time, where they had placed me under the tarpaulin, when I heard the voice of a woman saying, "John! where is the body of the young man you took out of the water? I want to see it." "Why, Mary!" the captain said (for she was his wife), "surely you do not want to look at it, the body of a drowned man is not a pleasant thing to look at!" "Yes!" she said, "I think I want to see it." So he brought her over to where they had placed me and lifted off the tarpaulin and went away. She knelt down beside me and smoothed back the hair from my forehead, and leaning over me looked straight into my eyes, and I was looking straight into her face at the same time.

As she stroked my face and forehead with her hand, in a crooning, sympathetic voice she said: "Poor boy, poor boy! some weeping mother will be breaking her heart when she hears about you."

She had a small bull's-eye lantern with her, and kept it shining in my face all the time she was bending over me (she was a nice motherly looking woman of middle age and possessed a very kindly face). I could see the tears in her eyes all the time she talked and crooned over me with so much sympathy. I tried very hard to talk to her and thank her for her sympathy and kindness, but I could not move a muscle, either of my face or body, nor utter a single word. As she held the lantern close to my face, all at once I saw a strange expression come over her countenance, as she looked at the glass in the front end of the lantern, for she had discovered a little moisture on it, as if from my breath, and immediately without waiting to unbutton the neck band of my shirt she tore it apart with her hands and bared my chest and side right to the waist, and bending down placed her ear right over my heart, and of course discovered that my heart was beating. She jumped up in a greatly excited state and cried out, "John! John! come quickly, this boy is alive!" The captain and some of the sailors came running to her help in a moment and lifted me up from the deck and carried me into the cabin and placing a mattress on the table laid me down on it and stripped me at once, but just as soon as they began rubbing and trying to resuscitate me, and the very moment I began to feel the blood in my body beginning to circulate, I lost consciousness. I have no recollection of any-

thing which happened from the time they laid me on the dining table in the saloon of the propeller, until I opened my eyes and found that it was broad daylight. I was tingling with itching pains from head to foot, and noticed that my arms and body were all spotted over with blood, and subsequently was told that the rubbing had continued for several hours, until they succeeded in relaxing my body and limbs from the rigid condition they had gotten into from my long immersion in the icy waters of the lake.

The captain (as soon as he discovered that I was still alive) had forced his steamer ahead under a full head of steam to get her into her berth at the Yonge Street wharf as quickly as possible, so that medical assistance might be secured without delay, and the first person my eyes rested on, as soon as I had regained consciousness, was my friend Doctor Barnard, bending over me in a most solicitous manner, and seeing that I had regained consciousness, asked me if I could open my mouth and try and swallow a little brandy. I tried, but failed, for my jaws were closed tight, so he took a piece of pine wood and inserted it between my jaws, as gently as possible prying them apart, and poured two or three teaspoonfuls of brandy down my throat, and asked me if it warmed up in my throat and stomach. Although I had never tasted brandy, I felt it no more than if it had been so much water. I was just able to shake my head in answer to his question, and as a last resort he and Doctor Newman poured almost the whole of the contents of a bottle of Radway's cayenne mixture down my throat, but a little at a time, until I had taken nearly all of it. I could

just feel it, and no more, warming me up a little. I was just lapsing into unconsciousness again when my eyes wandered over the crowd which had gathered in the saloon of the steamer. I was trying to see if Chris was there, and he was, and had been there all the time. He caught my eye and recognized my wish to have him near me, and he came over at once and sat down beside me. I just had time to notice that his face was very white, and that he looked badly worn out when I again became unconscious.

Word had been sent to him the night previous that the yacht had not returned. He immediately dispatched messengers to all our companions to come down to the bay at once, so that he and Charley Hurd had been up all night, with scores of other young men. They divided themselves up into searching parties, and scoured the bay front from end to end, as far west as the Humber, and east as far as the Don. Six of the most venturesome procured a large lifeboat, and rowed over to the island, examining the whole of the bay shore as well as the lake front. Also a large detail of police had been sent down to help in the search.

At last their efforts were rewarded by seeing a big lake propeller coming through the lower gap, steaming towards the Yonge Street wharf, steaming very fast with all lights burning; it was now between three and four o'clock in the morning. My friends had been working hard for five or six hours, and were tired and worn out with their fruitless search, but now their hopes began to revive, feeling certain that the captain had something important to communicate, and perhaps had rescued us.

A short time previous to this Chris had dispatched three messengers to three different doctors to come down to the dock immediately, and they all three arrived just as the propeller was tying up to the wharf.

Chris and the doctors were the first to board the steamer, and they had been working over me from the time she arrived at the dock until I had regained consciousness.

Chris, in response to my look of appeal, as I said previously, came to my side and took my hand in both of his (he was crying like a child), and stooped down and kissed me, and saying between his sobs, "My poor dear Jack! I was so afraid last night that something was going to happen, and I really did not want you to go." He was pathetic in the extreme to watch his emotion, it broke down all the bounds of reserve, and forgetting his surroundings, he bared his heart and gave free rein to his feelings, for our love for each other was like that of David and Jonathan. I could see it all, and heard every word that he uttered, and my heart went out to him and responded to every term of endearment which fell from his lips, as he told me of his great love for me.

But not a tear fell from my eyes, nor could I respond by making a single movement of my lips or features, to let him see that my heart responded to all that he had said and done. It seemed to me that the fountains of affection for my dear Chris were dried up, and I was utterly barred from giving expression to what I felt. He knelt at my side weeping most pitifully, one of his hands was holding mine in a firm grip,

his left arm was thrown round my neck with his face buried in the pillow which supported my head. I took in the whole scene, and it made strong men in that saloon weep, but I had lost the power of giving expression to any kind of natural emotion, and simply laid there like a statue carved out of marble, but gradually, as if a great mist or cloud was settling down, the pathetic scene faded away, and I again lapsed into unconsciousness.

Doctor Barnard had sent to the hospital for a stretcher, and on its arrival they rolled me up in blankets, placing me on it in as comfortable a position as possible, and I was carried to the hotel on the shoulders of four of my friends, but was unconscious and quite oblivious of all their tender ministrations. As they carried me up the main stairway of the hotel to my room, nearly all the guests were standing in the hallways or leaning over the banisters watching the men carry me up the stairs. Among the latter was a fashionably gowned lady, who had arrived from Montreal the evening before, but as soon as she caught a glimpse of my face, asked the proprietor of the hotel if I was not Jack Arling of Montreal. On his replying in the affirmative, she said: "Why, I know him very well indeed! I am so sorry for him, can I do anything to help him?" It was Mrs. Kate Barrington, the star actress, who asked the question. She had just arrived to fill a two months' engagement at the Opera House. She was the widow of Captain Barrington of the Forty-seventh Regiment, which had been stationed at Montreal four years previously, where I had become acquainted with them, and had taught them both to

skate at Gilbault's Rink. I had spent many a pleasant evening with them at their quarters in the barracks. In answer to Mrs. Barring's question, the proprietor of the hotel said he would be greatly obliged if she would kindly assist, "for he has had a very narrow escape, and sorely needs all the help we can give him, but from what the doctors say, I am afraid he will not need help very long."

Then he told her of the wreck of the yacht, but of course all he knew was gathered from stories which Wilson was spreading broadcast, and posing as the hero of the occasion, and as the doctors had said there was slight hope of my recovery therefore he decided to make all the capital out of the episode that he possibly could, as there was no one to contradict him, and never would, for he was satisfied in his own mind that I would not live many hours. He kept himself in the limelight all the time, and told the reporters, and all that would listen to him, of the superhuman efforts he had put forth to save Mac's life, until he became absolutely exhausted himself, and when in this condition he had seen poor Mac washed away, and was utterly unable to help him. But just as soon as he had pulled himself together he had turned all his efforts toward saving me, which he at last accomplished by lashing me to the prow of the yacht where the captain of the propeller found me. These stories and many others were published in the newspapers, and some of them with Wilson's signature attached, for the reporters refused to publish stories unless he signed them. Of course Chris and Charley Hurd positively refused to believe these yarns, and told the reporters to be

careful what they published, for they were convinced they were pure fabrications, and to prove it said that I was a powerful swimmer, and on account of my great love for Mac that I would never leave him to his fate without a struggle.

Then they pointed to my pitiable condition, as proof of their contention, hovering between life and death, with bruises and scars all over my body, and my face almost unrecognizable. In contrast to this they said, look at Wilson! not a thing the matter with him, with the exception of being full of whiskey; his chest swelled out with pride posing as a hero; receiving money, clothes, and gifts of all kinds, and making all the capital he possibly can out of his sudden popularity.

Nearly every one had given up hope of my recovery, with one exception, and that exception was Kate Barring, for as soon as I was placed in my bed she took full charge of my case, under the supervision of Dr. Barnard. Kate Barring, Chris and Charley Hurd agreed among themselves that I was not to be left alone for one moment, and one or the other of them was to be in my room all the time. She told Chris that she had had great experience in tending wounded soldiers in the army, and had seen men lay in a stupor for days at a time, utterly oblivious to all their surroundings, given up as hopeless cases by the surgeons, and yet by care and attention come round in time, and be as well as ever, and I am firmly convinced this will be repeated in Jack's case.

She also said "I am having a couch brought into Jack's room, and am going to make that my bed until he is better, for I am a very light sleeper. We will

take turns about watching Jack at night, but I want you to wake me immediately at any time Jack comes out of this stupor, for I think I know exactly what to do under the circumstances." Chris and Charley Hurd would not listen to her sleeping on the couch, but secured the room next to mine, as there was a door connecting the two rooms, and insisted on her occupying it, as she would be so much more comfortable, and just as convenient to call as if in my room.

I had been quite violent at times during the delirium, and the doctor had been forced to have me strapped down in the bed for fear I would hurt myself.

One very hot Sunday morning in June, Kate suggested, as I seemed to be very quiet, that they should loosen the straps or bands which were holding me down, which they did, and they all three went over and sat down facing the open window. Shortly after this was done, I thought I saw Mac, in my delirium, sinking in the water near the upturned yacht, on which I thought I was standing. I had raised myself up into an upright position on the bed, and had accomplished it so noiselessly that none of them heard me move, nor did they see me, for they were looking out of the window, and just as Mac's body was sinking, as I thought in my wild imagination, I dived, and my head came in contact with the floor with a smash, where I lay limp and motionless. Kate screamed and ran towards me, Chris and Charley Hurd lifted me up and placed me again on the bed. They all thought I was dead, for my face, neck, and shoulders were streaming with blood. Chris had his horse and buggy at the door, and made quick time for the doctor, landing him at the

hotel in a very short time, giving him full explanations on the way.

Soon after the doctor began operations I recovered consciousness, and for the first time in eleven days. Then the doctor tried to administer a little nourishment, but nothing would remain on my stomach, and I gradually grew weaker until the doctor decided to have a consultation, and called in two other members of the profession the following Sunday morning. The consultation was held in the adjoining room, and when through, Doctor Barnard returned and sat down by my side, and in a very sympathetic tone of voice said: "Jack! I have come to the conclusion that instead of medical attention you need spiritual consolation, for my two friends and myself have concluded that you cannot live very long." "My dear doctor," I said, "do not let that worry you for one moment; I am not going to die, at least for some time, and I will get over this all right." "Do not deceive yourself, Jack," replied Doctor Barnard, "it is impossible for you to recover, as you cannot hold nourishment on your stomach for a moment, but if there is anything you think you would like to have, we will get it for you." "If there is any one thing in the world that I would like to have more than another," I replied, "it would be a cigar."

"A cigar! why, Jack! a cigar would mean your death, you would not live out the day if you were to smoke one." "And how long do you think I will live if I don't smoke one?" I asked. "Well, Jack," said the doctor, "I hardly think you can expect to live beyond next Wednesday." "Then, if I have to die, what dif-

ference does a day or two make?" I ventured to reply, "but do not lose any sleep over it, my dear doctor, I am not going to die just yet."

When Doctor Barnard went out I persuaded Kate to take one of the cigars a friend had sent me, and cut the end off of it, and place it between my lips. She did so and held a lighted match to it until I began to smoke, for I was utterly unable to help myself, and I smoked that cigar until there was nothing left save the butt end. After finishing the cigar I became drowsy at once, and dropped off into a sound sleep. It was just five o'clock when I woke up and found Doctor Barnard sitting by my bedside watching me intently. I felt ever so much better, for this was the first real sleep I had since the accident. "Why, Jack, my boy!" exclaimed Doctor Barnard, "you have had a fine sleep. I have been watching you for two whole hours. There is certainly a great change in your case for the better, your temperature has fallen, and your pulse is much more regular, and if this keeps up I think you may have a fighting chance to pull through."

"Why, doctor! didn't I tell you this morning I was not going to die, and I am not, for I feel much better." Kate came over to my bedside and induced me to take a little chicken broth, and fed it to me with a spoon, for I was unable to feed myself, and then I dropped off into another sound sleep, and did not wake up until next morning. The doctor called, as he did the first thing every day, and administered more nourishment, and as soon as he left I had another cigar.

I improved so much during the next few days, that the doctor allowed me to look over a large budget of

letters which had accumulated during my sickness. I was greatly interested in them, for there were letters from nearly all my lady and gentlemen friends; Susie Ralston and some of my other dear friends wrote several.

I also discovered that during my illness, bouquets of flowers and dainties had been sent to me almost every day, and of every description, by my many friends, but there was one letter which impressed me more than all the other letters put together; it was from my dear little friend Katy White. It was written with such a whole-hearted spirit of honest sincerity, that I made up my mind that if I recovered, and ever thought seriously of marrying, she was the gi-l, of all others, that I would choose for a wife.

From this time on I gradually improved, though only weighing ninety-seven pounds against my normal weight of one hundred and forty-five.

One morning Chris, Charley Hurd, and several of my gentlemen friends, and accompanied by two strangers, walked into my room by permission of the doctor.

Up to this time I had not been allowed to meet strangers, or even friends, with the exception of Chris and Charley Hurd, nor was the subject of the yacht accident allowed to be alluded to in conversation in my presence, therefore I was not aware of the interest taken in my welfare by the people of Toronto, and now discovered for the first time that the newspapers had written a full account of the wreck in their morning and evening editions, and had published reports every day, furnished by Doctor Barnard, as to my condition.

Two weeks had now elapsed since I was carried into my room, more dead than alive; but was now so much better that the doctor had lifted the ban and given Chris permission to bring in a few friends to see me, and also two newspaper reporters to interview me. I became quite nervous and excited on seeing so many people in my room, but Kate came to my rescue and sat down by my side and held my hand in hers, smoothing my forehead with the disengaged hand, and soon quieted my nerves. Chris said: "Jack! you have a great many friends in Toronto, and they wish to hear all about the wreck, so I have brought a couple of friends of mine (who are reporters) in to see you, and they would like to hear the story from your own lips."

They were both very gentlemanly men, most kind and considerate in opening the conversation, making me feel at ease in talking to them.

They never once mentioned Wilson's name, therefore I was not aware he had uttered a word to anyone about the wreck, much less his having given lengthy interviews to reporters for publication. The reporters used a good deal of tact in not asking me many questions, for they were anxious to get a truthful, unbiased story of the tragic episode. So they gradually interested me by asking a few simple questions about our meeting at the Yonge Street wharf to look over the yacht, then of Mac's suggestion that we go out for a short sail, of our inexperience as yachtsmen, and lastly of Wilson offering his services, boasting that he was thoroughly acquainted with sailing a yacht, and that on the strength of this statement we hired him to sail us round the bay.

On returning to our starting point Chris and the others jumped out, but that Mac plead for another sail, but Chris urged us strongly not to go out again; Mac still persisted and succeeded in getting me to decide for just one more turn round the bay.

By very skillful probing the reporters succeeded in getting my mind working, and brought the whole of the details of the accident back to my mind, and I began to talk without further urging or coaching, and told them the whole story in a simple conversational way from the time we left the Yonge Street wharf on our second journey until we were rescued by the captain of the propeller.

And they were convinced they were listening to a truthful story of the wreck for the first time.

When describing my anxiety of mind, fearing Mac would be lost, and beseeching Wilson to help me, it was all so real to me that the tears were streaming down my cheeks, and I sobbed and cried, saying as I at last broke down in the recital, "Oh! it was so cruel and wicked of him not to help me, for we certainly could have saved him!"

Not a word was uttered by any one in the room as I finished the story, but the tense silence was broken by Kate sobbing as though her heart would break, and she was not alone for even the reporters were laboring under the suppressed emotion and wiping the tears from their eyes. "Now, gentlemen!" said Chris, "you have the exact facts. I knew that when Jack became able to talk you would get a truthful version of the sad story, and all I have to say is God help Wilson if ever I lay my hands on him."

The whole story as I had related it to the reporters was published that evening, word for word, in the newspapers. When the facts became known, a number of my friends and sympathizers started a hunt for Wilson, but when they came upon him he was too drunk to comprehend what they wanted him for, and to waken him up, and frighten him at the same time, some of them shouted out, "Let's get a rope and we'll string him up!" This seemed to bring him to his senses, for the moment it dawned on his besotted mind that the crowd were really going to hang him he begged for mercy, groveling on the ground at their feet in an agony of fright. The leader of the crowd called for silence, and read my story as it was printed that day in the evening papers.

Then the leader turned to Wilson and said: "Stand up on your feet! Now, sir, answer me! Is that account of the wreck, as I have read it, true or not?" Wilson started right in to try and excuse himself, but the leader yelled at him to shut up, "as we have heard all the lies we wish to hear from you. Answer, yes or no!" Then Wilson blurted out, "If you will let me go I will confess!"

He admitted that my story was absolutely true, but tried to excuse his conduct by saying that all through the terrible storm he was so paralyzed by fright he did not know what he was doing, and again cried and begged for mercy.

"Shut up that cant!" shouted the leader to Wilson. "What is your verdict, gentlemen?" "Hang him! hang him!" yelled the crowd (though they had no intention of doing anything of the kind, but

wanted to strike terror into the heart of the cringing coward).

One of the men in the crowd spoke up and said: "Mr. Chairman! I would like to make a suggestion," and pointing his finger at Wilson said: "This contemptible, lying, craven coward has admitted his guilt with his own lips; he is not fit to live in a respectable community, and as we do not want to stain our hands with his blood, I propose that we form two lines facing each other, and make him run the gantlet, and drive him out of the city, warning him that if ever he returns, we will tar and feather him."

This suggestion was adopted. The two lines were formed, about five feet apart, and Wilson was given rather a vigorous start, and he made a run for it, receiving many a well-merited kick and cuff to accelerate his progress, and amidst the jeers, hisses and yells of the crowd he was driven from the city and was never known to return.

CHAPTER XXII

I TELL KATY MY GREAT SECRET

SIX months after the events related in the preceding chapter Chris was married to Mary White. It was a costly, fashionable wedding; no expense was spared to make the occasion as imposing as possible. The church was beautifully decorated; the services of the most prominent musicians in the city were secured, and the large edifice was crowded with guests.

Visitors from all parts of Canada were at the church to witness the ceremony; nothing was left undone by dressmaker, milliner, jeweler, or florist to make the bride more beautiful and charming than ever.

Chris and Mary certainly made a very handsome couple, as they stood in front of the officiating clergyman, as he pronounced them man and wife. When the sumptuous wedding breakfast was over the bridal party left for their honeymoon amidst the cheers and good wishes of all the assembled guests.

Although I was still very weak and far from well I of course attended the wedding, acting as best man for Chris. I must say I did not feel quite happy, for I was sorely afraid that after the novelty of wedded life had passed, they might not be congenial companions. I tried very hard to drive these gloomy thoughts from my mind, but they persisted in forcing themselves on my attention, in spite of the fact that I had something

else to think about. For Katy was the first bridesmaid—and she certainly looked bewitching. She was beautifully but plainly dressed, in comparison with her sister Mary, the bride.

But with the same charm of manner, honesty and sincerity apparent in every word spoken and in every act performed, to me she seemed in a class by herself, a perfect little woman, too good for this world of ostentatious display, pride, and shams. She was extremely solicitous as to my welfare and comfort, and kept puzzling her young brain from morning until night to devise means to bring me back to my normal condition of health. Both her father and mother urged me to remain with them for a few days at least, and rest; and Katy said it would be a shame to think of going, as they were all so anxious to see me become well and stronger. So I accepted their kind invitation to remain for a short time, as I was anxious to benefit by Doctor White's advice.

Of course Katy and I were together a good deal of the time I remained at Ottawa. And the more I saw of her, the more I became convinced that she was a perfect little rock of common sense, absolutely sincere, and truthful to a fault. We frequently strolled through the beautiful arbor walks at the rear of the Parliament Buildings, overlooking the Ottawa River, and from this elevation at the top of the high bluffs the view was magnificent, taking in not only the river with all its windings, but the Chaudier Falls and the great mountain ranges, like giant sentinels, forming an imposing background of impenetrable granite rock. From this vantage point one would never tire watching

the great rafts of timber shooting the slides from the upper waters, and plunging headlong into the river at the foot of the falls.

One beautiful afternoon Katy and I were sitting on one of the rustic seats admiring this magnificent view, when I said to her, "Katy, I am going away tomorrow, and I may not see you again for a long time. But before I go I want to tell you of something which occurred, soon after I recovered consciousness, during my late sickness. Kate Barring said to me one morning, 'Jack, the doctor said to me last night that if I thought you were well enough this morning, that you might be permitted to read the letters which have accumulated since you were taken sick.' She then handed me a large package of letters; I became greatly interested in reading them, for they were all written in such a kindly, sympathetic strain, and they came from nearly all the people of my acquaintance, and I was greatly touched with the sentiment which pervaded them all. But do you know, Katy, that the very last letter in the parcel was from you! and I thought it the kindest and sweetest letter of them all; and so much so that I have carried that letter in my pocket from that day to this; and hardly a day has passed since that time that I have not read it, and sometimes more than once." "I am more than pleased to know that my letter gave you so much pleasure," replied Katy, "and that being the case, I will write you again while you are away, if you think you would like to hear from me."

"Why, that is the very thing I was going to ask you to do, Katy, and in return I will promise to write you every week, describing all that I see, and all that

transpires during my travels, in fact I will send you a little story of my wanderings in each letter, for I expect to be away for some time."

"I think that a splendid idea, Jack," said Katy, "for it will give me something to look forward to all the time. I receive but few letters, as I have but few correspondents. Aunt Maggie and Aunt Harvey write me occasionally, and I also receive every two or three weeks a letter from Mary Turner—an old school friend of mine; and these are all I hear from. But now I will be looking for your letters every time the postman rings the bell."

Katy had seen very little of society, and nothing of the world. She was the domesticated member of the family and the housekeeper of the home, the confidante of her father, and the very idol of his heart. He was teaching her the science of medicine. He told me that she was the most apt pupil he had ever taught, and had progressed so far as to be able to make up his prescriptions. In conversation with the doctor one day, he said that he had never favored women doctors. But that if ever a woman was born to the profession, it was his daughter Katy. Therefore, he said, he was putting her through a course of study and reading, so that before very long she would be fully equipped to go before any board of medical examiners and pass a creditable examination.

Of course my thoughts concerning Katy and her future were altogether different to his, but he did not know that. He and Katy were very much alike in one respect, they were not at all suspicious.

We spent a very quiet evening together in the sitting

room, for I was going to leave the next morning. Mrs. White was trying to read a book, and the doctor, Katy and I were having quite an animated conversation, principally on my travels and various experiences, but as it was getting late, we were about to retire, when the doctor said:

"Jack, you certainly have had a liberal education, in spite of the fact that you had to leave school at the early age of fourteen; yet any man that has had the advantages of travel that you have had, with the faculty of observation which you possess, has had a most liberal education. I will certainly miss your stories of travel very much after you leave us."

"But, father," said Katy, "we are going to have the stories all right, for Jack and I have agreed to correspond during his absence; he has promised to write me a description of every thing he sees that he thinks will be of interest." Mrs. White entered into the conversation at this point, by asking Katy the question, "Katy, did you ask Jack to write you every week during his absence?"

"Yes, I did," said Katy, "for Jack told me that when he was sick the letter I wrote him pleased him more than any letter he had ever received and he replied that, that being the case, I would write him frequently; and he promised that he would write me the story of his travels every week. Isn't that the way it came about, Jack?" asked Katy, appealing to me?

I could not help smiling at Katy's ingenious way of explaining the way it came about, as she called it, to her mother. But the doctor simply shook his sides with laughter at the truthful sincerity of her frank

reply to her mother's question. One could see at a glance that her idolized father had much more to do with her training than her mother—for these were his natural characteristics.

I left Ottawa the next morning for Toronto. As a last word to Katy I reminded her of her promise to write me nice long letters; and not to forget, for I certainly would be looking for them.

"Well, Jack, of course I will write, for I promised, and then you know, I want to get yours."

So I bid the doctor and Katy goodbye—they had come down to the station to see me off—and jumped onto the end of the coach, where I could see them waving their handkerchiefs in farewell until a curve in the road prevented me from seeing them longer.

I found my business in first-class shape under the management of Harry Haig, who had full charge while I was away. I was forced to have someone at home as superintendent or manager in my absence, for I was away from the city a great deal. Fortunately I had secured the services of Harry Haig some months prior to the accident, and I was saved a lot of worry all round. I was laid up. For when I was at last able to return to the office, I found everything in a flourishing condition; so that now I had no hesitancy in leaving Toronto for weeks at a time, knowing that my interests were well taken care of in my absence.

The American houses which I represented in Canada had been pressing me for a long time to add to my territory some of the larger cities in the Western States, and some time prior to this I had opened a branch in Chicago. This particular branch now needed my

presence, and shortly after my arrival at Toronto from Ottawa, I started for Chicago. Harry Haig, in bidding me good-bye at the G. T. R. station at Toronto, promised to write or wire me every day, keeping me thoroughly posted as to the business during my stay in the West. My sojourn at Chicago extended from a few weeks, as I had expected, into months before I was able to return to Toronto.

During all that time I kept faith with Katy by writing her a letter—and sometimes two—every week, and received her replies, just as she had promised, never missing a week. Her letters were a great help to me, expressing the most beautiful thoughts, and filled with good cheer; emanating from a heart filled with love and sympathy for every one; for her religion was made up largely of cheerfulness and good will to all. No one with whom she came in contact was left very long in doubt as to the hold the Christian religion had upon her heart, for it dominated her life. Therefore her letters inspired me, bracing me up like a tonic, helping me to reach out after higher things, and a more noble and useful life than the one I had been leading. I had not seen Katy for over six months, and was therefore very much pleased when the business which had detained me in Chicago for so long a time was completed, and I was enabled to advise her in my next letter that I was about to return to Toronto. I had another strong reason for wishing to get back to Canada—I had never really recovered from the effects of the yachting accident, and was not feeling at all strong. On the advice of a friend I had fully made up my mind to go to the north shore of Lake Superior and

rough it in the open for a while. He told me that he had been suffering with tubercular trouble, and that the doctors had pronounced his case hopeless; but on hearing that a life in the North Woods might save his life he took the chance and went there, living with the trappers and Indians in the open all the time, and seldom under cover, and at the end of two years he returned home feeling as well as ever he did in his life. So I made up my mind to do the very same thing. On my arrival at Toronto Harry Haig was standing on the platform of the station waiting for me. I told Harry what I intended doing; he thought it an excellent idea, and urged me to lose no time, but to get away to the North Woods as soon as possible, if there was a chance for a permanent cure. He assured me that he would devote every hour of his time and his whole attention to the business—as if it were his own—during my absence. He and I decided to put everything in shape at the office, and if possible I was to leave the following week for the North Woods.

The hotel clerk handed me a special delivery stamped letter as soon as I entered the hotel. It was from Katy, informing me that she was leaving that morning for Toronto, and asked me to meet her on the arrival of the ten o'clock train that evening. I just had time to have dinner and run for it, arriving at the station just as the Eastern express was pulling into the depot, and help Katy to alight from the train.

As soon as I saw her I said, "My dear Katy, you are no longer the little Katy I said good-bye to six months ago, for you have changed; and changed into a beautiful little woman."

She blushed crimson at the warm reception I gave her, saying she was so glad I had received the letter in time to meet her at the train, for she heard that Chris was away on a business trip, and the very thought of arriving in Toronto near midnight alone had made her quite nervous, and had almost spoiled her trip. I realized at once that conditions had changed, for in my absence Katy had been transformed into a stylishly dressed young lady. She wore a tight-fitting tailor-made broadcloth suit of silver gray; her hair was done up in a most becoming manner, and you could just catch a glimpse of its golden brown shading from beneath the wide-brimmed Devonshire hat, with long drooping ostrich plumes, and flowing veil reaching to her waist, and which she wore with such becoming grace.

I was almost speechless at the transformation which had taken place in her appearance in so short a time, but thought her the most bewitching little woman my eyes had ever rested on. But I soon discovered that though Katy had changed in outward appearance, the change had not sunk very deeply, for the very first question she asked me in her usual ingenuous way, as we sat together in the carriage, was:

"Now Jack, you have been looking at me for some time, and have not said very much. Now, honest, do you like the way I am dressed? and the way I have my hair done up?"

"Why, my dear Katy," I replied, "I think you look perfectly charming; the last time I saw you I was looking at a very pretty and extremely tidy little girl. But now I see you as a most beautiful and becomingly

dressed young lady; and if you want my honest opinion, I certainly think you look most charming."

Her face was all wreathed in smiles as she replied, "Jack, it makes me feel very happy to hear you say that, for I was terribly afraid you would not like me dressed as a young lady. But you know, Jack, I had to make the change sooner or later, for I am getting older all the time, and mother thought I should make it now, and get used to it while on this trip to Toronto."

It pleased me to hear Katy talk in the same unaffected, sincere manner that had always been her chief charm in my estimation.

When we arrived at Chris's home, Mary appeared to be glad to see us, and had a nice room prepared and ready for Katy's reception. We sat chatting in the sitting-room until quite late. But we had not been talking very long before Mary began to criticise Katy's outfit, and make suggestions for alterations in Katy's dress. But much to Mary's chagrin, I said, "Katy, if I were you I would not alter a stitch; for I think the whole outfit looks fine."

"If that is your honest opinion, Jack," said Katy, "I certainly will not make any alterations in my dresses, for your opinion exactly coincides with mother's. But I have some other very nice things in my trunk, and if you will come up to-morrow night, I will show you all my dresses; and I hope you will like the others as well as you do my traveling suit."

"Why, Katy!" exclaimed Mary, "the very idea of inviting Jack up to see your clothes! Are you not aware that it is not customary for a young girl to boast of her clothes, especially to young men?"

"I am certainly not trying to boast of my clothes or anything else," said Katy; "it just seems to please him, and I am very sure that it pleases me to know that Jack likes my things, for I would rather please him than anybody else."

"My," said Mary. "You are incorrigible! What would your mother say if she heard you talking in that way?"

I answered for Katy by saying, "Mary, do you know it would be a mighty good thing if all the girls, yes, and all the women that one comes in contact with, were one-half as ingenuous, honest, and sincere as Katy is? If such a thing were possible, what a different world this would be to live in! Bye the bye, it is nearly midnight, and I must be going; but I will be up to-morrow night, Katy, to see all your nice things."

I did not wait until the evening, but drove up in the afternoon and invited Katy out for a drive. When we got outside the city and were traveling along a nice piece of road, I allowed the horses to jog along quietly, whilst we talked about the different things which had happened since we last met. At last I said, "Do you know, Katy, that I have a great secret—one that I have kept to myself for a long time? But I think I will now tell it to you. The fact is, Katy, I have never really regained my health since I met with the yachting accident on the lake. I do not seem to have the same amount of energy or ambition, nor anything like the same amount of grip on life that I used to have; so I have decided to drop business for a while, leaving Harry Haig to take my place in my absence, and go

and live in the woods on the north shore of Lake Superior for a while. I am told by one who has tried it that if I do this, and live the simple life with the trappers and Indians for a year or two, I am sure to regain my strength and get a new lease on life. What do you think of the plan, Katy?"

She listened very intently to every word I uttered, but did not say anything for some time; but I could see that her heart was touched, for her eyes were brimming over with tears. After a little struggle she pulled herself together and said, "Jack, I have known this all along; I could read it between the lines of your letters; and noticed it the moment I saw you at the station last night. I am afraid you will have to put up with a lot of hardship, and perhaps suffering. But if you are convinced it will produce the results you think it will, I should say go by all means; for your health is worth more than all the money in the world. I will miss you more than I can tell you; but I will pray for you all the time you are away, and will write you regularly; that is, if you can get my letters in that great wilderness; and I want you to write me every chance that you get, for I will be very anxious about you all the time you are away."

"Katy," I said, "you have spoken like the sensible little woman I always took you to be. Now I am fully resolved to go, and get well, and by God's help I will."

We then headed the horses for home, and arrived in time for supper. Mary opened the door for us, but did not invite me in nor ask me to remain for supper, but simply walked back into the front room and

curling up on the sofa continued reading her book. Katy noticed the slight Mary had subjected me to by not inviting me to stay for supper, and not even inviting me back to spend the evening with them. But I told Katy not to think anything of it, for I was coming up anyway to see her—and not Mary. Subsequently I discovered, but not until I had returned from the Northwest, that Mary had picked out a young man belonging to the more fashionable set of her acquaintances, and was doing her utmost to win him for Katy. He was fairly good looking, and the son of a very wealthy man—one of Toronto's leading merchants; Fred Warner—for that was his name—having been born with a silver spoon in his mouth, did not see the necessity of exerting himself, and did not, therefore he lived the life of the idle rich young men with whom he associated; but was generally looked upon as a contemptible cad by the young business men of the city.

As I was saying good-bye to Katy, she said, "Be sure and come up early this evening, Jack, for I will be looking for you!" but I noticed that the invitation was not seconded by Mary. She simply touched my hand with the tips of her fingers, saying, "Bye-bye," and walked back into the house.

On returning to the house that evening I was received by Katy at the door, and as I entered Katy said, "Jack, we have another visitor to-night, a Mr. Fred Warner. But perhaps you know him? Mary says he is one of the finest young men in the city!"

"Yes, Katy," I replied, "I know him very well."

As we entered the parlor, Fred Warner, without ris-

ing from his chair, said with a most pronounced Cockney accent, "Auh! Mr. Arling! glad to see you,—glad to see you indeed. Working hard as usual, I suppose. They tell me you are a most indefatigable worker; but it must be a terrible bore to have to work as hard as you do?"

"Yes," I replied, "work must be a terrible bore—that is, if you are not accustomed to it. I am very well acquainted with your good father—he is a great worker. He and I are of the same opinion—we both like work, and take a great deal of pleasure out of business. I have had to work since I was fourteen years old, and further, if I considered it a bore and neglected my business, I am afraid that I would soon be without a business to bore me."

"Very clever, very clever indeed, Mr. Arling. You are almost as good a preacher as my father," he replied, with a supercilious smile on his face.

Mary did not like the trend of the conversation; her face was quite flushed; she was certainly perturbed, if not angry, and said, "You must remember, Jack, that persons of independent means do not require to work."

"And why shouldn't they, my dear Mary," I replied. "The more means a man possesses, the greater becomes his responsibilities. And as a faithful steward, he is under obligations to conserve and use those means by performing his duty to society and mankind by helping those who are not quite as fortunate as himself."

Of course Katy knew nothing of Fred Warner, and said quite innocently, "I perfectly agree with all Jack

has said; and hardly know which to do, pity or despise a lazy man."

In a short time Fred Warner excused himself by saying he had another call to make that evening, and left. Mary was quite angry, fearing Fred Warner would never come back again, and soon retired, saying that she was suffering with a very bad headache.

After Mary had retired, Katy said, "Now Jack, I will show you my new dresses." She opened her trunk, taking them out one at a time with great care until I had seen them all. With a little conscious smile on her face, savoring of pardonable pride, she asked me how I liked them. Of course I told her I thought them beautiful, and that the most perfect taste had been exercised in their selection, and added, "Do you know, Katy, I think everything you possess most charming, and in my eyes is made more beautiful simply from the fact that it is owned by you. I admire not only what you wear, but I admire yourself; and have admired you from the very first day I met you. My admiration has now turned into love, for I love you very dearly, and some day I am going to ask you to be my wife, but not now. For I do not think it fair to ask you to engage yourself to me under existing circumstances, for several reasons. In the first place I am going into the wilderness for a long time; and the life I will lead there will be full of dangers,—and I may never come back; in the next place, you are now a young lady, and you will meet a great many young men; you know you have not met with many so far, and it is possible you may meet with one that you think would make a more desirable life companion than myself—one whom you

sincerely loved. He of course would be the right man for you to marry, for much as I love you, I would not want you to be my wife unless I was absolutely sure I was loved in return. These are the reasons why I think it would be wise to leave the matter open until I return from the North Woods. But Katy, there is one thing I want you to promise me; that is, that you will not allow anyone to influence you, or force you to accept the advances of any man, no matter who he is, that your heart tells you you do not love."

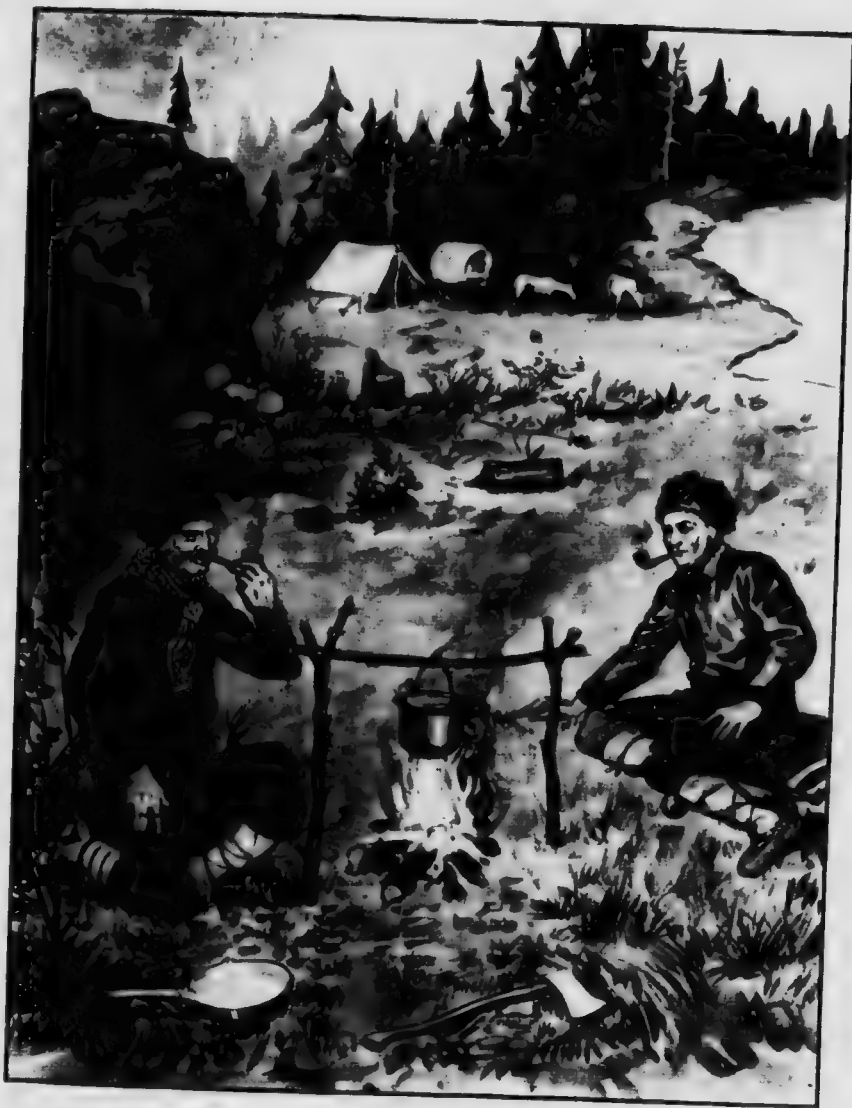
Katy did not reply for some time, but I could see by her deep breathing and tear-filled eyes that she was laboring under a heavy mental strain.

But at last she said, "Jack, I appreciate all you have said, for it is all very true; I have not met many young men. In fact you are the only one I have ever associated with, and you and I have been like chums. I really think a great deal of you, more than I would like to say; but you are perfectly right; personally I would not like to be engaged just yet, for I am only eighteen, and you are twenty-four. But you can rest content that I will not under any circumstance, not even at the command of my father and mother, engage myself to any man that I do not love. But I would like you to write me as often as you can while you are away, for I will be very anxious about you until you return; and if God spares you,—and I am sure He will,—come and see me as soon as you get back. In the meantime let us keep up the delightful correspondence which has given such pleasure to both of us."

As I was leaving, I did what I had never done before;

I put my arm round her waist and drew her close to my breast and kissed her for the first time, and she kissed me in return, and said, "Go now, Jack, and get real well. Come back as soon as you can, for I will be thinking about you, and praying for you all the time you are away."

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Lem had camped near the shore in a beautifully sheltered spot
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CHAPTER XXIII

LIFE IN THE NORTH WOODS

ON my arrival from Chicago, I had fully made up my mind to go to the north shore of Lake Superior. I called on a particular friend of mine, Mr. James Ryan by name—commonly called "Jimmy" by his friends. He was the senior partner of the firm of James Ryan & Company, and they were the largest fur dealers in Canada. We were very close friends. I addressed him as "Jimmy" and he called me "Jack." He invited me at once into his office to smoke a cigar with him.

As soon as we were seated I opened the conversation by saying, "Jimmy, you know that ever since I was pulled out of the water for dead at the time of the yachting accident, I have been anything but well. I do not say much about it, but the fact is I am not in good health, and cannot stand the slightest exertion, which only used to give me pleasure. So I have made up my mind, after consulting with a friend who has passed through a similar experience, to do what he did, that is, to drop business for a year or two, if necessary, go to the North Woods of Lake Superior, and rough it with the trappers and Indians until I get better—or die, for I am sure I will never get better as long as I am penned up in an office. But you know I can't remain idle—I must be active! for an idle life has no charms

for me—I am not built that way. I have always lived an active life, and must be doing something all the time to keep my mind employed. And in thinking the matter over, it struck me that I might help myself and help you at the same time, if I was to turn my attention to the buying of raw skins from the trappers and Indians, for you are aware that I have had two years' experience in the fur trade. If I succeeded in this enterprise, I could have the skins brought to some convenient point on the north shore, and you could have your trading schooner call for them from time to time. What do you think of the scheme?"

"Why, Jack, my boy, I think it fine," he replied, "for if I was to hunt Canada over I could not find a chap more suitable, nor better equipped for the job than yourself. I am delighted with the proposition, and would suggest that you come here every day for an hour or two, so that I can thoroughly post you up on values, and give you all the information you need. I will also appoint you my buyer for all of that region. The schooner will call every two months and provide you with supplies. You will find out as you go on what you need, and by giving your order to the captain in writing, addressed to me personally, I will see to it that your orders are filled to the letter. The schooner will leave for Collingwood just three weeks from to-day, so we will start in at once and purchase a complete outfit for you, for I have been all through that country a number of times, and know exactly what you want."

I started in the very next day for my first lesson in raw furs—general information and instructions. Of

course I did not require very much posting, for I had been in the hat and fur trade with Glassman & Company for two years, so that all I needed was values on raw skins, as I was well up in quality. Jimmy became quite enthusiastic over the enterprise, and between us we purchased a mighty fine outfit—clothing for all seasons, for Jimmy knew what that rigorous climate demanded. He had a magnificent fur coat and cap made for me in his own establishment; he also sent to St. Regis, an Indian village, and had the chief select a couple of pairs of very fine buckskin moccasins and a splendid pair of snow-shoes.

When the wardrobe was completed we purchased a first-class rifle, a double-barreled shotgun, with a supply of ammunition large enough to last for a long time. When we completed the purchase of the outfit, Jimmy wrote a long letter to an old trapper, an acquaintance of his, telling him my story, recommending me to him in the strongest terms, instructing him to help me in every way and post me up thoroughly on everything.

The following day, after I parted with Katy, I took the train with my outfit for Collingwood and boarded the schooner for the north shore of Lake Superior, and arrived at our destination after a fairly good voyage of ten days.

Of course we had to make several calls on the way, and were delayed some by encountering two pretty stiff storms, but we weathered them without damage and made the harbor safely.

The captain and I were standing on the forward deck one fine morning,—in the early fall of the year,—

when he pointed out to me a long rocky cape which stretched out a considerable distance from the mainland, telling me that right behind that point was a very snug harbor, consisting of a bay which was almost landlocked, with an entrance just about wide enough to sail through; the bay was about two miles long and a mile wide; and no matter how the storm raged outside in the lake, his schooner could ride safely at anchor, once inside the bay.

We passed safely through the channel, and I could see a man standing on the top of a high rock, looking towards the entrance to the bay, evidently waiting for us to arrive. At the foot of the rock there was a pair of horses and a prairie schooner. The horses were evidently quiet, for they were not even tethered to a tree, but were browsing on the leaves of the overhanging branches of trees.

The captain saw the man and his outfit first; and pointing him out to me said, "There stands Lem Hopkins, as decent and honest a soul as you will find in all this North country."

I had told the captain of my friendship for Jimmy Ryan, and that he had given me a letter to Lem Hopkins, and I was mighty glad to find him waiting for me at the landing; but the captain said this was nothing new, for Lem never missed being on hand when the schooner arrived, for every trapper in the region entrusted his skins and orders to Lem to deliver them to him on his arrival.

The captain maneuvered his schooner until he reached the proper anchorage and fastened her up to the large buoy which he had anchored there some time

before. We then got into the schooner's big yawl, which had been trailing at her stern, and the sailors rowed us to the shore; as soon as we landed the captain sent the yawl back for my outfit, after taking on board some bundles which Lem Hopkins delivered to him.

When the yawl returned with my outfit, and before leaving, the captain told me that as it was getting late in the season,—for the ice was beginning to form,—he would hardly be able to make another trip until spring, but if the harbor kept open to look out for him in about sixty days; for if the weather permitted he would surely come. Bidding Lem and me good-bye, he and his men went back to the schooner, and we watched her set sail for home.

I must say I felt a bit lonely as I saw the schooner sailing away, and leaving me behind in the wilderness.

Lem had camped near the shore in a beautifully sheltered spot, protected on one side by high rocks which were completely covered with moss, and on the other side by forest trees. The horses were now tethered with long ropes fastened to the tree trunks, and were peacefully grazing, having a fine feed of grass, for it was most luxuriant at this camp. It was really a delightful spot, just as nature had formed it,—a most beautiful bower in the primitive forest. Lem and I sat down facing the camp fire, but not for the last time by any means,—the only sounds to break the silence being the singing of the kettle suspended over the burning logs, and our voices, as we chatted together for the first time in the great North Woods, smoking our pipes in front of our own camp fire.

Lem and I took to each other at once, soon becom-

ing fast friends, and for nearly two years were inseparable companions, in fair weather as well as foul. He knew every spot in that great wilderness, and was just as much at home wandering through the trackless forests of pine, birch, elm, and oak—forests which had never been injured by the hand of man, just as they were designed by the great Architect of the universe, and had weathered the storms of untold years—as I would be walking through the streets of Toronto.

Lem was a fine fellow, honest to a fault, simple, and at times childlike in his actions; but when circumstances demanded a show of courage he was as brave as a lion. The only book he carried with him on his many tramps through the forest was a well-worn pocket Testament, which he read every evening when the day's journey was over. This he never omitted, and just before turning in for the night would reverently kneel and offer up a short but fervent prayer, thanking God for His care over him during the day, and ask for His protection during the night. He was a devout and deeply religious man; some of his views on theology would perhaps bring a smile to the faces of scientific theologians, but it would be well for them did they possess one tithe of the sincere, childlike faith, and absolute trust and confidence in God, which was the great comfort and solace of Lem's simple life. We used to sit in front of our camp fire every evening, chatting and smoking our pipes, until nine or ten o'clock, relating our different experiences—and they were as opposite as the poles. He had been born and brought up in the wilderness, and knew no other life; while I had lived in cities. He would throw out little feelers

of questions, until he got me into a reminiscent mood, and would sit by the hour listening intently to every word, as I described my life in the cities of Montreal, Toronto, New York, Chicago and other cities in which I had lived. After spending an evening in this way, I could hear him for a long time afterwards,—in thinking it all over,—saying to himself, "Wonderful! Wonderful!" He was so grateful to me for all the information I imparted to him that he tried to show it in every act of his life.

When we were ready to turn in and roll up in our blankets for the night he would say, "I have fixed up a little place for you to sleep in over here," and I would find he had picked out for my comfort the most sheltered spot to rest in, and had carried in armsful of dried grass and leaves, making me a bed that anyone might envy.

Jimmy Ryan had told him in the letter he had written him that I had met with a great accident, and was not at all well, and strongly urged him to take good care of me, which he certainly did, for he watched over me like a mother would watch over her child, and was almost as tender in his care of me. I frequently noticed him getting up very stealthily in the morning, just at daybreak, stealing out, fearing to wake me, mending the camp fire, watering the horses, and doing all the chores round the camp, as well as preparing the breakfast; when all was finished he would come over to where I was sleeping and very gently touch me on the shoulder to wake me up, telling me that breakfast was ready. Of course we had been on the move ever since my arrival, rarely camping more than two or three days

in one place. Lem knew every good camping ground in that vast wilderness, and I noticed we always camped on the banks of a running stream, small river, or lake, so that the first thing to do in the morning was to go down to the edge of the water, strip, and take a header right in. My! how I did enjoy those morning baths in the cool, clean, sparkling water, clear as crystal, the most invigorating and refreshing baths I ever enjoyed. When I had had enough I would come out and have a vigorous rub with a coarse Turkish towel, which made me feel like a new man, and always ready for one of Lem's fine breakfasts of fresh fish, bacon, and flapjacks, all of which Lem could cook to a turn; so that every mouthful tasted good, flavored by the pine woods and clear atmosphere, which was a wonderful tonic, and gave me such a colossal appetite that I hardly knew myself.

I had only been in the woods four weeks when I discovered that the blood was coursing through my veins with a vigor I had been a stranger to for a long time; I had also accumulated a coat of tan on my face, neck and hands that would do justice to an Indian; the old languid feeling had passed away, making me again strong and fit. The first week I traveled through the woods with Lem I felt like sitting in the wagon—when we used it—and that is when we traveled between Lem's log shack and the landing; but the best part of the time we rode horseback or walked. I therefore did a great deal of walking; but Lem was very considerate, for he usually walked with a long stride and at a good pace; but for a long time after I arrived he cut the gait down, suiting it to my ability to keep up.

But four weeks in the North Woods had wrought wonders. I was now able to hold my own with Lem, and could walk with a good swinging gait, and Lem was at last able to let himself out without any fear as to my ability to keep up. Lem's traps were scattered all through the woods, and along the banks of streams and rivers. To visit them all meant a tramp of sixty miles to make the rounds. We would start off with two horses, but if luck was good, by the end of two days we would have to dismount and walk, using the horses as packs to carry the skins, the balance of the journey being made on foot. When the snow was on the ground we traveled on snow-shoes. I was delighted to find that I could keep up with the procession, either tramping on foot or on snow-shoes, without being a hindrance.

We had just returned to the shack after tramping for several days, making the rounds of the traps; and as soon as we arrived at the shack, Lem said, in his usual kind, considerate way—always looking out for my comfort, "Mr. Arling, we have had quite a long tramp to-day. I think you had better lie down for an hour or two before supper, and take a good rest."

"My dear Lem," I replied, "I can hardly understand it myself, for I am not a bit tired. I feel as fit as a fiddle, and instead of lying down, I am going off to the trout stream to hook a good mess of those speckled beauties which we saw in passing; and I will bring you back a fine feed for supper." I took my fishing rod, tackle and basket, and started off whistling a lively tune; and for the first time in over two years I seemed to have the same feeling of vigorous life coursing

through my veins which I had always enjoyed previous to the yacht accident.

I reached the stream an hour before sundown, and as soon as I made a cast, I had one of those golden speckled trout on the end of my line, landing inside the hour as pretty a mess of speckled trout as I ever saw caught. I picked up my catch and walked back to the shack, feeling as fit as I ever did in my life, and as hungry as a bear. I handed the fish to Lem, and he started at once to clean and fry them for supper. Oh, how fine they did taste, and how I did enjoy that supper!

I do not remember ever having had such a feeling of intense thankfulness, and gratitude to God, as I experienced that evening, for His great kindness in giving me a new lease on life and restoring to me the health I had almost lost.

As we sat in front of the camp fire that evening the silence could almost be felt, the air was cool and crisp, the moon at the full, and the sky almost cloudless; the moonlight was glinting through the branches of the forest trees and molding them into the most fantastic shapes and forms. A quiet stillness pervaded the great forest; now and then the silence would be broken by the barking of a fox, or the yelp of a wolf; otherwise there was a calm, quiet, peaceful serenity that could not be experienced in any other place but in the heart of a dense forest wilderness, where the voice of man was rarely heard.

Both Lem and I were wrapped up in our own thoughts, not uttering a word, but quietly smoking our pipes and absorbed in our peaceful meditations,

both of us feeling that a certain supernatural influence permeated the very atmosphere which we breathed, and realized that we were in the presence of God.

At last I broke the silence by saying, "Lem, I never felt so thankful, nor in such a thankful mood as I am in to-night; I am so much better in health that I hardly know myself. You know, Lem, that the first week I was here I could hardly stand exertion of any kind; but to-day I really put in quite a strenuous time of it, for we walked a mighty long distance; and when I got back to camp from the last leg of the journey, I felt fit enough to walk to the trout stream and back, putting in almost two hours, busy every moment either walking or catching fish, and came back as fresh as when I started; I certainly never in all my life felt better than I do to-night."

Lem looked mightily pleased to hear me say I felt so much better, and said in his own crude way, "Mr. Arling, I knowed you was a-feelin' better, fur I could see the improvement coming on every day lately. I hev made your case a perticular and special matter of prayer, ever since I have met you, for I know'd you was a-feelin' badly. The Almighty has answered the prayer,—as I know'd He would, an' now you are better, let us thank Him for it. You an' me will jest emphasize that fact in our prayers to-night, and give the good Lord a little extra thanks for answering the prayer so quickly."

From that time on my recovery progressed with leaps and bounds, for I never had as much as a headache all the time I lived in the North Woods.

Shortly after my arrival I told Lem I would buy

all the skins he accumulated during the fall and winter, and that he could also tell all the trappers and Indians that he was acquainted with that I would purchase all the pelts, skins, and hides of every description which they captured during the fall and winter, and pay them cash for them. By some mysterious way, known only to men who live in the wilds, the word was passed along from one trapper to another, until all in that vicinity had heard of it; and were hard at work getting together a large quantity of skins so that I could make a good shipment on the schooner when she arrived on her first trip in the spring. From that time on we had occasional visitors. I told them all to bring in their skins, as I had arranged to have the money brought up on the first schooner which arrived to pay for them. Lem told them I was a great friend of Jimmy Ryan's, and that I was buying the skins for him. He also showed them Jimmy's letter to him; but they did not need this evidence, for whatever Lem said was Gospel truth to them for they believed every word he uttered. Without an exception they all agreed to bring in the whole of their catch, and have them on the shore at the landing in good time for the first boat that called. Jimmy told me before I left to try to get all the deer-skins possible, as very few had arrived the previous season, and there was a great demand for them.

One day no less than five trappers arrived at the shack, all coming in from different directions. As we sat round the camp fire that evening, smoking our pipes and chatting, I told them that Jimmy was anxious to get as many deerskins as possible; so Lem and the trappers had a great palaver which lasted until after

ten o'clock. They decided between themselves to have several big deer hunts during the winter, and would pass the word along and make sure that we would have at least twenty hunters in the party. They also mapped out the localities they thought best for the several hunts, for they knew every runway in the forest.

After the preliminaries were decided on each man promised to bring one or two horses, with all necessary appliances, and to meet for the first big drive, at the Black Rock, on the first day of December.

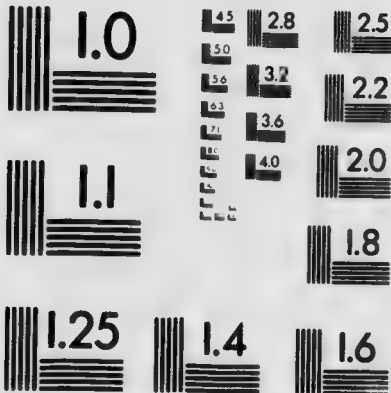
The next morning they all left for their several camps, each one promising to send word to two or three others, and to meet at the rendezvous on the day appointed. As this was the latter part of October, I only had five weeks to wait to participate in my first deer hunt. Lem and I were busy every day, making the rounds of the traps, and hunting and fishing as we went along; as soon as we completed the sixty-mile circuit it was time to start round again.

The weather was intensely cold, but we were well protected, being provided with an abundance of warm clothing, as well as fur caps, and our fur coats were also lined with fur; so we did not suffer much on account of the weather, as long as we kept moving, for our lives were spent in the open, and we had become inured to the rigors of that Northern climate. The last day of November Lem and I started off early, on snow-shoes, to make the twenty-five-mile tramp to the Black Rock country. The horses were used as packs and loaded with all our traps. We were anxious to arrive at our destination by evening and make our camp, so as to



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be ready to start on the deer hunt the next morning. We reached the rendezvous early in the evening, with ample time to put up our tent in a sheltered spot backed up by the face of an immense perpendicular rock, and under the spreading branches of great forest trees, which formed a canopy over our tent. I never saw such an ideal spot for a camp. The whole party had arrived by seven o'clock, and formed quite a picturesque little colony or village. The horses were all well blanketed, tethered under some large trees after being watered, and then left to munch their corn and hay protected from the weather by the overhanging branches—which were covered thick with snow, forming almost a solid and unbroken roof over their heads.

Large camp fires were kept burning all through the night, being attended to by watchers, who kept piling on the logs as fast as they burned low. The watchers were changed every two hours, so that all could get a good sleep. We were all up bright and early next morning for breakfast; then we tramped off, each man carrying his own rifle and ammunition. The snow was about a foot deep, covered with a strong crust, preventing our snow-shoes from sinking too deeply, so we tramped off in Indian file for the first runway. Some of the men had been told off to watch the camp and have a good supper ready for us when we returned.

After a tramp of a few miles, Lem said, "Mr. Arling, I will take you to a fine sheltered spot on the runway; and as soon as you hear the dogs giving tongue, you watch out, for you will soon see a deer coming from their direction; take a very careful aim at the breast of the deer, but don't shoot until he gets close,—then

blaze away. If you happen to miss him I will be about a hundred yards further up along the runway, and I will get him."

I always thought I held a good grip on my nerves, but I had never fired a rifle at a deer. I sat down on the snow, but did not have long to wait for the dogs soon began to bellow and yowl. I looked off in that direction and at the other end of the opening in the woods I saw an immense buck, just bounding through the air, coming towards me with lightning speed. I could feel every nerve in my body quivering with excitement, and felt as though I had an attack of ague, for I was trembling from head to foot. I tried my level best to compose myself, and raised the rifle to my shoulder, getting a dead bead on the buck; but just as I was going to fire, I could see the barrel of the rifle bobbing up and down in a most erratic manner, and could not possibly keep it steady, but as the buck was almost opposite me, not ten yards away, I fired, aiming as I thought right at his breast, but he passed me like a streak of lightning, and I do not suppose I came within fifty yards of him, for I had buck fever and had it bad.

But immediately as he passed I heard the short, sharp crack of Lem's rifle, and saw Lem stepping out of the woods to examine the deer,—for Lem was not troubled with buck fever,—and when he fired it was dollars to doughnuts that the thing he fired at dropped.

I felt very much chagrined at missing the deer, but Lem and the other hunters said that very few hunters ever succeeded in making a hit the first time they fired at a deer. So they placed me at another point on the

runway, assuring me I was certain to do better the next time. Early in the afternoon I heard the dogs again yelping, and making a great howl; but this time I used all the will power I could bring to my command, and waited, but did not have to wait long, for I saw at once the cause of the commotion among the dogs—it was another deer flying in my direction with great leaps and bounds. I gritted my teeth together this time, to keep my jaws from quivering, and raised the rifle to my shoulder and let fly just as he made a bound, not fifty feet from where I was standing. This time I hit him, the ball striking him square in the shoulder, and he dropped. He was floundering in the snow when Lem came running up, beating the dogs off, and showed me the vital spot to send another ball into him, which finished him. I must admit that it gave me a feeling of pride to know that I had killed a deer, but at the same time a feeling of regret for having killed it—it was such a beautiful specimen. My regrets soon vanished after I had had a talk with Lem. He said, "Mr. Arling, if we were killing these deer just for the sake of the sport that is in it, every man in our party would look upon himself as a murderer. But we are far from doing that; for we need the meat for food, and the skins to sell, so that we can get money to buy clothing, flour, and all other things we require. We never hunt for the pleasure of killing, and taking life needlessly."

And in all my hunting experiences from that day to this, I have never killed an animal, bird or fish unless I could utilize all that I killed, either as food for myself or others.

Towards sundown we found that we had killed six deer, as the first day's bag; these were thrown across the backs of six horses, and then we took up the trail for the camp. That night we had a great feast of venison, the dogs coming in for their share.

We remained at this camp for several days, with good success every day, then moving north to another about twenty miles away, where we bagged twenty-five more—and a fine fat lot they were, with hides in fine condition. I soon became a skillful deer hunter, for I was a good shot, and as a consequence I bagged my share.

The deer were all taken back to camp, where they were skinned, the meat prepared by being frozen, and divided in equal shares among the hunters, I receiving my share with the rest. A good many carcasses were given to a large camp of Indians in the vicinity for helping us in the skinning and handling of the meat; not a pound was wasted. The hunt lasted for over three weeks, and when we got back to Lem's cabin there was over one hundred skins to be divided, each hunter receiving a skin check for his share; these checks to be cashed when the schooner arrived in the spring.

We had several deer hunts of the same kind during the winter, and accumulated over three hundred hides. They were all nicely taken off, stretched, and dried.

Lem and I superintended that part of the work, so that every skin would be in prime condition for shipment in the spring.

One hundred miles south was a mining camp on the lake front; the mail was delivered here every two

weeks. I had written several letters to Katy and to some of my friends in Toronto, as well as to Jimmy Ryan. I now wrote him of the great success I had met with in getting skins of almost every variety—mink, otter, lynx, a few black bear, a large number of coon, a few sable, several thousand muskrats and skunk skins, as well as three hundred deer, so that my share of the profits would amount to at least two thousand dollars.

I told Jimmy of the arrangements I had made with the trappers and Indians, also sending him an inventory of all skins received and on hand at the time of writing, but telling him the quantity would be greatly increased, for skins were coming in every day; and to send me cash by first schooner to cover all purchases, so that I could keep faith with the hunters.

I also sent him a large order for all kinds of supplies, which I had taken from the trappers. I had sent out word to all my friends, both trappers and Indians, to send me in orders for everything they had need of, and also to send their mail to our shack; and promised to forward both orders and letters to Shelby—a mining camp—at least every two weeks, and have them mailed by an Indian runner, and he would bring back the return mail. I had previously written to the postal authorities at Toronto that if they would instruct the Shelby Post Office to deliver to my runner all mail for my district, I would see that the letters were delivered promptly and without cost to the Government. This they very gladly agreed to do, and I was really the Postmaster for the wilderness.

I secured the services of a fine young Indian to make the journey every two weeks, and paid him at the rat

of five dollars for each round trip. The postal authorities supplied me with a strong, waterproof, canvas mail bag, with a padlock, and two keys, the postmaster at Shelby keeping one, and I the other, so that the bag was always locked in transit.

Before very long our cabin looked like a general post office. On the 15th and 30th of each month, trappers and Indians came in from all parts to mail their letters and get their mail. They all thought this a great scheme, and one and all insisted on chipping in and paying their share of the expense. We now had regular post office facilities established, regular collections were made and delivered every two weeks, instead of every two months as formerly.

As the spring approached all was bustle about the camp, trappers and Indians coming in from every direction with the balance of skins they had on hand, and by the time the schooner had arrived, all were classified and sorted into three different grades, and appraised by Lem and myself.

Invoices were made out in triplicate, for each hunter's skins, one invoice to go with the goods, one for the trapper, and one for myself; the skins were all done up in bundles, and each bale marked with the owner's number, for I had given each trapper and Indian a number. Everything was now in shipshape and there was nothing to do when the schooner arrived but to put the bales on board and pay each trapper and Indian the amount of his invoice, after deducting from his bill the amount he owed for supplies.

It took fifteen thousand dollars to liquidate the amount of indebtedness to the trappers and Indians

for skins delivered. Everything was done fair and above-board, the Indians receiving exactly the same treatment as the white trappers, so that every man of them was well pleased and satisfied, and on leaving shook hands with me, declaring they had never been treated more justly than I had treated them, and all went away happy.

Lem and I went back to our cabin—a quiet cabin now. We sat down in front of our camp fire to read the numerous letters delivered to us by the captain of the schooner.

"Mr. Arling," said Lem, "if I had always been paid the honest value of my skins, the same as you have paid me to-day, I would now be worth quite a tidy bit of money, and so would all the other trappers. But we have been badly used and imposed on by every trader we have ever had any dealings with up to this time. These sharks have all gone away empty-handed this season, and did not secure a single pelt. This must certainly have taught them a lesson, that honesty is the best policy after all. You have made many friends since you came here; and every man jack of them, from now on, will just swear by you."

I could hardly wait for Lem to get through with his talk, I was so anxious to get at my letters. There were three letters from Katy, and one from Chris, as well as several from Jimmy Ryan. He wrote that he was delighted with the results of my work in the North Woods; and had credited my account up to date with three thousand two hundred and fifty dollars as my share of the profits on the purchase of skins, and expected that this would be increased considerably when

all the returns were in. When I had gotten through all this part of the mail, I took Katy's letters out of my inside breast pocket, and read them consecutively. She could hardly find words to express her great joy and happiness at hearing by my letters of the wonderful improvement in my health. She was tremendously interested in reading of my life in the North Woods; she and her father would sit together in the evening, reading my letters over and over again, and the doctor had said that the rapid recovery of my health which I had experienced by residing in the North Woods, leading the strenuous life I was living in the open all the time, enduring the cold and hardships of that rigorous climate, had been a great revelation to him; and that on my return he was going to get from me all the facts, and write a paper for the medical society, feeling sure it would open their eyes and give them something of value to think about.

At the end of her letter she told me how much she missed me, but not to think of returning until I was sure the cure was permanent. Then told me all the news and some of the gossip that was going the rounds at home. She also wrote a letter to Lem, telling him how very much she appreciated his kindness to me, and sent him a beautifully bound copy of the Bible, printed in large type, also a handsome bookmark on which was inscribed "To Lem Hopkins, from his friend Katy."

Lem's face was a study when I handed him the Bible from Katy with her little letter. He was certainly tongue-tied for quite a while; but when he found his voice, said, "Mr. Arling, that young lady of

yours"—for I had told him all about Katy—"must be something out of the ordinary; for I never heard tell of a young lady of her circumstances paying much attention to an old trapper like me. This is certainly the most beautiful Bible I ever clapped an eye on; and then for her to go to the trouble of writing me a letter with her own hand; it is more than I could ever expect. But I will keep that letter as long as I live, and keep it right inside the cover of my beautiful Bible; and every time I go to read the Bible, I will read her letter first, and then read the Bible she was so kind and good as to send me, and which I put so much store on."

After this long talk, the poor old chap rested his head on his hands, and wept warm tears of gratitude, saying again and again to himself, "Wonderful, wonderful!"

Toward the middle of summer the Indian runner called at our camp—he was always welcome—for Lem and I had become quite attached to him, and whenever he called we treated him to the best in the shack. He had been loyal and faithful to the trust and confidence we had placed in him from the very first day I hired him to carry the mail; rain or shine, when mail day arrived we could tell almost to the hour the time of his arrival. He was a fine young buck, a full-blooded Indian. After he had eaten a good substantial meal, we were smoking our pipes, sitting in front of our camp fire, as the evening was quite cool, and I was trying to draw him out and tell me some of his experiences.

He told me that when the Indian trappers returned to their camps in the late spring they had reported to Chief Bigsail how justly they had been treated in

their dealings with me. And ever since that time the chief had been anxious to see me; but on leaving the camp this time the chief had expressed a stronger desire than usual that I should pay him a visit; and he had sent me a letter, which the Indian handed to me.

The letter was written by a feminine hand, inviting me to come up to his camp and pay him a visit, and that both he and his family would be glad to entertain me as long as I could find it convenient to stay.

Lem said, "Mr. Arling, that would be a fine thing to do; for I am sure you would enjoy a visit to the chief's home. He is a fine Christian Indian, and lives in a very nice house on an island in the lake, with his two sons and two daughters—his wife died two years ago; but they live in good shape just like white people." So I made up my mind to go, and told the Indian I would be ready to go with him on his return journey.

It was just two weeks when the Indian mail carrier returned from his rounds, but I was all ready for him, and bidding Lem good-bye, we started on our five days' tramp, arriving at our destination towards the evening of a most beautiful day.

On reaching the lower end of the lake we came to a small wharf or landing stage on which was constructed a finely built boathouse; the door was unlocked, so we entered, and the Indian selected a very handsome birch bark canoe, the best one of the four which we found in the boathouse. We lifted it out carefully and placed it in the water; the Indian put all our packs, guns, and other things in the bow, and invited me to take a seat in the center of the canoe, while he took his place in the stern. The Indian was of

the finest paddlers I ever saw, and fairly made the canoe skim over the surface of the water; it was a most delightful sensation traveling so swiftly over the waters of that beautiful lake. It actually looked like a large golden bowl, filled with the glory of the dying sun, bidding adieu to the world for another night as it dropped lower and lower, surely and silently behind the western horizon, painting the whole of the landscape with opalescent hues of amber, blue, green and red, gradually sinking behind the western hilltops to hide its face, like a coy and bashful maiden, and passed out of view as it descended in the west. The chief's house was situated on an island at the upper end of the lake; the island consisted of about one hundred acres of land, all under cultivation; the lake was about two miles long by one and a half miles wide, and called "Lovesick Lake." At the upper end there were beautiful falls, called "Lovesick Falls," and a little beyond the falls, on the mainland, was situated the Indian village or encampment. The borders of the lake on the other three sides were shut in with trees or forest growing to the very water's edge, and their shadows were reflected deep down into the water. It was certainly a most romantic spot; the lake looked like a gigantic mirror, reflecting the landscape from every side, presenting a most beautiful picture framed with an enormous border of emerald green; the surface of the lake was without a ripple, and as transparent as glass, so that you could look over the side of your canoe and see the pebbles and submarine growth at the bottom, with myriads of fish of all descriptions moving lazily through the passages between the rocks, or darting

here and there after some insect or grub with lightning speed.

We were received at the landing-stage by Chief Bigsail and his whole family. The chief was a tall, well-preserved, sinewy Indian; he reached out his hand and grasped mine firmly in his, as he helped me out of the canoe, and in very good English said that he was very glad to meet me personally, so that he could thank me for treating his young men in such an honorable way. He sincerely hoped that I would be able to stay with them for some time and enjoy the hospitality of his home; though it might not be as fine as I was accustomed to, they would all do their best to make my stay a pleasant one.

He then introduced me to his two daughters, both fine looking girls with piercing dark eyes, raven black hair, finely formed features, and beautifully clear, light olive complexions. The name of the eldest was Minnie, her Indian name meant "Song Bird." The youngest daughter they called Victoria, her Indian name meaning "White Swan."

The two sons were fine athletic young fellows. The eldest one was called Wesley and the youngest one Ryarson. The boys took my satchel, gun, fishing rod and tackle, and the girls escorted me to the house.

The house was a large, roomy, one-storied frame building, with a deep sloping shingled roof, with a wide covered veranda, extending the whole length of the front of the building; the house was painted white with green shutters, and everything about the place was spotlessly clean. I was ushered into a large, comfortable bedroom, with two windows facing the falls;

all the furniture in the room was of white oak, with homemade rag carpets on the floor, the walls of the room were covered with a light-colored paper, with red and pink rose vines as the pattern, with lots of green leaves. But the thing which caught my eye and appealed to me the most was the fine roomy bedstead, with its snowy white bedspread. I had not seen one from the day I left Toronto, and it looked most inviting I can assure you.

The island was almost perfectly round, and from a distance looked like an upturned sugar kettle, that is, the kind they boil the sugar in, in the maple forests and woods. The house was built at the highest point of the apex, the land sloping down to the lake at every side, with the front of the house facing the falls, and the Indian village in the distance, a short distance beyond the cataract. The view from the veranda was most charming.

We were all sitting here in the comfortable rocking-chairs after the supper was over; it was the first evening of my visit. I had handed the chief and the two boys a few of my cigars, which they were enjoying very much; Minnie was sitting alongside of me, and I was smoking my cigar, and silently meditating on the beauty of the scene, when she said, "Mr. Arling, we must take you for a canoe ride up to the foot of 'Lovesick Falls,' and if you are fond of fishing, we will get some fine black bass."

"Miss Minnie," I said, "I am certainly fond of fishing, and will be delighted to go; but please tell me why do they call those beautiful falls the 'Lovesick Falls?'"

"Mr. Arling," she replied, "there is quite a pretty

story, and a most romantic one, connected with their history, which gave them this charming name, but at the same time the story is a very sad one. But I will tell it to you, and you can judge of its merits yourself. Our people have lived in this vicinity for many, many years; long before the Christian missionaries came to live with us, and teach us the religion of Christ; and which I am happy to say our whole tribe has now adopted. The Hudson Bay Company had a post, just outside the village you see above the falls. The Hudson Bay factor, or manager of the post, was a fine-looking specimen of an Englishman; his business brought him into close contact with the chief of our tribe—an ancestor of mine on my father's side. This chief was held in high honor, and most respected by every Indian in the tribe; he had but one child, a daughter, who was noted for her great beauty, particularly so for the charm of her eyes, which were large and luminous, expressing great sincerity and kindness of spirit which endeared her to all, and this is how she acquired her beautiful name of Laughing Eyes, for she was always happy. The factor in the course of business frequently called at her father's cabin, and of course on each visit met Laughing Eyes, the princess of the tribe, and became greatly interested in her, more so because she had such an inordinate thirst for knowledge; especially so in regard to peoples of civilized nations, their mode of living, their characters and habits.

"And to please her he would tell her of the way the people of England lived, the style of their homes, the way they dressed, and described to her the large

stores where you could purchase anything you needed; he also told her of the magnificent streets with houses, palaces, and stores on each side; of the churches, theaters, markets; also of the rivers spanned with beautiful bridges, then of the wharves and docks lined with ships which sailed the oceans,—describing his own passage across the Atlantic,—and to make it all the more real to her, he showed her pictures of cities and city streets with their enormous traffic. He then showed her photographs of his own home, and pictures of his wife and children.

“She at last became so infatuated with him, and so anxious to hear more of the wonders of the outside world, that she would follow him round wherever he went, asking for more stories, and more information; and to please her he would spend a great deal of time gratifying her thirst for information. He did it all out of pure kindness, for she was like an innocent little child to him; and he failed to perceive that every day she was becoming more and more infatuated with himself. This had never entered his mind for a moment. One evening he was telling her all about his home life, and what a lovely character his wife was, and how anxious he was to return to her and his children. It all seemed to make a deep impression on her, for she sat silently for quite a long time after he had gotten through talking, for he was a perfect master of the Indian language.

“On coming out of her reverie she looked up into his face, like the innocent child that she was, and said, ‘How many wives do Englishmen have?’

“‘My dear child,’ he replied, ‘no Englishman ever

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With a heartrending cry of despair she jumped from that high rock
into the seething, turbulent waters of the chasm below

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has but one wife! And then the factor discovered for the first time that Laughing Eyes was in love with him; and tried, for her sake, to keep away from her father's house as much as possible. But she no sooner saw that he was trying to avoid her, than her spirits began to droop, and she wandered alone through the woods, or stole along the trail to the edge of the falls, watching their ceaseless flow by the hour; and she slowly but surely began to fade away.

"On a beautiful moonlight night, when the sky was studded with millions of stars, and when all was still in the camp, Laughing Eyes stole out of her father's cabin, and climbed up to the top of the big rock, which you can see from here, overlooking the falls. She sat there for a long time, singing or crooning a soft plaintive Indian melody in a low sobbing tone, which was heard by an Indian brave who had trailed her from the camp, for he was passionately in love with her himself. And all of a sudden, with a heartrending cry of despair, she jumped from that high rock into the seething, turbulent waters of the chasm below, and her little frail body was carried out into the lake at the foot of the rapids. Ever since that time the falls have been called the 'Lovesick Falls,' and the lake the 'Lovesick Lake.'"

We sat until quite late on the veranda of Chief Bigsail's cottage, on that beautiful midsummer night, enjoying the moonlight and the charming view from that vantage point. I found the Misses Bigsails' not only fine entertainers, but accomplished and highly educated young women, both graduates of eastern seminaries of learning.

The two brothers were also products of one of Toronto's colleges, and both were equipping themselves to become missionaries to the Indians in the Northwest, so that my conversation with this delightful Indian family was not only entertaining but instructive.

Just before retiring for the night, they asked me if I was fond of swimming, and being answered in the affirmative, they invited me to join them in the morning, and enjoy with them their morning plunge in the lake, which invitation I was very glad to accept; and on entering my room, I found a very handsomely knitted bathing suit lying on my bed, for my use in the morning.

It did not take me long to go to sleep when I turned into that comfortable bed that night, for I was completely tired out. I imagined I had just dozed off, while thinking of the stirring scenes of the day, when I was roused by a succession of knocks on the door, and heard one of the boys saying, "Mr. Arling, it is five o'clock, and we are all waiting for you to come and have a swim."

I was out of bed in a moment and donned the bathing suit, which fitted me exactly, and was very comfortable. The two boys and the girls were waiting for me on the veranda, and we all went at once to the boat landing, where they had a fine springboard to dive from. They told me there was at least twenty feet of water at that point, therefore I need not feel the least bit alarmed at hitting my head on the bottom, by diving too deeply. So one after the other we all ran out to the end of the springboard, and took header

right into the cool waters of the lake; the girls were just as much at home in the water as they were on the land, and we all swam, floated, and dived to our hearts' content; next we took a couple of bark canoes and paddled out a considerable distance into the lake, diving out of the canoes and playing tag in the water until we were all tired out and decided it was time to return to the house and have breakfast; for the strenuous exercise indulged in that morning had given us a strong desire to eat; my stomach certainly told me it was time, for I was almost famished with hunger. I think without exception that was one of the most enjoyable and exhilarating swims I ever had. We soon completed our toilets and sat down at the breakfast table.

My! how good that breakfast did taste. In the center of the table was a large fruit dish, almost as big as a punch bowl, filled to the brim with wild strawberries, the most delicious berry imaginable; and they served the strawberries in good-sized cereal dishes, covered with fresh cream; fried black bass caught the evening before, fresh eggs, coffee and rolls.

This was the bill of fare; but the fact of sitting down to breakfast in a nicely furnished room, in a private house, the table covered with a snowy white cloth, the meal served on clean china dishes, and with well-polished silver cutlery and spoons, and added to all this a strong healthy appetite; for this was the first time in almost a year that I had had the privilege,—paradoxical as it may seem,—of eating a well-cooked and well-served meal in a civilized home, even though it was served in the home of a pure-blooded Indian family.

I certainly did enjoy it, every mouthful had the home flavor, which made it taste so good, and never to be forgotten. After partaking of this delicious meal and smoking a cigar while sitting on one of the veranda chairs for a short time, we all repaired to the landing-stage, got out the canoes, and paddled up to the romantic "Lovesick Falls," baited our hooks, cast our lines into the turbulent waters, and started fishing. I had my own split bamboo rod with me, good line and reel which had done me such good service ever since I had arrived in the North Woods. Before we arrived in the vicinity of the Falls, Miss Minnie suggested that she would paddle the canoe from the center of the boat, and allow me to troll from the stern; we had only gone a short distance out into the lake when I got a most savage bite, the rod was almost jerked out of my hands; I allowed the line to run out for fully fifty feet, before I began to reel it in very slowly, until I had my fish almost alongside the canoe; Minnie cried out "It's a lunge! it's a lunge! and a big one; you will have to play him for some time, Mr. Arling. But the next time you reel him up close to the canoe, I'll gaff him sure," which she did, and landed in the canoe a fourteen-pound muskellunge on the end of her gaff. When we arrived at the foot of the falls, we had the finest kind of sport with the black bass; they were the liveliest, and gamest lot of fish I ever cast a line for. The flies had not been as numerous as usual that season, and the fish were hungry and seized the bait as fast as you could throw your line into the water. We caught a large number of bass, but threw all the small ones back into the lake, taking home with us thirty very

fine ones, two of them weighing six pounds each. We started to return by the same route we covered in coming out. I was trolling and Minnie paddling as before, and almost at the same point in the lake where I had captured the big lunge on the way out, I received another terrific bite—it was certainly a savage one. Minnie got quite excited, calling out, "Play him! play him, Mr. Arling! for he is certainly a big one." She said this just as he jumped out of the water, not thirty feet from the canoe; and he looked like a whopper. I reeled him in very gently, just a little at a time, until I got him close to the side of the canoe, when Minnie gaffed him right under the gills, and landed him in the bow of the canoe. There was lots of fight in him yet, but Minnie took a short club, which they always used in fishing for lunge, and struck him a sharp blow on the back of the head, and this knocked the fight out of him. He had a savage look as he lay on the bottom of the canoe, with his mouth wide open, showing a full set of ivory teeth as sharp as needles. We had him baked and stuffed for dinner that evening, and he made delicious eating.

Miss Minnie was a very good singer, in fact they all sang well, both boys and girls. But Victoria was the pianist, and played very beautifully for an amateur. Many of her white sisters might have copied her style with profit to themselves. We had the most delightful musical evenings all the time I was with them.

I had remained under their roof as their guest for two whole weeks, and now that the time had arrived for my return I was mighty sorry, and was loth to say good-bye. But the time had come, and it was with

profound regret that I was compelled to say the words which would separate me from people who had shown me such kindness and treated me with such generous hospitality. I had never in all my travels been the recipient of so many acts of sincere, honest friendship, and so much genuine courtesy as I had received at the hands of this Christian family of Indians.

During the two weeks that I had lived at the chief's house I had become acquainted with almost every Indian at the encampment, and had made arrangements with the chief and his council to purchase all the skins they could deliver by the following spring. I had made so many friends among them that when I started on my return journey I was accompanied by a large flotilla of canoes, who followed in our wake until we reached the lower landing place at the beginning of the back trail. It took some time to shake hands with all of them, but every last man of them expressed a desire to shake my hand before I said my last good-bye to them, and nearly all brought me some little souvenir of Indian handy work to remember them by.

But at last I got away, and started back to Lem and the cabin, carrying back with me so many memories of their generous hospitality, courtesy, and kindness, that time has never been able to efface.

Lem was mighty glad to see me on my return from my visit to Chief Bigsail and family, and was immensely pleased when I told him of the wonderful reception I had received from the chief, his daughters and sons. Also of the many pleasant experiences I had enjoyed during my two weeks' stay with them; and last of all of the contract I had made with the chief and

his council, in which I had agreed to take all their fall and winter catch; and they also agreed to send me every skin taken by the Indians.

Lem and I sat in front of our smudge fire until quite late that night, and decided that as the Indians had agreed to hand over to us all the skins they captured in the fall and winter, that it would be wise to start in at once and erect a good-sized storehouse to protect them from the weather until time for shipment.

This was subsequently accomplished with the aid of a number of trappers and Indians, for just as it became known that I desired to erect a barn to hold the skins, word was sent round to every trapper and Indian in the district, and between them they appointed a day to meet at our camp and hold a building bee. They arrived on the morning of the day named, with horses, heavy wagons, tools, and all necessary appliances and before evening the timber had been cut and hauled into camp, and the next evening the log barn was finished ready to receive the skins.

The following month was consumed in visiting the traps, hunting, fishing, and getting everything in readiness for the winter, so that nothing would require attention but receiving the skins, classifying them, entering them up in the day book, and giving out skin checks to the owners.

I wrote a long letter to Jimmy Ryan, telling him of the arrangements I had made for skins, and that the chances were I would be able to ship him double the quantity I had shipped him the year previous; and instructed him to make preparations to finance a deal of from twenty to twenty-five thousand dollars,

strongly urging him to come up on the schooner himself on her first trip, bringing the money with him.

I also wrote a long letter to Katy, for I had a lot to say to her this time. My visit to the Bigsails' had been such a delightful experience. I was simply full of it, and it filled up a good deal of the letter; and better than all I was enabled to tell her that I had succeeded in all that I had come out to the North Woods to seek, and was able to tell her in this letter that I had entirely recovered my health, feeling better and stronger than I had felt in many years, and if all was well would return to Toronto on the schooner in the spring.

The days, the weeks and months passed in rapid succession, and I led much the same kind of a life, passing through the same experiences which I had had the previous winter.

Lem and his friends the trappers and Indians got up an immense deer hunt, which lasted for four weeks, bagging on the different runways over three hundred head. This provided them with fresh meat for the whole of the winter, as well as making big money on the skins. Towards the end of the winter the trappers and Indians began arriving on snow-shoes, hauling their toboggans behind them, or driving their dog-teams ahead. All the toboggans were heavily loaded with skins, so that Lem and I had our hands full checking them off and classifying them. The trappers and Indians all turned in and helped to pack them into bales, and after I had marked them and affixed their proper numbers, they piled them up in the barn. Each Indian and each trapper had been given a separate number, so that there was no chance

for mistakes to occur; Lem and I had become great adepts at receiving, classifying, and stowing away the skins as they arrived, so that everything now moved like clockwork. The log barn proved to be a great success, for all the skins and hides which we had received were under cover and safe from the weather.

At last the long expected schooner was sighted far out in the lake, and was making for the bay under a full head of sail.

It was a thrilling sight,—especially for me,—for I had been looking forward to this day for almost two years; the day on which I could save my life by the help of a kind Providence my health had been restored, and was now in condition to return once more to my home and friends, able and gladly willing to take up the burdens and duties of life in civilization where I had laid them down.

The schooner sailed straight through the narrows, and the captain brought her up to her moorings without the slightest mishap.

The first man to climb down the rope ladder and jump into the ship's yawl was Jimmy Ryan. As soon as he put his foot on the landing-stage, he grasped me by both hands, and expressed his great pleasure at meeting me once more and under such favorable circumstances. Still holding me by both hands, he pushed me from him at full arm's length,—so that he could get a good look at me,—and exclaimed, "Why, man alive, Jack! you really look fine; you have annexed a coat of tan that might be envied by an Indian. I am so glad, old chap, to see you looking so strong and fit."

After mutual congratulations had been passed, we sat down together under the spreading branches of a large tree; and I listened as he told me of all that had happened since I left Toronto. Lem had been busy from the time we had sighted the schooner, working like a Trojan to get up a meal for the visitors and have it ready when they arrived.

A messenger was sent down to the landing for Jimmy and me, and we strolled together up to the cabin which had been my home for such a long time. Lem was mighty glad to see Jimmy once more, for they had not seen each other for six years. But Lem looked mighty proud when Jimmy gave him his full meed of praise and credit for his great kindness to me; but as there were such a lot of hungry men waiting for dinner, they had to cut this mutual admiration conversation short.

Lem had certainly done himself proud in getting up that meal. It consisted of fish, game, flapjacks, crackers and cheese, with tea and coffee to wash it down; after we had eaten until we could eat no more everyone at the table pronounced that meal as the very best they had ever eaten in the woods.

As soon as the dinner was over and we had sat for a while smoking our pipes and cigars,—for Jimmy had brought me up a few boxes of fine Havanas,—we started in at once to check off the bales of skins, one number at a time, and pay the owner of that number for his skins, after comparing his skin checks with the invoice.

As soon as a number was checked off and paid for, all the bales marked with that number were put on

board the yawl and taken to the schooner, and stowed away in the hold. This obtained until the last number had been checked off and paid for. It took two whole days to complete the job; when all was finished, and the last bale of skins was stowed away in the hold of the schooner, the trappers and Indians were called into the cabin, one at a time, beginning with No. 1, and Jimmy and I compared his checks again with his invoice, and had him count his money, to see that it was right, and saw him tuck his cash away in his money belt.

Every trapper and Indian was perfectly satisfied and each and all of them expressed themselves as more than pleased, we shook hands all round, and they left for their several camps.

The captain and Jimmy went back to sleep in their bunks in the schooner; so Lem and I were left alone once more. We sat round the camp fire until late that night, for I was loth to leave it, it was my last night in that camp, and I hated the thought of leaving poor old Lem. He and I had become great chums, and were very much attached to each other; I had lived with him for almost two years, and during all that time, had never seen a frown on his face, that is, as far as I was concerned; but to the contrary he was always on the lookout to find some way to do me a kindness, and for some chance to make me more comfortable. I had been looking at him and scanning his features, as we sat in front of the camp fire that last night of my sojourn in the North Woods, and I noticed how quiet he had become; his face expressing deep sorrow, it meant a lot to him to have me leave, for he loved me as

though I was his own son. I asked him to come into the cabin with me; when we got inside the shack, I said, "Lem, old partner, I am real glad to go home, but mighty sorry to leave you. You have been very kind to me, old chap! and I will never forget you as long as I live. I am going back to Toronto, and expect to get married, and have a home of my own. But Lem, always remember that Jack Arling is your friend; and if you ever need a friend; Lem, call on me, for I promise never to fail you; and whenever you call, day or night, the latchstring will be on the outside of the door for you, and you will always receive a warm welcome from me and mine."

I gave him my rifle, shotgun, fishing rod and tackle, blankets, and all the paraphernalia in the cabin to remember me by. He said there was no use in giving him anything to remind him of me, for I would never be out of his thoughts, and said he was sorry he could not speak and tell me what was in his mind, for he could not say much that night, but he would promise always to make me and my dear wife special and particular subjects of his prayer; and perhaps some day he might take the journey to Toronto on the schooner; if he did, the first place he would make for would be my home, pull on the latchstring, and make us a call.

Next morning bright and early I boarded the schooner, and as soon as I stepped on deck, the captain had the sails hoisted, and with a good wind in our favor sailed across the bay and through the gap out into the lake. I stood at the stern of the vessel and saw Lem standing on the top of the big rock—exactly where I saw him standing for the first time when I

neared the shore two years previously. I watched him standing there until I could see him no longer, and then went forward and joined Jimmy Ryan on the forward deck, where we chatted and smoked until lunchtime.

Nothing of an exciting nature happened on the journey, so we made a fine run to Collingwood.

The skins were unloaded and placed in two box cars, locked up, and the two cars were coupled to the train that our coach was attached to. When we arrived at Toronto, the two cars were run into a siding, and the next morning the skins were all carted up to Jimmy Ryan's warehouse. Jimmy was a proud man when he realized that every bale of skins which we had brought from the North Woods were safely stored away in his warehouse, for this was the largest single shipment of skins which had arrived in Toronto for several years.

It made me feel very happy as well, for my interest in the transaction amounted to over five thousand dollars. This of course was very gratifying to me, but nothing in comparison with the feelings of thankfulness and gratitude which seemed to permeate my whole being, in the conscious assurance of restored health; for I felt better than I had felt for years.

Chris was in England when I arrived from the North Woods, and Mary was visiting at her father's home in Ottawa. So there was no one to meet me at the train when I arrived; but when I drove up to the hotel, and met with a lot of my old friends, they certainly did give me a royal welcome; I was almost as bronzed as an Indian, and so strong and husky, that Charley Hurd and my other friends could hardly believe that I was the same sickly, pale, delicate-looking chap who

left for the North Woods just two years previous to this time; for everyone predicted at the time of my leaving that I would be brought home in a pine box.

But of course all their predictions had gone wrong, for a kind overruling Providence had ordered it otherwise. I had returned sound and well, and there was hardly to be found in the city a man in better physical condition than myself.

My friends in Toronto did certainly give me a hearty welcome. As soon as they heard of my return, and in such fine physical condition, they simply showered me with invitations to parties, drives, boating expeditions, and reunions of all kinds, so that if I had had accepted one-half of the invitations received, I would not have had time for anything else.

Even my old friends the newspaper reporters, who were so kind to me when convalescing from the effects of the boat accident, called to interview me on my experiences in the North Woods. These interviews were published in the morning and evening papers, and of course read by all my friends. I mailed several copies of these papers to Katy.

As I walked along the streets of the city, I was frequently halted by people I had never met before, and hailed as one who had almost risen from the dead. I received so many letters from all parts of the country, congratulating me on my recovery, that it was usually midnight before I got through reading them. It goes without saying I received a good sized budget from Katy, expressing her sincere gratitude at my recovery and at the same time sending me a strong invitation to come to Ottawa and pay them a visit.

I could not go for some little time, as my business needed my attention, and another good reason for my not being able to accept her kind invitation at once, was that I did not have a single suit of clothes that I could wear with any degree of comfort, I had grown so broad-shouldered and so much heavier than when I left Toronto two years earlier, and was compelled to give my tailor an order for a complete new outfit; but at last everything being now ready I packed my trunk and took the night train for Ottawa.

CHAPTER XXIV

MR. AND MRS. JACK ARLING

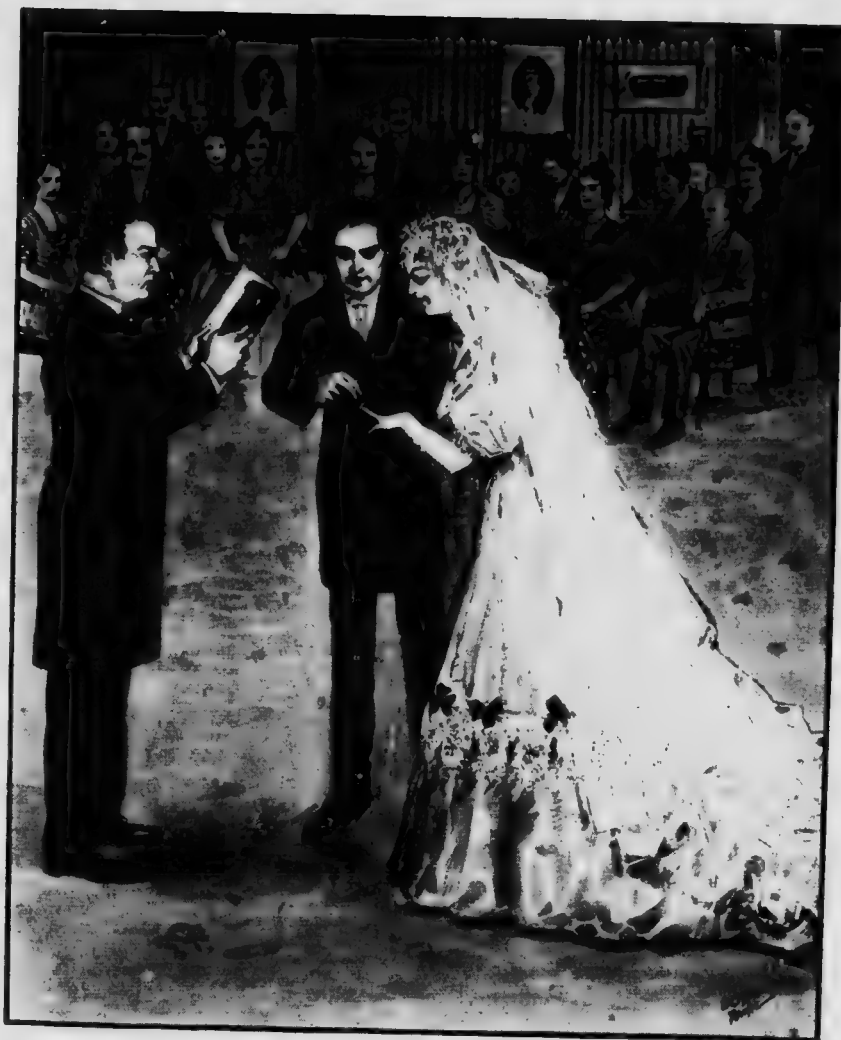
THE good doctor and Katy were on the platform of the railroad station, when I arrived the next morning at Ottawa. Neither the doctor nor Katy could conceal their surprise at my altered appearance when I stepped off the train.

"Why, Jack," said Katy, "this cannot possibly be you!" when she saw a big broad-shouldered, strongly built man, with a tan on his face and hands like an Indian, address her familiarly by saying "Dear Katy, I am so glad to see you, how are you? and you look fine." She certainly did; as neat and pretty a little woman as one could wish to look at.

But without answering my question, she said, "But, my! Jack, you have gotten to be such a big, brawny man! and you are as brown as an Indian."

She could not take her eyes off me, on account of the great change which had taken place in my appearance during the two years of my absence.

The doctor had the same fine pair of horses, behind which he had enjoyed that beautiful drive, which I described in a former chapter, but two years had elapsed since that time, and filled with stirring events. This time the horses were harnessed to a handsome open victoria, with seats for the occupants facing each other, and a high front seat for the liveried coachman. When



The ceremony was soon over, and as I stooped down to kiss her, I whispered in her ear, "Now you are are my own sweet wife"

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we were comfortably seated I suggested to the doctor that as it was such a fine morning it would be a good scheme to take a short drive before going home. Katy thought that a fine suggestion, saying that the lunch could wait without doing any harm, and then I could tell them all about the North Woods while we were driving. So the doctor told the coachman what route to take, and we settled back comfortably in our seats for a chat.

The doctor was very anxious to find out exactly as to my mode of living all the time I was away, for he said that in all his long experience he had never seen such a change for the better in any man's physical appearance as he saw in mine.

Therefore I had to begin at the very beginning, telling them of my reception at Lem's cabin, describing everything in and about the shack; and then told them of our hunting and fishing expeditions; then described our journeys round the circuit, as we visited all the traps, negotiating the fifty or sixty miles in winter on snow-shoes, camping out at night under the shelter of a rock or in a cave; of the many deer hunts I took part in; and then told them of my visit to Chief Bigsail and his family, and of the fine fishing I had there, of their wonderful hospitality and their never-ending kindness to me all the time I remained with them. I also described to them the beauties of Lovesick Lake, with the romantic story I listened to; also of the Indian village just at the rear of the falls, and how that this whole tribe had been converted to Christianity. And wound up by telling them of the last roundup of the trappers and Indians, arriving at our shack, with their

winter's catch of skins, and how we paid them off. And last of all of my parting with poor old Lem, and as I left on the schooner, remaining for a long time at the stern of the boat, seeing him perched up on the top of the high rock, shading his eyes with his hands so as to get a last look at me until we passed out of view as I sailed for civilization and home. We had a delightful drive that morning, and I never talked to such an attentive audience as I did that day. Both the doctor and Katy listened to every word that I uttered, and kept perfectly silent for fear of missing a single word, as I gave them an account of everything which transpired from the day I left Toronto—two years previously—up to the time of my return.

When I had gotten through with the recital the doctor said, "Jack, that was worth going miles to hear; I never in all my life listened to such a graphic description of life in the wilds of Canada. You have returned with renewed health, for I never saw a man in more perfect physical condition than you are in to-day. To me this is easy of explanation, for instead of leading an idle life, simply amusing yourself hunting and fishing to kill time, you have worked, and worked hard, all the time you have been away. And let me tell you that the very fact of your leading the strenuous life which you did, keeping your body and mind both occupied, combined with the magnificent atmosphere and wholesome food, has produced this wonderful physical change; and the result is that you now possess a strong powerful physique which you can rely on, and barring accidents, should carry you through to a good old age."

I never saw Katy as quiet as she was on that drive. She acted as though she was bewildered, and could not understand it all. She listened with rapt attention to every word I uttered as I related my different experiences in the North Woods; and was so absorbed in it all that she was lost to everything else; and gazed at me as though I had accomplished something extraordinary and had performed great deeds of heroism.

We had been driving at an easy pace for at least two hours, when the doctor said, "I think we had better return and have lunch, for I am sure, Jack, you must be ready to break your fast; as you have not eaten since six o'clock this morning."

Katy at once agreed, and asked me to forgive her for not suggesting this an hour earlier; but that both she and her father had been so intensely interested in all that I had told them, that the fact that I must be hungry had entirely escaped their thoughts.

So the doctor instructed the coachman to return home; Katy had superintended the preparing of the lunch, before leaving to meet me at the train, and had left everything ready to serve.

After greeting Mrs. White and Mary, we repaired to the dining-room and sat down to lunch.

I could see at a glance, and very plainly, that my tanned face and hands did not appeal very strongly to either Mrs. White or Mary; for they were not nearly as enthusiastic over my experiences in the North Woods as the doctor and Katy had been. So I told them but little of my life for the previous two years; and if it had not been for Katy they would not have heard any of it; but she was so intensely interested in it all, that

she imagined everyone else must be. Every few moments she would say, "Oh, Jack, tell them about the big deer hunt!" or, "Tell them all about your cabin, and what a good cook Lem was." But I was unable to rise to the occasion, as I had been with the doctor and Katy, being aware that I did not have the appreciative audience to listen to me as I had that morning in the carriage; and only responded to please Katy, doing so in a very perfunctory kind of a way.

That evening Katy and I sat in the library until quite late. Mrs. White and Mary had retired, and the doctor had been summoned to the bedside of a patient; so Katy and I were alone. She kept looking at me with that same peculiar expression on her face which I had noticed when we were driving that morning.

At last she broke the spell by saying, "Jack, do you know, I never thought you would grow to be as big and burly a man as you are now; you have grown so big, strong, and powerful, that I have not as yet gotten used to your altered appearance."

"Do you think the alteration is for the better?" I asked.

"Why, Jack," she said, "you look a thousand times better than you ever did since I first met you! The improvement is simply marvelous."

"It is a strange thing, Katy," I said, "that our thoughts should so run together in the same groove, for I have been thinking the same thoughts which you have expressed, but with this difference—they are about you. I honestly believe I never saw a more beautiful little woman than yourself. You were always beautiful to me, but now you are lovely. And do you

know, Katy, that during the long evenings which I used to spend, sitting in front of the camp fire, next to our cabin in the North Woods, I was in the habit of looking into the fire as the logs were blazing, and seeing all kinds of pictures in the flames, as they flared up, crackled and threw out millions of sparks as the fire was fanned by every little breeze; and without exception you were always the most prominent figure in the picture. Each time I saw you, you would appear to me more beautiful than the last time. Sometimes I would see castles, but you were always the Princess of the castle. At other times I would see some lovely home, but you were always the mistress of the home. Sleeping, dreaming, or waking, you were always in my thoughts. Everything I did, I did for you; everything I made, was made for you; every ambition I had in life was inspired by the thought that in some way it would add to your happiness.

"You were the inspiration that prompted me to leave home, friends, and comfort, and live the life of a nomad in the wilds of the North Woods, so that I might regain my health; and thank God, I have succeeded, but it was all done for you, and I am now happy to say that I never felt better in my life than I do now.

"I have not returned empty handed, for I have made money, and saved every dollar of it; but all this avails nothing, unless I can secure the prize I have been striving and working for, and that prize, Katy, is your own dear little self.

"I love you, Katy, and I want you more than I want heaven. Will you be my wife?"

"Yes, Jack, I will!" she replied, "for I have always loved you, from the very first time I saw you."

As soon as she told me that she loved me I thought my cup of happiness was full to the brim, and I took her into my arms and kissed her.

As we sat on the sofa that night talking over our plans for the future, she said, "Jack, you have passed through a great deal of mental as well as physical suffering during the last three years; and while I have not had any physical suffering, yet I have had my share of mental distress, even more than I can tell you."

She then explained by telling me that from the time I had left for the North Woods, Fred Warner had been a most ardent wooer—that is, ardent for him; for he was so lazy and indolent, it was hard for him to exert himself, even in trying to win the girl he wanted to make his wife; but as he had the entrée at all times to Mary's house, as well as her unconditional support and sympathy, it made it hard for her to avoid him. Mary had made her life miserable by continually extolling the superior qualities of Fred at all times of the day and night, and lately her efforts had been seconded by her mother, until it almost amounted to persecution; and between them they had carried it to such an extent that she had stopped visiting her sister at Toronto.

But now that we were actually engaged, and Mary heard of it, she really did not know what would happen.

Katy seemed greatly distressed, and asked me what I thought was the best way to act under the circumstances. I told her not to worry over that for one moment; that it was my intention to see her father the

first thing in the morning, and ask his consent to our marriage; and with his permission granted, it would make but little difference what either Fred Warner or Mary thought of it. The next morning I walked into the doctor's office, as I usually did to have a smoke with him after breakfast; when we had lighted our cigars, I told him frankly that I loved his daughter, Katy, and had been deeply in love with her for the past three years, but had never mentioned the fact to her until the night previous, and then discovered that she was as much in love with me as I was with herself; that she had promised to be my wife provided I could obtain his consent to our marriage.

"Do you really mean to tell me that you have been in love with Katy for the past three years, and never mentioned the fact to her until last night?" said the doctor.

"That is absolutely true," I replied.

"What was your object in keeping such a secret from her for three years, and not giving her some hint as to the state of your affections?"

"Well, doctor," I said, "you are aware how very sick I was after the yachting accident, and instead of getting better, I seemed to be growing weaker all the time; and to make matters still more depressing for me, I overheard some of my friends talking one day, and one of them remarked, 'I am afraid poor Arling is done for, he is growing weaker every day; and if it were not for his indomitable spirit, he would have been dead long ago; but it is only a matter of time and he will be another tubercular victim.' This made a deep impression on my mind, and I decided to keep my secret

to myself for under no circumstances would I cast a shadow over dear Katy's life by telling her of my great love for her—start for the North Woods at once, and either regain my health and strength, or die. That was my reason, Doctor, for not telling Katy 'ong ere this what I told her last night and what I have told you this morning."

As soon as I had made this explanation to the doctor, he said:

"Jack, you did the honorable thing with my Katy in not telling her your secret until you had recovered; that was the manly thing to do; but much as I appreciate your actions yet you have upset all my plans. The possibility of Katy's getting married has never been allowed to enter my mind. I do not usually approve of women doctors; but if ever a woman was born to the profession that woman is Katy. She is the best-equipped, and the most eminently fitted woman to adorn the medical profession of any woman I ever met; and it has been the ambition of my life to see her gracing it some day. With all her charm of manner and innate dignity of deportment, she would have been admired and respected by all who came in contact with her, and receive the well-earned encomiums which I am sure would have been awarded her for her skill and knowledge. But I am not the one to stand in the way of her happiness, and if she really loves you, she will undoubtedly live a happier life, as your wife, than she would in the practice of medicine.

"As far as you yourself are concerned, if Katy has to be married, I would rather see her your wife than the wife of any man I know.

"Yes, Jack, my dear boy, I give her to you; and in doing so I am giving you the most precious jewel of my heart; and may your father's God, and my God, watch over you both all through life!"

I thanked him with a very full heart, and was on the point of leaving, when Katy stole into the room. The doctor pulled her down on to his lap, and with her head resting on his shoulder, she said:

"Father, has Jack told you everything?"

"Yes, my dear child; Jack has told me that he loves you,—and I know that he does,—and he has asked me to give my consent to your marriage, and I have done so. But I think we ought to go upstairs to the sitting-room, and tell your mother and Mary."

As soon as we entered the doctor said, "Ladies, I have a big piece of news for you. Jack and Katy have become engaged; and I have gladly given my consent to their marriage."

Mrs. White's face changed color at once, and became a little whiter than her name; but Mary's face was dyed with a deep crimson flush, which she tried in vain to conceal behind her handkerchief; and at the same time making a strong effort to prevent me from noticing the angry scowl on her face and the contemptuous sneer on her tightly drawn lips; but I observed it all. Seeing no other way out of it, they both got up with outstretched hands and smiling faces and offered us their congratulations.

Mrs. White, to do her justice, I really think was glad at heart, when she saw the happy look of contentment on Katy's face, for she really loved Katy, but had been influenced in her actions to a very great

extent by Mary. It was altogether different with Mary; for she was tremendously disappointed, but thought it wise policy to try and conceal her mortification and vexation from us. So she smiled very sweetly, and putting her arms round Katy's neck, kissed her, saying at the same time, that she sincerely hoped we would be very happy, though she did not mean a word of it, and I knew it.

That afternoon I took Katy out for a drive. We went alone this time. We chatted all the time we were away, and were so happy in laying out our plans for the future that we were lost to all sense of time; but on hearing the methodical strokes of the hammer of a church bell striking the hour of six, and being a long way from home, we very reluctantly had to turn the horse's heads and return, and did not reach the house until seven o'clock. As soon as we entered Mary said:

"Katy, are you aware that it is past seven o'clock, and we always have dinner served at six? Do you not know that you have kept us all waiting?"

"No!" said Katy. "I did not think about dinner all the time I was away, nor did I know anything of what time it was. All I know is that Jack and I were having a fine time, and neither he nor I knew whether it was five o'clock or seven o'clock until we heard the clock in the old church tower strike six; and then we knew it was six o'clock and dinner time, and turned round and started for home. But here we are, and both of us as hungry as hunters;—aren't we, Jack?"

After dinner was over, the doctor and I were having a chat as we smoked our cigars in his office, and in course of conversation I remarked, "Doctor! I do not

know how you feel about it, but as far as I am concerned, I am strongly in favor of simple weddings. The more simple they are the better I like it; and when the time comes for Katy and I to get married, I would like the ceremony to be performed in your parlor, with but few guests; say, your family, my father and mother, and not more than half a dozen of the immediate relatives of the two families; and when the ceremony is over, to have a simple wedding lunch, and Katy and I to leave on the first train for a trip to Montreal, Quebec, and a few other cities which Katy has not visited; what do you think of the plan?"

"That meets my views exactly," said the doctor; "for if there is anything I abhor more than another, it is a fashionable wedding, and more particularly when the interested parties are not fashionable people, but quiet people like ourselves; I therefore heartily agree, and am absolutely in sympathy with your plan, and sincerely trust that Katy is also."

I told him that Katy and I had talked it all over that afternoon, and she heartily agreed with my way of thinking on this subject.

Before I left for Toronto, Katy and I decided to be married on the 15th day of January; both the doctor and Mrs. White consented to have the wedding take place on that date.

Now that everything was settled I took the train the following morning for Toronto, leaving my little intended wife standing on the platform of the railroad station, the doctor being with her, both waving me a fond farewell with their handkerchiefs until the train was out of sight.

Soon after my return to Toronto I rented a very pretty little cottage on a quiet street, in the suburbs of the city; and without letting anyone know anything about it, I spent all my spare time in superintending its decorating and furnishing; for I was anxious to have it ready to walk into on our return from our honeymoon trip. When the decorations were completed, and the cottage had been thoroughly cleaned and scrubbed from cellar to attic, I made a point of making some purchase every day, to make the little home attractive. One day it would be furniture, another day china, glassware or pictures, then carpets, rugs, curtains or something else until I arrived at the kitchen,—but right there I was lost,—but outside the kitchen the cottage was furnished throughout with everything I thought Katy would like.

I would spend hours in this little home, going over one room at a time, trying to discover if anything more was needed to make it look more comfortable and cozy.

Katy and her mother had visited Toronto several times on shopping expeditions, and I had run down to Ottawa on different occasions, between the time of our engagement and the holidays.

But as the wedding day drew nigh I thought it time to secure a good servant, and install her in the house. So I took Susie Ralston into my confidence,—I had previously told her of my engagement,—and took her up to the cottage one day. She was perfectly charmed with the whole outfit, and became tremendously enthusiastic over it; and promised to attend to the furnishing of the kitchen, secure a good servant, and

superintend the filling of the larder. She also volunteered to have a nice dinner all ready to serve on our arrival, if I would wire her as we neared Toronto after our honeymoon trip.

On the 13th of January I boarded the night train for Ottawa accompanied by Harry Haig, who was to act as my groomsman. We arrived next morning and put up at the Russell House.

After a bath and a good breakfast, I walked up to the doctor's to see Katy—but only remained for a few moments, as the dressmakers were putting on the finishing touches to her trousseau, and needed her presence every minute.

But as soon as Katy heard that I was in the library, she dropped the trousseau, dressmakers and everything else and came running down the hall to meet me.

We had hardly greeted each other when a voice from upstairs called out, "Katy, Katy, we need you upstairs right away. Tell Jack to go back to the hotel, and be sure and not return until after eight o'clock to-night." So I had to leave, being sure that if I did not I would certainly be run out.

"Well, my dear Katy," I said, "I suppose I must obey orders and go."

"Oh Jack, dear," said Katy, "you know I do not want you to leave me, but I suppose I will have to let you go. So go, dear, until to-morrow, and then we will have each other for ever."

Shortly after I returned to the hotel, one of the pages handed me a note. It was from Mrs. White; and in a very kindly way told me that all the bustle

and excitement had made Katy a little bit nervous; and they were going to try and get her to retire quite early. And asked me to please defer calling until the time set for the wedding,—next morning at ten o'clock. Of course after receiving Mrs. White's note I did not call that evening; but instead Harry Haig and I went for a long walk, and on our return proceeded at once to our rooms and retired.

On waking up next morning I found the sun streaming into my room through the windows, for it was a beautiful day, and the very first thought which entered my mind was—Why, this is my wedding day—the day that I had been looking forward to through all the hardships and vicissitudes of the past three long, weary years.—The realization that my fondest hopes had now really reached their culmination, and in three short hours I would be able to take my dear Katy into my arms as my wife thrilled me through and through, with the supremest pleasure.

A little before ten o'clock Harry Haig and I arrived at the White residence, and were ushered into the large parlor, and found myself standing in front of the Reverend Doctor Shephard, who was facing me with the open Book in his hand. My father, mother, and a few invited guests were seated in comfortable armchairs and sofas chatting and smiling together, when Doctor White, with my dear Katy on his arm, entered the room and walked to where I was standing. Katy released her hand from her father's arm, and stood by my side. She wore a blue silk dress with a long train, and her bridal veil reached to the end of her long skirt; with a wreath of orange blossoms encircling her head

I thought that she made the sweetest vision of loveliness my eyes had ever rested on.

The ceremony was soon over, and as I stooped down to kiss her, I whispered in her ear, "Now you are my own sweet wife." She did not speak, but I could read the response in her eyes. After the wedding breakfast was over Katy retired to her room, and returned in a short time, wearing a handsome silver gray broadcloth traveling suit. When all had donned their heavy wraps and furs, we entered three large comfortable sleighs, Katy and I with the Doctor and Mrs. White in the first sleigh, the guests taking possession of the others, and all drove to the depot. As the train pulled out, Katy and I sat at the window of our state-room,—at the rear end of the train,—and watched the doctor and our friends waving us a fond adieu from the station platform, wishing us all kinds of joy and happiness as we started on our honeymoon for Montreal.

THE END